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AMERICAN ORATORY OF TO-DAY

EDITED BY

EDWIN DuBOIS SHURTER

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC SPEAKING IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS



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PREFACE

THIS work differs from most collations of oratorical selections in two particulars: first, it is truly American, — representative of all parts of the country; secondly, the addresses are by present-day speakers, on live subjects. Hence, there will be found herein many names not heretofore included in books of this nature, and the speeches furnish an instructive and suggestive exposition of contemporary thought on various subjects.

The book is intended for the citizen who is interested in the public discussion of questions of the day, and for teachers and students in our schools and colleges who are looking for new, up-to-date declamations.

A fuller representation of American public speakers will be given in subsequent volumes; and to this end, the editor would be glad to receive suggestions as to speakers not included in the present volume.

E. D. S.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS,
September, 1910.

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AMERICAN ORATORY OF TO-DAY

HUGO GROTIUS AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE

ANDREW D. WHITE

*Ex-President of Cornell University, and former United States
Minister to Russia and to Germany*

(Extract from an address delivered by Mr. White, as President of the American Delegation at The Hague Conference, on the occasion of the Grotius celebration at Delft, The Netherlands, July 4, 1899. The address was delivered in the cathedral of the city, in the immediate presence of the monuments of William of Orange and of Hugo Grotius. This address, and those by Senators Root and Beveridge which follow, may well be noted as epoch-making speeches.)

THIS is the ancient and honored city of Delft. From its haven, not distant, sailed the *Mayflower*—bearing the Pilgrim Fathers who, in a time of obstinate and bitter persecution, brought to the American continent the germs of that toleration which had been especially developed among them during their stay in The Netherlands, and of which Hugo Grotius was an apostle. In this town Grotius was born; in this temple he worshiped; this pavement he trod when a child; often were these scenes revisited by him in his boyhood; at his death his mortal body was placed in this hallowed ground. Time and place, then, would both seem to make this tribute fitting.

My honored colleagues and friends, more than once

I have come as a pilgrim to this sacred shrine. In my young manhood, more than thirty years ago, and at various times since, I have sat here and reflected upon what these mighty men, here entombed, have done for the world, and what, though dead, they yet speak to mankind. I seem to hear them still.

From this tomb of William the Silent comes, in this hour, a voice bidding the Peace Conference be brave, and true, and trustful in that Power in the universe which works for righteousness.

From this tomb of Grotius I seem to hear a voice which says to us as the delegates of the nations: "Go on with your mighty work; avoid, as you would avoid the germs of pestilence, those exhalations of international hatred which take shape in monstrous fallacies and morbid fictions regarding alleged antagonistic interests. Guard well the treasures of civilization with which each of you is entrusted; but bear in mind that you hold a mandate from humanity. Go on with your work. Pseudo-philosophers will prophesy malignantly against you; pessimists will laugh you to scorn; cynics will sneer at you; zealots will abuse you for what you have *not* done; sublimely unpractical thinkers will revile you for what you *have* done; ephemeral critics will ridicule you as dupes; enthusiasts, blind to the difficulties in your path and to everything outside their little circumscribed fields, will denounce you as traitors to humanity. Heed them not; go on with your work. Heed not the clamor of zealots, or cynics, or pessimists, or pseudo-philosophers, or enthusiasts, or fault-finders. Go on with the work of strengthening peace and humanizing war; give greater scope and strength to provisions which will make war less cruel;

perfect those laws of war which diminish the unmerited sufferings of populations; and, above all, give to the world at least a beginning of an effective, practicable scheme of arbitration."

These are the words which an American seems to hear issuing from this shrine to-day; and I seem also to hear from it a prophecy. I seem to hear Grotius saying to us: "Fear neither opposition nor detraction. As my own book, which grew out of the horrors of the Wars of Seventy and the Thirty Years' War, contained the germ from which your great Conference has grown, so your work, which is demanded by a world bent almost to breaking under the weight of ever-increasing armaments, shall be a germ from which future Conferences shall evolve plans ever fuller, better, and nobler." And I also seem to hear a message from him to the jurists of the great universities who honor us with their presence to-day, including especially that renowned University of Leyden, which gave to Grotius his first knowledge of the law, and that eminent University of Königsberg, which gave him his most philosophical disciple—to all of these I seem to hear him say, "Go on in your labor to search out the facts and to develop the principles which shall enable future Conferences to build more and more broadly, more and more loftily for peace."

A PAN-AMERICAN POLICY

ELIHU ROOT

*United States Senator from New York, former Secretary of War,
and Secretary of State*

(Extract from his address at the Pan-American Conference held at Rio Janeiro, South America, 1906.)

No nation can live unto itself alone and continue to live. Each nation's growth is a part of the development of the race. There may be leaders and there may be laggards, but no nation can long continue very far in advance of the general progress of mankind, and no nation that is not doomed to extinction can remain very far behind. It is with nations as it is with individual men; intercourse, association, correction of egotism by the influence of others' judgment, broadening of views by the experience and thought of equals, acceptance of the moral standards of a community the desire for whose good opinion lends a sanction to the rules of right conduct, — these are the conditions of growth in civilization. A people whose minds are not open to the lessons of the world's progress, whose spirits are not stirred by the aspirations and the achievements of humanity struggling the world over for liberty and justice, must be left behind by civilization, in its steady and beneficent advance.

These beneficent results the Government and the people of the United States of America greatly desire. We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sov-

ereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privileges, or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together.

Let us help each other to show that for all the races of men the Liberty for which we have fought and labored is the twin sister of Justice and Peace. Let us unite in creating and maintaining and making effective an all-American public opinion, whose power shall influence international conduct and prevent international wrong, and narrow the causes of war, and forever preserve our free lands from the burden of such armaments as are massed behind the frontiers of Europe, and bring us ever nearer to the perfection of ordered liberty. So shall come security and prosperity, production and trade, wealth, learning, the arts, and happiness for us all.

Not in a single conference, nor by a single effort, can very much be done. You labor more for the future than for the present; but if the right impulse be given, if the right tendency be established, the work you do here will go on among all the millions of people in the American continents long after your final adjournment,

long after your lives, with incalculable benefit to all our beloved countries, which may it please God to continue free and independent and happy for ages to come.

INSURGENT REPUBLICANISM

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

United States Senator from Indiana

(The opening and closing parts of a speech delivered before the Republican State Convention, at Indianapolis, Indiana, April 5, 1910. The *Indianapolis Star*, in its report of the occasion, said: "Overshadowing everything was the wonderful interest manifested in Senator Beveridge's speech. Perhaps it was realized by hundreds of party men that they were witnessing what might be termed the dawn of a political to-morrow.")

THE coming battle is not so much between political parties as such as between the rights of the people and the powers of pillage. In this struggle the Republicans of Indiana stand for the people. Our appeal is not to partisans because of partisanship, but to citizens because of citizenship.

It is another phase of the conflict as old as the republic. It was so when Washington fought to lift from the people's necks the yoke of British oppression, and the people who were patriots supported him and won. It was so when Jackson defied secession and broke the power of arrogant and unwise wealth, and while men of his own party left him, other men of all parties in overwhelming majorities held up Andrew Jackson's hands. It was so when Abraham Lincoln sought to save the nation and

end slavery, and loyal men of all parties forgot ancient party lines and gladly marched to death for the republic and human rights. It was so in the last ten years, when another President attacked the country's organized greed which was fattening on the labor and lives of the masses, and again the masses forgot their partisanship and overpowering numbers rallied around Theodore Roosevelt.

The people were for these men because these men were for the people.

A political party is not a group of politicians, each with his following, combining to win the spoils of place and power. Such an organization is not a party—it is a band of brigands, and its appeals in the name of the party are mere attempts to beguile and defraud the voter for its selfish purposes. Such organizations and men are the tools and agents of lawless interests which know no party, attempt to use all parties, and practise only the policies of profit.

We fight not only the battles of the people against the powers that prey upon them, but also we fight the battles of civilization against the powers that oppose it. With all my soul I believe in the powers of light against the powers of darkness. Sometimes those powers of darkness and of light are arrayed in a contest as broad as a state; sometimes they are arrayed in a conflict that embraces the nation. But in the end they include all nations and all humanity. Always, in one form or another, old privilege holds his sway; yet always the people advance upon him and his hosts, and in the end the people triumph.

To me public life has but one meaning; to me this republic has but one meaning. It is this: here are mil-

lions of human beings; not one of these millions asked to be born, yet born we were without our consent; not one of us asks to die, yet die we must without our consent. And in the brief space between birth and death all of us, except the favored few, have a hard enough time. What can be done to make the load of all these millions lighter? That is what civilization means to me. What can be done to help the American people give an example to all the world of the progress of civilization and human contentment? That is all public life means to me.

The success of a party as such means nothing; but the success of a party as it is the agent of human welfare means everything. I want the Republican party to be that instrument. It must be. It shall be. It will be.

Away with suggestion of individual power, profit, or career! Away with arguments for party advantage! Up with the banner of justice! Up with the flag of human rights! And let us carry it to the end of the conflict, knowing that the welfare of the people is the only thing worth working for, worth living for, and, as our fathers have shown us, the only thing worth dying for. Up with the banner of justice and human rights, and forward to battle, never doubting our certain victory.

For the blood that founded and saved the republic still pulses through American veins. Americans still will be masters and not vassals. Americans still stand for the flag unsullied, laws unpolluted, and that righteousness which exalteth a nation. Americans still stand for justice and against privilege; for equal rights for all and against special favors for the few. Americans still stand for those eternal truths which made up the "faith of our fathers, blessed faith."

Would you know the spirit and duty of the hour? Listen! and you will hear the fife and drum of Bunker Hill and Yorktown shrilling and throbbing the spirit and duty of '76 — and that is the spirit and duty of to-day. Listen and you will hear the bugle of Vicksburg and Appomattox pealing the spirit and duty of the heroic sixties — and that is the spirit and duty of to-day. For in another and a bloodless way again we fight for justice and human rights as in those splendid days of righteousness and glory.

And, as the conflict rages, be of stout heart, fearing neither foe in front nor enemy in rear; for over us will hover the spirits of America's mighty dead — of Washington and Jackson and Lincoln and Sumner and Morton and Grant — inspiring our souls, pointing our way to the overwhelming rout of the allied foes of the people, and placing upon our standards, at the battle's end, the laurels of an historic victory. Up, then, with the holy flag of justice and human rights, for "in this sign we conquer."

THE LAW'S DELAYS

WILLIAM H. TAFT

(From a speech made at Chicago, September 16, 1909.)

THERE is no subject upon which I feel so deeply as upon the necessity for reform in the administration of both civil and criminal law. To sum it all up in one phrase, the difficulty in both is undue delay. It is not too much to say that the administration of criminal law

in this country is a disgrace to our civilization, and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice.

In this country there seems to have been on the part of all state legislatures a fear of the judge and not of the jury, and the power which he exercises in an English court has by legislation been reduced from time to time until now — and this is especially true in western states — he has hardly more power than the moderator in a religious assembly. The tendency of legislation is to throw the reins on the back of the jury and to let them follow their own sweet will, influenced by all the arts of counsel for the defendant in leading them away from the real points at issue and in awakening their emotions of pity for the defendant in forgetfulness of the wrongs of the prosecuting witness, or it may be of the deceased, and of the rights of society to be protected against crime; and all these defects are emphasized in the delays which occur in the trials — delays made necessary because the trials take so great a time.

A murder case in England will be disposed of in a day or two days that here will take three weeks or a month, and no one can say, after an examination of the records in England, that the rights of the defendant have not been preserved and that justice has not been done. It is true that in England they have enlarged the procedure to the point of allowing an appeal from a judgment in a criminal case to a court of appeals, but this appeal is usually taken and allowed only on a few questions easily considered by the court above and promptly decided.

Counsel are not permitted to mouse through the record to find errors that in the trial seemed of little account, but that are developed into great injustices in the court of appeal. This is another defect of our procedure. No criminal is content with a judgment of the court below, and well may he not be, because the record of reversals is so great as to encourage it in every case and to hang important judgments in appellate proceedings sometimes for years. I don't know when the reforms are to be brought about in this country. Until our people shall become fully awake and in some concrete way be made to suffer from the escape of criminals from just judgment, this system may continue.

One of the methods by which it could be remedied in some degree is to give judges more power in the trial of criminal cases, and enable them to aid the jury in its consideration of facts, and to exercise more control over the arguments that counsel see fit to advance. Judges, and especially judges who are elected, ought not to be mistrusted by the people. A judgeship is a great office, and the man who holds it should exercise great power, and he ought to be allowed to exercise that in a trial by jury. Then it is undoubtedly true that in England lawyers, in the conduct of their cases, feel much more and respect much more their obligation to assist the court in administering justice, and restrain themselves from adopting the desperate and extreme methods which American lawyers are even applauded for.

The trial here is a game in which the advantage is with the criminal, and, if he wins, he seems to have the sympathy of a sporting public. Trial by jury, as it has come to us through the Constitution, is the trial by jury

under the English law, and under that law the vagaries, the weaknesses, the timidities, and the ignorance of juries were to be neutralized by the presence in court of a judge to whom they should look for instruction upon the law and sound advice in respect to the facts, although, of course, with regard to the facts their ultimate conclusion must be their own and they were fully at liberty to disregard the judicial suggestion.

But the reform in our criminal procedure is not the only reform that we ought to have in our courts. On the civil side of the courts there is undue delay, and this always works for the benefit of the man with the longest purse. The employment of lawyers and the payment of costs all become more expensive as the litigation is extended. It used to be thought that a system by which cases involving small amounts could be carried to the supreme court, through two or three courts of intermediate appeal, was a perfect system because it gave the poor man the same right to go to the supreme courts as a rich man. Nothing is further from the truth. What the poor man needs is a prompt decision of his case, and by limiting the appeals in cases involving small amounts of money so that there shall be a final decision in the lower court, an opportunity is given to the poor litigant to secure a judgment in time to enjoy it and not after he has exhausted all his resources in litigating to the supreme court.

I am a lawyer and admire my profession, but I must admit that we have had too many lawyers in legislating on legal procedure, and they have been prone to think that litigants were made for the purpose of furnishing business to courts and lawyers, and not courts and lawyers for the benefit of the people and litigants.

THE ELEMENTS OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Condensed from an address delivered at the University of Chicago, April 3, 1903.)

It was one of our American humorists who, like all true humorists, was also a sage, who said that it was easier to be a harmless dove than a wise serpent. Now, the aim in production of citizenship must not be merely the production of harmless citizenship. Of course, it is essential that you should not harm your fellows, but if, after you are through with life, all that can be truthfully said of you is that you did not do any harm, it must also truthfully be added that you did no particular good.

Remember that the commandment had the two sides — to be harmless as doves and wise as serpents; to be moral in the highest and best sense of the word; to have the morality that abstains and endures, and also the morality that does and fears, the morality that can suffer and the morality that can achieve results — to have that and, coupled with it, to have the energy, the power to accomplish things, which every good citizen must have if his citizenship is to be of real value to the community.

Mr. Judson said in his address to-day that the things we need are elemental. [We need to produce not genius, not brilliancy, but the homely, commonplace, elemental virtues. The reason we won in 1776, the reason that in the great trial from 1861 to 1865 this nation rang true metal, was because the average citizen had in him the stuff out of which good citizenship has been made from

time immemorial, because he had in him honesty, courage, common sense.

Brilliancy and genius? Yes, if we can have them in addition to the other virtues. If not, if brilliant genius comes without the accompaniment of the substantial qualities of character and soul, then it is a menace to the nation. If it comes in addition to those qualities, then, of course, we get the great general leader, we get the Lincoln, we get the man who can do more than any common man can do. But without it much can be done.

And no one quality is enough. First of all is honesty — remember that I am using the word in its broadest signification — honesty, decency, clean living at home, clean living abroad, fair dealing in one's own family, fair dealing by the public.

And honesty is not enough. If a man is never so honest, but is timid, there is nothing to be done with him. In the Civil War you needed patriotism in the soldier, but if the soldier had the patriotism, and yet felt compelled to run away when that was needed, he was not of much use. Together with honesty you must have the second of the virile virtues, courage; courage to dare, courage to withstand the wrong and to fight aggressively and vigorously for the right.

And if you have only honesty and courage, you may yet be an entirely worthless citizen. An honest and valiant fool has but a small place of usefulness in the body politic. With honesty, with courage, must go common sense, ability to work with your fellows, ability when you go out of the academic halls to work with the men of this nation, the millions of men who have not an

academic training, who will accept your leadership on just one consideration, and that is that you show yourself in the rough work of actual life fit and able to lead.

THE DUTY OF ENTHUSIASM

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER

President of Hamilton College

(Extract from an address delivered at the celebration of Independence Day, at Woodstock, Connecticut, July 4, 1894.)

TRUE enthusiasm means daring and uncompromising devotion. It is not a sentiment and an intoxicant, but an ardent and quenchless hope that what should be shall be! This is dedication — the sublime surrender of the whole being to the guidance of the ever-on-going God.

A wise Frenchman wrote a book under the proposition that "Eloquence is a Virtue." It is a faithful saying. When the real man arrives he speaks with tones that smite his time of stupidity as the thunders break the oppression of the heavy summer day. John the Baptist, Martin Luther, Cromwell, Mirabeau, Sam Adams, O'Connell, John Bright, Garrison, Phillips, Lincoln — these are the men whose enthusiasm interrupts and crushes the stolidity of custom and the irresolution of policy. Such men God sends as the couriers of repentance, and they are the herald-angels of the Evangel. They disdain the paltry evasions and subterfuges of expediency, and trembling themselves in the reality of that kindling ideal which both consumes and compels them — taking fire

like meteors by the rapidity and friction of their passage — they are the avatars of the message they announce!

It is the conquest of the soul by great and profound ideas that makes great. This is the stuff whereof pioneers and prophets are made. The three great elements of power are these — judgment, imagination, hope. He who has these is complete and furnished to every good work. One may have either without the others — then he is gibbous instead of spherical. The true leader and the true follower — each is one who will take great risks for great reasons.

“He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who will not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.”

Back in 1871, when men in Chicago were hanging themselves to lamp-posts and drowning themselves in the lake, a man put an advertisement in one of the papers, reading: “Men of Chicago, take hope. Our fathers raised her from the bog, and we can raise her from the ashes!” It is that spirit that raised that Phoenix City by the shore of Lake Michigan. It is in that Chicago spirit, translated and transfigured by the gospel of Christ, that we need to-day, every one of us, to put whole souls into all affairs. God will give us light if we ask him for it. Hope is creative, doubt is abortive. Let us hope, then act. The men who are willing to deny themselves any possible gain, who forget that a vote is a vow, who forget that a candidate is a man clad in white, who forget the patriotism of paying taxes, who forget that law is like a bicycle and that the way to keep it standing is to keep it going, whose very bones are

flabby with civil neglect, whose minds are mere kennels for vagrant theories, and who recant the old-fashioned law of duty — these moral spendthrifts and soul paupers, these are the *incubi* of the times! Such a man is not a man, but a manikin. But upon the souls who are full of the enthusiasm of duty rests the unconquerable state. To these "the Christ that is to be" flings wide His effectual doors. Ruled by such a ken, life can never seem shabby nor hope irrational. To him who truly lives and does, the veil of the visible becomes more and more diaphanous. There are such men. We do not always listen to hear the deep breathing of the people ready to respond to the prophet of conscience. We bite into one blasted ear, and forget the green sabers of the corn that array a thousand prairies. We find one brackish pool, and forget the trickling of a myriad translucent springs. We see one whirling, copper cloud, and doubt the sun. But God reigns! God reigns! On some level shores the tides rise, invisibly percolating all the sands. One instant it is shore, and the next up comes the ocean and it is sea. The ebb is on no more, the flood-tide is on. Such is the spontaneity and instantaneousness of many a great and invisibly gradual movement under the Sovereign Spirit.

THE APOSTLE OF A NEW IDEA

HERBERT S. BIGELOW

Minister of the People's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio

(Extract from an address on "Calf Paths," being one of numerous addresses published by the People's Church and Town Meeting Society.)

AT Ephesus, a certain man, named Demetrius, a silversmith, who made silver shrines of Diana, brought no little business unto the craftsmen; whom he gathered together, with the workingmen of like occupation, and said: "Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth. And ye see and hear that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they are no gods that are made with hands; and not only is there danger that this our trade come into disrepute, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana be made of no account, and that she should even be deposed from her magnificence, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth."

And when they heard this they were filled with wrath and cried out, saying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" And they rushed with one accord into the theater; and some cried one thing and some another; for the assembly was in confusion; and the greater part knew not wherefore they were come together.

The history of the world can be boiled down to this story of Paul and Demetrius and the silversmiths and mob at Ephesus. We have always the same contending

forces — Paul, the apostle of a new idea; Demetrius and the silversmiths, whose business is threatened by that idea; and the mob that joins in the hue and cry against the apostle without knowing why. Progress is the resultant of these three forces — special interest and ignorance on the one side, and, on the other, the power of truth. This is the necessary formula for the right understanding of our own or any other age.

It is a present-day custom for the members of the English Parliament to bow three times before taking their seats. An American, mystified by this strange custom, inquired the reason for it. He was astonished to find the Englishmen could not tell him. No one seemed to know, not even the men who did the bowing. But after much research the mystery was cleared away. The buildings of Parliament had once burned, and the members were quartered for a period in St. Stephen's Chapel. Having the altar of the church before them, they made the customary bow to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When they moved in their present abode they did not take the altar with them, but they kept on bowing nevertheless.

Institutions survive the reasons for their existence. Mental habits yield reluctantly to changed conditions. The chasm widens between old custom and present need, and every age requires its moral engineers to bridge the chasm and rationalize the ways of life.

The first message sent over the telegraph wire was dictated by an army officer. It was this: "Attention: The Universe. By kingdoms: Right Wheel." This is the order that every new idea brings.

Men tell us of our natural resources and the need of

their conservation, of the power that is wasted every day, of the wealth that is lost in fire and flood, in raging rivers and plunging falls and arid plains. But greater than all these resources combined is the untapped reservoir of truth, the infinite possibility, the incomprehensible power that is yet to spring from the unfettered brain of man. They who loosen the grip of the past, they who wear away the obstructions of custom and tradition, they who inspire man with faith in himself, teach him the courage to think and to do, they who help to break the chains of prejudice and superstition, of fear and unbelief, — they are the greatest conservators of all, and the wealth of mind which they open up is the inexhaustible resource of man.

ON THE MURDER OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN NICARAGUA

ISADOR RAYNER

United States Senator from Maryland

(Adapted from a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, December 13, 1909.)

ON the morning of November 16, 1909, two American citizens, named Cannon and Groce, who had served as soldiers in the revolutionary army of General Estrada, in Nicaragua, and had been captured as prisoners of war, were marched out and shot to death by order of Zelaya, the lately deposed president of the republic of Nicaragua, and in spite of the protests of his officers.

Mr. President, I have watched for years the revolutionary history of Central America, and am familiar with the career of a great many of the impostors and usurpers and the grotesque and motley leaders that have sprung from their chaotic institutions, but Zelaya is probably the most despicable figure that has ever arisen in their midst. If he were simply a highwayman, we might identify him; if he were simply a tyrant, who oppressed the people for the purpose of robbing them, we might particularize him; if he were a usurper who was only holding on to power so long as there was any money in the treasury to steal, or any further territory that he could sack for private plunder, we could assign him a proper place in the ranks of some of his predecessors; and if he were purely an assassin who regarded murder as a legitimate profession through which he could despoil his victims of their possessions until the time came for him to flee from the hands of retributive justice, it would be an easy task also for anyone acquainted with the political history of Nicaragua to classify him.

He is, however, all of these things combined. In the school of corruption, dishonor, perfidy, and crime he stands without a peer, and exhibits in one glow of associated harmony "the pride of every model and the perfection of every master." I have been informed upon the most reliable authority that the vices of his private life are more infamous in their indescribable details than the iniquities of his public career. Such a creature as this deserves the execration of mankind.

Now, as the culminating infamy of his administration, trampling upon every instinct of humanity, in violation of universal law, in defiance of those precepts of the

international code that have been recognized ever since the night of barbarism receded before the rays of civilization, he has put to torture and then to death two American citizens who were not guilty of treason, who were not spies, but whom he had captured as prisoners of war in the army of the revolutionists.

This act was not only the act of a fiend, but was an insult to the honor of this republic, and cannot remain unavenged. This Government is a cowardly Government if it does not make an example of Zelaya before the eyes of the civilized world. This case will not admit of any trifling or concessions. If two American citizens—I care not who they were or what they were, citizens in high standing, as they have been reputed to be, or soldiers of fortune—have been murdered by Zelaya, then he must be made to pay the penalty of his crime. No other punishment will meet with the favor or the temper of the American people. It is absolutely preposterous for us to talk about indemnity. Indemnity is no recompense for murder. No such recreant move as this will satisfy the demands of justice. If Zelaya had the right to sentence these men to death and execute them in cold blood, then we must acknowledge that right and recognize it before the nations of the world. If he did not have that right, no matter how petty and insignificant he may be in the eyes of diplomacy or upon the sphere of the world's action, no matter how trivial and unimportant a station his Government may occupy, this Government is his accuser, and if he is guilty he must be awarded the doom and fate that he deserves, so that every tyrant on this earth, in every nationality under the sun, and in every government, large or small, shall

be told once and forever that our flag follows our citizens wherever they go, and that when an assassination like this occurs the malefactor must take his place, like any other culprit, at the bar of criminal justice, and must answer for the deed with his liberty or his life.

WHAT IS A GOOD MAN?

EDWARD A. ROSS

Professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago

(Condensed from a lecture delivered on various occasions.)

ONE is not "good" because he is strict and punctual in devout observances. When prompted by a canny concern for one's salvation, church-going, Sabbath-keeping, and fasting are no more goodness than is careful attention to one's fire insurance policies.

Nor do correct habits constitute goodness. Abstinence from liquor or tobacco may be no more meritorious than abstinence from Welsh rarebit. Nevertheless, self-control is a requisite and no one enslaved by his appetites is in the way of virtue.

Senseless self-denial is not goodness. The rigorist who eschews whist, dancing, and theater may be as futile an egoist as St. Simon Stylites on his pillar.

In a time as congenial to the family virtues as ours, one deserves no wreath for being "a faithful husband and a loving father." In the eleventh century a man who can read and write is "learned," and a man who keeps his marriage vows is "good"; but not to-day.

Rich gifts prove nothing till we know how the donor got the money and how much he has. The only gift is a portion of one's self; and the giving of superfluity has no moral significance. If the size of the contribution is to measure goodness, then the poor widow with her two mites is contemptible!

The beginning of goodness is to stand on one's own feet. This requires moral stamina now that there are so many new ways of being a parasite. For your tainted news is a climbing upon other people's backs, Mr. Editor. So is your secret rebate, Mr. Shipper; your stock juggle, Mr. Financier; your perfunctory supervision, Mr. Official; your whitewashing investigation, Mr. Legislator; your hold-up strike, Mr. Walking Delegate.

"Bear ye one another's burdens" obscures the injunction, "For every man shall bear his own burden." Generosity, being genial and spectacular, is more prized than justice. A short cut to sainthood is to use your superiority in strength, cunning, or callousness to make others carry you; and then ostentatiously to shoulder the burdens of a few of the brethren.

To stand on one's own feet is to abide by the rules of the game. The insurance men who buy a block of stock with the agreement that it is theirs if the price goes up, but the company's if the price goes down, the traffic men who withhold the facilities of a common carrier from rival coal operators, the candidate who nullifies his public pledges with a secret pledge, the editor who palms off paid stuff as editorial opinion, the preacher who lays away the sermons that might grate on the rich pewholder, the professor of economics who shies from the "live wire" to burrow into the archæology of his subject

— these commit breach of confidence. They are not playing the game as it is generally understood.

But the good man will help others, and when he comes to spend himself for others two paths are open. He may minister to the suffering, like the Red Cross nurse, or the charity worker; or he may uphold and improve the rules of the game. Though less picturesque, the latter way is none the less flinty. For ages the Good Samaritan has borne the palm. But what of the inspector who reports the scandalous state of affairs on the Jericho Road, even though the chances are his superiors will pigeonhole his report and dismiss him? What of the prosecutor who commits political *hara-kari* in order to get the men "higher up" who protect and blackmail the thieves working the Jericho Road? The Samaritan risked a big tavern bill; these risk a livelihood. Which is the better man?

The lovers of men who give themselves to personal service are sainted. But the haters of iniquity who fight for right standards and laws — heading afresh the rivets that hold together the social fabric — miss sainthood. They bear too many scars, are the target for too much filth, to vie in radiance with the gentle soul who comforts the afflicted but will not strike a blow for the right's sake.

Nevertheless, now that we are in the civic stage, your saint "without an enemy in the world" is of less worth than the stalwart knight of conscience. For the one copes only with consequences, the other attacks causes. It is the difference between nursing the malaria-stricken and draining the swamp; between Father Damien devoting himself to the lepers on Molokai and the eight who

let themselves be bitten by inflicted mosquitoes, to test Major Reed's hypothesis of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever. So to-day the self-sacrifice that yields an hundredfold is battling with the Midianites. And the lovers of men are finding it out. The good man starts out to clothe the naked and presently he is grappling with exploiters and vice caterers who produce more nakedness in a day than he can cover in a year. He sets forth to enlighten those who sit in darkness, and lo, he is fighting against child labor, or politics in the public schools. In the morning he goes abroad to heal the sick, by noon he is hammering quacks and food adulterators and rookery landlords and medical institutes. Thus experience drives home the paradox that the supremacy of law, the triumph of truth and honesty in business and government, and the scientific adaptation of institutions to changing needs promote human welfare more than feeding to-day's hungry and nursing to-day's sick.

THE LEADERSHIP OF EDUCATED MEN

STEPHEN S. WISE

Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York City

(Extract from a baccalaureate sermon, preached at the Commencement of the University of Washington, June 11, 1905.)

THE aims of the university are not so much leadership and service as leadership through service, the service of leadership. Democracy, the basis of the university, will

not perdure, nor idealism, the foster-child of the university, thrive unless from out the university there go a sense of leadership. President Butler of Columbia University declared in the course of his inaugural address that "scholarship and service are the true university's ideal." Leadership is but another name for service; leadership is service in the highest and there is no other leadership worthy of the name. Only in the measure in which leadership becomes synonymous with service will the prophecy of a noted teacher of our day be verified. "In the twentieth century the college man is to be more than ever before the leader of the world." *Ich dien*, "I serve," inscribed on the coat-of-arms of the heir to England's throne, should be emblazoned on the banner borne aloft by the sons and daughters of the university. "Before honor goes humility"; before leadership goes service. Forget not Emerson's story of the reputed saint, who proved no saint because she scorned to do lowly service. It is commonly urged that the university graduate, the man of education, is selfish, passive, sterile. You, the scholars of the age, are to prove by leadership in service and the leadership of service that the man of education is unselfish and that his education is not passive and sterile, but positive and fruitful of the good. In the last few years, by reason of their highly disciplined sense of leadership, fortified by a lofty idealism and a profound consecration, university men have rendered signal service to the state and to the smaller state of civic life. Seth Low rehabilitated the city government of New York after years of misrule and shame. W. T. Jerome has once again made the law a terror to evil-doers, rich and poor, in New York. Schurman of

Cornell, Taft of Yale, Roosevelt of Harvard are helping to solve the problems of government and administration.

You, young men and women of the university, are to be teachers, leaders and guides, furtherers, inspirers, and compellers of humankind. Into the world you go, apostles of democracy, prophets of idealism, evangelists of consecration. In the closing scene of "Faust," some of you may remember, the soul of *Faust* is handed over to the care of *Margaret*, who earnestly asks how she is to conduct him to the highest peaks, and to her the answer comes, "Go up higher; he will follow thee." Go up higher; men will follow you. The race is waiting—and eager to be led—to follow whosoever will lead higher and ever higher.

THE ATLANTIC FLEET IN THE PACIFIC

JAMES N. GILLET

Governor of California

(Condensed from a speech delivered at a banquet given in honor of the officers of the Atlantic Fleet, at San Francisco, May 7, 1908.)

ON the sixteenth day of December, 1907, there assembled at Hampton Roads one of the most magnificent fleets ever congregated by any nation in the world. This magnificent fleet contemplated a voyage around the Horn, up the Pacific, a distance of over fifteen thousand miles. At that time, not only were the eyes of ninety million of Americans watching it with interest, but the

great nations of the world also were watching, and wondering what the outcome would be of this marvelous voyage which soon was to commence.

This great fleet started, not on a journey of conquest, not looking for trouble, but a white fleet of peace, flying the Stars and Stripes, and saying to the nations of the world, "This represents the power and the dignity of the American Government."

We watched its course with interest; we were pleased to note the fact when they passed the dangers of the Southern seas, and commenced to come up the Pacific. We greeted them with a hearty welcome on the 14th of April, when they arrived in American waters and passed to anchor in San Diego harbor. The fleet remained the allotted time in the southland, and finally found its way up along the coast, and yesterday it appeared off the Heads, and at the appointed time, twelve o'clock noon, it passed through the Golden Gate into the greatest harbor in the world.

I stood with pleasure, and inspired, too, on Point Bonita when it passed, although it was foggy and cloudy overhead. As it passed through there was a rift in the clouds and the golden sunlight poured down on our ships as they passed through the Golden Gate and swung to the anchorage where they now lie.

There started in command of this fleet, and remained with it, one of the great figures of our country, a man that the people of this country love and respect, a man full of courage, a man who has all the commanding qualities of John Paul Jones, and a man who likewise said, as he came through the Golden Gate, "Do not give up the ship," and Admiral Evans did not give up the ship, sick as he was.

With him as his aid, watching him night and day, following out his orders, obeying his commands, and loving him all the way round, and watching his sickness, were his admirals and the men in command, the officers of his fleet. They will be with us for some time now, and I want to say to you that the people of the whole United States are proud of the commanding officers of this magnificent fleet. We have every confidence in you. We know that as you tread upon these great, mighty engines of war, no matter in what climate you may be, no matter where you may go, the Stars and Stripes that we give to you to indicate the nationality of the vessels that you command will be protected, and the dignity of this country will be maintained.

THE AMERICAN NAVY

VICTOR H. METCALF

Former Secretary of the Navy

(Condensed from a speech delivered at a banquet tendered himself and the officers of the Atlantic Fleet, at San Francisco, May 7, 1908.)

LYING peacefully at anchor in the waters of San Francisco Bay is the greatest fleet of war-ships ever assembled in American waters; they are the bulldogs of the American navy — mighty engines of destruction when occasion requires. Now they are bent on a peaceful mission, and a mission that will result in much good to the service as well as to the nation at large. No one, after the generous

welcome accorded the officers and men at the various ports in South America, where the fleet stopped on its course from the Atlantic to the Pacific, can for one moment doubt the genuineness of the friendship of the people of certain of those republics for the American people.

We have never sought and never will seek to build ourselves up by trying to pull others down. We are not seeking for new territory; but the events of the past few years have forced this country to the front, and we are to-day one of the great world powers. There is no danger of any power attacking us by land, for there is no power on the face of this globe that could for one moment maintain a footing on American soil. The danger, if any there be, will come from the sea, and it seems to me that it is clearly our duty to be in a constant state of preparation. We can assemble in a comparatively short time a million or more fighting men, but we cannot improvise fleets, we cannot improvise officers and crews, nor can we improvise ammunition. It is necessary, therefore, that we always be prepared, for a well-equipped and well-manned navy is the surest guaranty of peace, and the safest and surest that this nation can have.

Diplomacy is all right in its place, but that diplomacy which is backed up by a strong navy is bound in the long run to win out. There is no reason, it would naturally seem, why disputes between nations should not be settled in the same manner as disputes between individuals; but until the great powers have agreed upon the establishment of an international court, and until they have agreed that all disputes of whatever nature

or character shall be settled by that court, and have established the machinery also for carrying into effect the judgments and decrees of that court, it seems to me that it would be the height of folly for a great nation like the United States to leave itself open to attack.

What we want is a navy commensurate with the dignity and honor of this nation; a navy not for conquest, but for protection, and a navy strong and powerful enough to ward off any attacks. And I say this, not because I want to foster or promote a military spirit, but because I honestly and genuinely believe that if we want permanent peace the best way to obtain permanent peace is by always being ready for war.

THE INITIATIVE OF THE PRESIDENT

EMORY SPEER

Federal District Judge, Southern District of Georgia

(Extract from an address delivered at Yale University, May, 1906.)

It is sunset at Jolo and Zamboanga, and dawn on New England's rugged coast. The last glance of the god of day is reflected from the bayonet of the lonely sentinel who walks his beat on the uttermost island of that distant archipelago. The "rosy blush of incense-breathing morn" glorifies these historical waters, and the rushing floods of his oncoming light bathe the marble of that shaft in Washington which commemorates a nation's love for the Father of his Country.

Throughout his diurnal progress, if progressive at all, that self-same orb has rejoiced that not for a moment has he been able to lose sight of the Stars and Stripes. In all his journey, there was nothing fairer or more enchanting than that city founded by the argonauts of '49, whose glories have been painted by the fascinating narrative of Stevenson, the witching fancy of Bret Harte. Brilliant, joyous, daring San Francisco, combining the enchantment of that city by the Seine, typical of all that is charming in the genius and love of beauty of the French people, with the oriental mysteries of Bagdad, in the palmy days of Haroun-al-Raschid. There one evening, little more than a month ago, as the sun sank behind the Farallones, it stood, instinct with life, energy, hope, and such happiness as is accorded to man. With the succeeding dawn its crumbling buildings were death-traps. Of its people many were dead, thousands in agony and despair, and, more terrible than all, was the glare and roar of the oncoming conflagration. A quarter of a million of men, women, children shiver on the hills hard by. The railroads have sunken into the earth, the earthquake has riven the water-pipes which bring the life-giving supply. There, too, were demons in human form. Such creatures, in the presence of helpless and suffering innocence, relapse to the cruelty, the merciless outrage of the savage. Has hope taken flight of earth? Ah, no, there is yet hope. Across the continent there is one whose prompt soul is instinct with love and pity for his fellowmen. He is in the White House. The dreadful story comes. He takes counsel of his courage. Back flashes to a man after his own heart, the gallant Funston, "Take instant charge, declare martial law,

suppress disorder, protect the people, use every arm of the service ashore and every ship upon the waters." Swift appeal is made to Congress. Nothing loath, that noble body throws open the treasury and disburses millions to our suffering countrymen. And before the fires are extinguished and the subterranean forces of nature cease to mutter, order reigns in San Francisco, and the hearts of a noble people, inspired by the example of their President for their suffering brethren, pour out their treasures like water. And yet, in vain would a certain school of constructionists look for any word or syllable of the Constitution which justifies this or any similar action on the part of the President. Nor does this pass without attention. When the resolution is offered to appropriate two millions for the sufferers, Mr. Williams, the leader of the minority, addressed the chair as follows, "Mr. Speaker, if the gentleman will yield to me for a moment, I wish to say that this legislation is of such exceptional and emergency character, that it ought to override all preformed conclusions. For that reason I shall not object to unanimous consent for its consideration." Our countrymen will ever accord their respect to that sturdy minority which in the presence of an exigency so great has laid aside "preformed conclusions" and remembered only that they are Americans. But there is another view of it.

It is true that we have a written Constitution, but the fundamental law is not all in the written page. Notwithstanding the "preformed conclusions" of the distinguished leader of the minority and of men of every party who may think with him, it is with deference submitted that indisputable precedents and the evolution

of the American system authorizes the initiative of the President as the direct representative of the people in this case and in all equivalent cases, whether they affect the safety of that people, the peace of the United States, or the strength and honor of the nation itself. As the mischief of the old Constitution was weakness, the great desideratum of the new one was strength. As the old Constitution operated on the states, it was determined that the new one should operate immediately through its courts and executive upon the people. Fortunate is it, indeed, that a majority of Americans have believed with Sir James McIntosh that "Constitutions are not made, they grow"; that they held, with St. Paul, "Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." When the occasion arose even those leaders of strict construction, to whom that rule of interpretation was apparently as dear as papal infallibility to the Holy See, swiftly pocketed their preformed conclusions, trampled on their own doctrines, with vigor and celerity, and, as good Americans should do, acted for the incontestable interest of the country.

CALIFORNIA AND WILLIAM H. TAFT

GEORGE A. KNIGHT

Of the San Francisco Bar

(A speech seconding the nomination of Mr. Taft for President, at the Republican National Convention, Chicago, June 18, 1908.)

NOT many weeks ago, when the month of May was young in days, it was my privilege and pleasure to view

one of the most impressive scenes that human eyes ever witnessed. Our naval fleet, Columbia's guardians of the peace of seas, had steamed their way from the Atlantic to our Golden Gate and dropped their anchors in the beautiful bay of San Francisco, an achievement without mishap and a voyage replete with the lesson of our maritime power. The occasion turned back pages of half-forgotten history and flashed again on the horizon of the fiery sea all of the names of our naval heroes and their deeds of valor and the ships of their command.

The panorama of that day will never be forgotten. It will live in type and ever be told in history and story. On the hills that slope toward the bay, half hidden in banks of golden poppies, half a million people sat as in a great dress circle and witnessed the coming of that most majestic power. The magnificent bay was transformed into a stadium and as each battle-ship passed through the Golden Gate, maintaining such an equality of distance and precision of military exactness that all wondered if it could be possible they were human and could hear commands. Amid blasts of whistles, music of bands, cheers of multitude, and joyous acclaim of thousands who cheered duty performed, Fighting Bob Evans dropped the anchor of his flag-ship and his active life's work was done. Storm-tanned veteran of the sea, you passed the ensign of command to the next in line and another page in history is honored by your name.

From that imposing picture of beauty and instructive power I came here and stand to-day in this Republican Convention. The forum, where the story of our nation should be ever new, the click of the telegraph, and the descriptive type of a progressive press will bring to

homes of America the speeches that you heard to-day and the work done for our country's future. Here in this great amphitheater the Republican party is in counsel with itself.

This assemblage is an impressive one beyond power of words and its responsibilities beyond comprehension of any people save American. Four years ago in this Coliseum we met and nominated our candidate for President. His strong individuality, unimpeachable integrity, and recognized ability made him the popular idol of the people and the invincible leader. He has directed the course of our country through the troubled waters, as variable as human action and thought. His administration has been as vivid and meteoric as the firing on Fort Sumter, and it has done as much for the stability of our Government as the plenteous products of the mill, farm, and mine.

And now the time has come for this historic organization to again choose an Executive whose fitness is up to the high standards of the past. It is not often that occasion calls upon experience to walk the path of high official life in true companionship, but forceful circumstances writes at the most opportune time of William H. Taft as a leader of men. His personal character, blended with ability and experience, is a trinity of power that makes him a fit successor of those who have enriched our history with their patriotic lives. California joins in the nomination of William H. Taft, collegian, lawyer, judge, diplomat, true American, commended as our ideal leader of the host that shall ever be aggressive in the cause of individual liberty, for the enforcement of all laws and the great advocate of the principles of the party

of Union and progress. With such a leader we knew that "the scepter shall not depart from Judah until Shiloh come."

WILLIAM H. TAFT FOR PRESIDENT

THEODORE E. BURTON

Congressman from Ohio

(Condensed from his speech nominating Mr. Taft for the presidency, at the Republican National Convention, Chicago, June 18, 1908.)

AGAIN Ohio presents a candidate to the National Republican Convention. In seven stubbornly contested presidential campaigns sons of her sacred soil have led the embattled Republican hosts to victory. The Buckeye State has assuredly contributed her share of statesmen and generals for the upbuilding of the nation. But that of which we are prouder still is her stalwart citizenship — the mightiest bulwark of the republic in every commonwealth made up of America's free yeomen, ever ready to respond to the tocsin of alarm in days of peril, or to crush corruption whenever it raises its menacing head. From this citizenship Ohio, in the supreme emergency of the Civil War, sent forth more than two hundred thousand soldiers for our country's defense, a formidable array easily surpassing in numbers the world-conquering legions of imperial Cæsar, and even larger than any army ever mustered by Britain for the tented field. But transcendent above all is the fact that Ohio is one of a match-

less union of states linked together in everlasting bonds of amity and constituting an empire wonderful in power and most immeasurable in extent. Each sovereign state alone would occupy but a subordinate place in the great current of the world's events, but when represented by one of forty-six bright stars on a field of stainless blue, every one forms part of an emblem of union and of strength more beautiful far than the most brilliant constellation in the heavens.

We welcome the friendly rivalry of candidates from other states — from the great Empire State, the Keystone State, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, forming with Ohio a broad expanse extending in unbroken sweep from old ocean to the uppermost bound of the greatest of inland seas. Each of these presents a leader among leaders whose achievements and renown are not confined to the narrow limits of a single commonwealth. To-day with fervid earnestness we wage a contest for the prize. To-morrow, united for the fray and quickened by a common fiery zeal, the champions of all the candidates will go forth with mounting enthusiasm to vanquish the foe.

Secretary Taft has exceptional familiarity with conditions in the distant Orient — in Japan, in China. We may rest assured that our traditional friendship with Japan will continue. Moreover, the future promises that the slumbering millions of China will awake from the lethargy of ages, and she then will realize that the morning dawn of fresher life and wider outlook comes to her across the broad Pacific, from free America, her truest friend and helper. We covet no portion of her territory. We desire from her, as from all nations, increased goodwill and that mutual respect which knows neither bluster

nor cringing on either side. Thus, in this new era of larger relations, Secretary Taft, with his comprehension of national and international subjects, would furnish a certainty of peace and sustained prestige. Under him, at home and everywhere, this mighty people would have an assured confidence in the secure development and progress of the country and would rest safe in the reliance that a Chief Executive was at the helm who, in peace or in war, would guide the destinies of the nation with a strong hand and with a gentle, patriotic heart.

And so to-day, in the presence of more than ten thousand, and with the inspiring thought of the well-nigh ten thousand times ten thousand who dwell within our borders, I nominate for the presidency that perfect type of American manhood, that peerless representative of the noblest ideals in our national life, William H. Taft, of Ohio.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN FOR PRESIDENT

OLLIE M. JAMES

Congressman from Kentucky

(Condensed from his speech in seconding the nomination of Mr. Bryan for President, in the Democratic National Convention, Denver, Colorado, July 10, 1908.)

THE immortal spirits whose hands guided the infant steps of this republic, whose blood consecrated and made this land Liberty's dearest shrine, cry out to each of the millions of voters into whose hands the future destiny

of this Union was lodged, "Watchman, what of the night?" And, sir, from the orange groves of Florida to the waving wheat fields of the Northwest; from the nodding pines beyond the Alleghanies, across the Rockies to the slope by the peaceful sea, the men, with ballot in hand, eight million strong, answer, "The morning cometh," the morning of Democratic victory, the morning of the republic's hope, as fresh with the dew of promise of the republic, loved by every heart and defended by every hand, as when the dawn of liberty first tinted the colonial skies, proclaiming the Golden Rule of all republics, that this Government will not do for the greatest what it would deny to the humblest; a Government which offers to the wearer of the crown of a king and to the bearer of the staff of the shepherd the same justice.

Jefferson had the courage to write in front of a tyrant and his army the immortal words, "that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Bryan raised in front of the mightiest arm of predatory tyrants the world ever saw the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." He foresaw the danger of monopolies, combinations, and trusts long before his fellows. He was the pioneer in the wilderness. The path that he trod, like the path always of the pioneer, was one red with blood and wet with tears, but his name lives, and though unable to convince the jury, which was packed and corrupted, his triumph was greater than their verdict for him would have been, for he convinced his adversary of the righteousness of his cause. His voice has been raised for oppressed humanity in every state in the Union, and in lands lashed by the distant seas. He has charmed the common people of the earth, from far-

away Russia round the globe, with the plain truth of democracy. He is the ablest, bravest, and most eloquent champion of the rights of the plain people that the sun shines on. He has been honored as no other American by all peoples in all lands, from the peasant who hopes for liberty to the king who fears it.

I saw him measure with the great men of the earth. I saw him stand beside D'Estournelles de Constant, of France; Count Apponyi, of Hungary; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, of England; Baron Von Plener, of Austria; and there he stood—like Saul among his brethren—head and shoulders above them all. I saw him stand in the Royal Gallery by the Thames in London; I saw him there addressing the representatives of twenty-six nations of the earth. I heard him there plead for peace, within touch of Buckingham Palace, within hearing of the requiem sung for the sailor and soldier dead in Westminster Abbey; there, within sight of the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, within hearing of the tramp of the King's army, and I was prouder of him than ever before, because he had proclaimed the doctrine of peace as no man before him ever had and as no man after him ever will. He does not belong to Nebraska; he does not belong to America; he belongs to humanity and to the world.

Mr. Chairman, in the name of all men who ask no legislative aid in the conflict of life, those who only ask an equal chance with their brothers in the battle for bread; in the name of that immortal Democrat who hung high in the sky of our country the rainbow of promise of "equal rights to all, and special privileges to none"; in the name of those millions of our countrymen who sing the songs of liberty in time of peace, and fight the battles

of this republic in time of war; in the name of three million idle, hungry men with empty dinner-pails which have to be filled from trust-controlled products; in the name of men who love liberty, and believe republics were not born to die; in the name of the men who woo from the soil the substance which feeds and clothes the world; in the name of the millions of men in the shops and factories, at the anvil, the bench, the forge, and the spindle, who only beg this Government to be just enough to allow them to educate their children, serve their God and love their country; in the name of those who yet recall with the tingle of the blood the heroism of the fathers who gave this republic to us, I second the nomination of the knightliest gladiator Democracy has ever known — William J. Bryan, of Nebraska.

THE REPUBLICAN AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTIES

HENRY CABOT LODGE

United States Senator from Massachusetts

(A speech delivered at the Republican National Convention, Chicago, June 17, 1908, upon assuming the position of permanent chairman.)

No political party in modern times can show such a record of achievement during the last fifty years as the Republican party. Upon that record we can stand and challenge all comers to the lists. But it is well to remember that the test we have to meet is much less severe.

This is a comparative world. We do not go forth to contest the great prize with an ideal party, which we sometimes see beautifully depicted by persons of self-confessed superiority and chronic discontent. The glittering abstraction which they present never existed yet on sea or land. It gleams upon us in printers' ink, but it has neither substance, nor organization, nor candidates, for organizations and candidates must be taken from the ranks of men and cannot be the floating phantoms of an uneasy dream.

The American people must choose between us and the Democratic party. We differ from that party in some important particulars. We both, it is true, have a past and a history, but we treat those possessions very differently. They wish to keep their past a profound secret. We seek by all means to publish ours to the world. If we refer to their history they charge us with calumny. We regard ours, truthful and undistorted, as our greatest glory. To the youth of the country they say, "Judge us solely by our undiscovered future." We say, "Read our record, judge us by our past and our present and from these learn what we are, what we have been, and what we mean to be." Recall the cries which have sounded from the lips of these two parties during the last half century. On the one side, "Slavery, secession, repudiation of the public debt, fiat money, free trade, free silver, the overthrow of the courts and Government ownership." On the Republican side, "Free soil, free men, the Union, the payment of the debt, honest money, protection to American industry, the gold standard, the maintenance of law, of order and of the courts, and the Government regulation of great corporations." The old

shibboleths of the Democrats are to-day the epitaphs of policies which are dead and damned. They serve only to remind us of dangers escaped or to warn us of perils to be shunned. The battle-cries of the Republicans have been the watchwords of great causes. They tell of victories won and triumphs tasted—they are embodied in the laws and mark the stepping-stones by which the republic has risen to even greater heights of power and prosperity.

As we thus call up the past and the echoes of these old conflicts again sound in our ears and touch the chords of memory, one great fact stands forth, clear and shining. The Republican party has never failed except when it has faltered. Our long career of victory, so rarely broken, has been due to our meeting boldly each question as it arose, to our facing every danger as it crossed our path, with entire courage, fearless of consequences and determined only to be true to the principles which brought the party into existence and to the spirit which has inspired it from its birth.

We ask for the confidence and support of the American people because we have met the problems of the day and have tried patiently to solve them. We make our appeal with confidence because we have a well-defined policy and are not, like our opponents, fumbling in the dark to find some opinion on something.

We believe in the maintenance of law and order and in the support of the courts in all their rights and dignity. We believe in equal rights for all men and are opposed to special privileges for any man, or any class of men, high or low, rich or poor. We, who established the gold standard, are pledged to the cause of sound finance. We stand for protection to American industry and American labor, and we will resist all the assaults of free trade,

under whatever name it comes disguised. We will see to the defense of the country. We mean to have a navy worthy of the American name. We seek peace and friendship with all the nations, but alliance with none. Yet we have no intention of being a "hermit nation." The great services of the President to the world's peace will be continued by the party which he has led. We are a party fit to rule and govern, to legislate and administer, and not a fortuitous collection of stone whose only form of thought or motion is to oppose. Above all, we are true to our traditions and to our past — true now, as we were in the days of Lincoln.

In this spirit we must prevail — "by this sign" we must "conquer."

"STAND PAT," SOCIALISM, AND DEMOCRACY

MORRIS SHEPPARD

Congressman from Texas

(The concluding part of a speech delivered in the House of Representatives January 16, 1907.)

ACCUSTOMED to limitless and perpetual power, the Republican party has drifted into a complete paralysis, a hopeless inertia. "Stand pat" is merely another expression for dry rot. Swollen with the spoils of office, corpulent with the wine of power, distended with the dropsy of corruption, the Republican party drags its huge, infected body across the halls of state, helpless among the trophies of the past, powerless alike before the prob-

lems of the present and the retribution of the future, while its coward lips wail out, "Stand pat, stand pat!" "Stand pat," although the pillage of the people never ceases; "stand pat," although the wealth of the republic is by a ruthless tariff law transferred from the millions who support to the masters who exploit it; "stand pat," although the enormous rates incite the antagonism of the world and imperil our foreign trade; "stand pat," although McKinley pleaded from the door-step of the grave for lower tariffs; "stand pat," although patriotic Republicans of Massachusetts, Iowa, and all the country unite in the general prayer for less oppressive schedules; "stand pat," although our loftiest principle, the very soul of the republic, the principle in the name of which our country was consecrated in the blood and tears of patriots, the principle of government by the governed's will, has been abandoned in Republican policies abroad; "stand pat," although the expenditure of the public moneys has become a riotous dissipation, a wanton waste.

A small but entirely sincere element of the people, in utter despair over Republican conditions, have fallen into Socialism, into the violence and iconoclasm of ultra-radicalism. In seeking a remedy for existing evils the Socialist would give us still more serious ones. He would overturn the basic institutions of our civilization; he would uproot the foundations of individualism and freedom. He forgets the lessons of history and the make-up of the human nature, for history and experience teach us that when the Government owns everything it is not long before somebody owns the Government. The Socialist would abolish the private ownership of land. But without the private ownership of land, what would

become of the individual ownership of home, the very corner-stone of civilization? Without the individual ownership of home, how long would the institution of marriage retain its sacredness? The glory of English liberty, our brightest heritage, has proceeded from the sanctity which has ever surrounded the humblest English home. Said Chatham, in the British Parliament, "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter; the rain may enter, but the King of England cannot enter! All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement." What sacredness would attach to a so-called home in which a man knew that every other man in the country, of whatever race, had an equal interest? Socialism would wreck our civilization and remit us to savagery.

The Democratic party would apply to society and its varying emergencies the principles of equality and brotherhood, the principles which its founder embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and which constitute the underlying spirit of American institutions. They tell us that the Democracy changes its issues at each election. We answer that the basic principle of the Democracy, the principle of equal rights, never changes, although its application to new conditions naturally develops new measures, and that thus the Democracy keeps step with time. Thus the Democracy applies an eternal principle to unfolding events. Thus it adopts new measures when new measures are necessary to the application of this principle. Thus it occupies a rational middle ground between the ultra-conservatism, which would preserve existing con-

ditions at any cost, and the ultra-radicalism which would overturn the foundations of society. We say to the Republican stand-patter, "You cannot arrest the tide of progress; the tariff must be revised, the doctrine of government by the governed's will must be restored, economy must be practised in the Government expenditure." We say to the Socialist, "You cannot uproot the fundamental institutions of home and land and property without precipitating both anarchy and savagery." Paraphrasing the idea of another, the situation may be thus described: Plutocracy and Republicanism say, "Stand pat; let evils rage"; Socialism shouts, "Pull down the temple, though it crush us in its fall"; the Democracy, applying the deathless principle of equal rights, cries to all the struggling race of man, "Forward, march; keep a just and even step with time."

POPULISM

THOMAS E. WATSON

Editor of "The Jeffersonian," Thomson, Georgia

(Extract from his speech in accepting the nomination for President as candidate of the People's party, 1908.)

"HISTORY repeats itself," and to-day we have in our own republic every abuse against which the Roman *populares* made war.

Our public domain has been preyed upon by millionaire plunderers and land-grabbing corporations until the American people have been stripped of a territory larger than that over which soars the black eagle of Germany.

In all directions the terrific energy of the corporation has driven the public off the public domain. Our streets have been seized by telegraph, telephone, and railroad companies. The iron horse monopolizes the main line of public travel, and, instead of belonging to the public, as it should, the horse, as well as the vehicle and the road, is private property.

Antiquity was scandalized when Cleopatra dissolved and drank a pearl valued at four hundred thousand dollars; and historians comment in a tone of rebuke upon the luxuries of Lucullus, who spent eight thousand five hundred dollars on a feast. When one of our American millionaires throws open the grand ball-room for a night of revelry, the *flowers* cost more than the feast of Lucullus. And when one of our Cleopatras fancies that she is fascinated by some roving Mark Anthony — some English duke, Italian prince, French count, or Hungarian sneeze-weed — she thinks nothing of spending from one to five million dollars on the “Pearl.” In Cleopatra’s case the gem was merely a casual product of nature; in the modern instances every dollar that goes abroad to pay for foreign titles and minister to the depraved appetites of aristocratic debauches *is the product of the American laborer’s toil*.

The Latins sunk under the weight of special privilege. But we Americans are descendants of the Teutonic peoples — a stronger race than the Latins. It was the victory of our heroic ancestors in the woods of Germany — annihilating the Roman force — that called to the lips of the Emperor Augustus the cry, “Oh, Varus, give me back my legions!” And if we tamely submit to the financial aristocracy which erects its strongholds upon

the heights of special privilege and from these lofty battlements sends forth the marauding statutes that hold us up on every highway and rob us of what is ours — if we yield to those insolent and insatiable plutocrats *without a fight*, we will be the first branch of the great Teutonic family that ever disgraced itself by such a pusillanimous surrender.

I, for one, am proud of a record of prolonged, consistent, and determined battle against the infamous class legislation whose yoke we bear. And because of this record and because my comrades call me, and because of the memory of the thousands of the men of the Old Guard of Populism who as long as they lived stood by me, and believed in me and loved me, and because the monitor that speaks to me from within says, *Do it*, I accept the nomination which my party has tendered.

In ancient times they had no easy way of making a fire. Yet it happened, time and again, that there was no light to be had. The fires had been neglected, everywhere, and the whole nation found itself in darkness. In Rome the preservation of the fire was given a sacred character; a temple was built for the service, and those who were set apart to feed the flame were consecrated as to a religious duty. Within the temple, night and day, winter and summer, year in and year out, the vestal virgin watched her sacred flame. Roman eagles might be flying to the uttermost ends of the earth; Roman legions might be camping on the distant Rhine, or chasing Picts and Scots to the Grampian Hills, or forming lines of battle upon the Euphrates — but in the temple, at Rome, would be found the eternal fire, with the vestals feeding it, night and day.

Oh, my countrymen! Each of us is a temple, within each of us was lit the sacred fire, within each of us are the better angels of our nature, whose eternal vigilance is needed to keep the temple pure and the light trimmed and burning. Let us, then, consecrate the temple; keep pure and perpetual the vestal service; for it is moral death to the individual to neglect the fire; it is moral death to the nation to lose the light.

SOCIALISM

EUGENE V. DEBS

Socialist-Labor candidate for President, 1908

(Extract from a speech delivered at Girard, Kansas, May 23, 1908.)

IT is a basic economic proposition that as long as a relatively few men own the railroads, the telegraph, the telephone, own the oil fields and the gas fields and the steel mills and the sugar refineries and the leather tanneries — own, in short, the sources and means of life — they will corrupt our politics, they will enslave the working class, they will impoverish and debase society, they will do all things that are needful to perpetuate their power as the economic masters and the political rulers of the people. Not until these great agencies are owned and operated by the people can the people hope for any material improvement in their social condition.

Now we Socialists propose that society in its collective capacity shall produce, not for profit, but in abundance .

to satisfy human wants; that every man shall have the inalienable right to work, and receive the full equivalent of all he produces; that every man may stand fearlessly erect in the pride and majesty of his own manhood.

Every man and every woman will then be economically free. They can, without let or hindrance, apply their labor, with the best machinery that can be devised, to all the natural resources, do the work of society and produce for all; and then receive in exchange a certificate of value equivalent to that of their production. Then society will improve its institutions in proportion to the progress of invention. Whether in the city or on the farm, all things productive will be carried forward on a gigantic scale. All industry will be completely organized. Society for the first time will have a scientific foundation.

We are not going to destroy private property. We are going to establish private property — all the private property necessary to house man, keep him in comfort, and satisfy his wants. Eighty per cent of the people of the United States have no property to-day. A few have got it all.

Competition was natural enough at one time, but do you think you are competing to-day? Many of you think you are competing. Against whom? Against Rockefeller? About as I would if I had a wheelbarrow and competed with the Santa Fé from here to Kansas City. That is about the way you are competing; but your boys will not have even that chance — if capitalism lives that long.

I am not a prophet. I can no more penetrate the future than you can. I do study the forces that underlie society and the trend of evolution. I can tell by what

we have passed through about what we will have in the future; and I know that capitalism can be abolished and the people put in possession. Now, when we have taken possession, and we jointly own the means of production, we will no longer have to fight each other to live; our interests, instead of being competitive, will be coöperative. We will work side by side. Your interest will be mine and mine will be yours. That is the economic condition from which will spring the humane social relation of the future.

When we are in partnership and have stopped clutching each other's throats, when we have stopped enslaving each other, we will stand together, hands clasped, and be friends. We will be comrades, we will be brothers, and we will begin the march to the grandest civilization the human race has ever known.

AMERICANISM

GUY CARLETON LEE

Lecturer and Publicist

(Excerpt from his lecture, "When the People Wake," delivered on various occasions from the Lyceum platform.)

If we reject socialism, communism, individualism, and monarchism, as plans for the bettering of the condition of society, what have we left? I can answer you: We have something better than communism as it has been practised; better than socialism as to-day taught; better than individualism as it is urged by the class; better than

monarchism, always a failure. What we have is so powerful that it will overcome existing evils and cure discontent; it is so powerful that it will remove the cause of unrest and give to the people the justice they deserve — it is Americanism.

Yes, not in a theory of another day and of another country can we find complete relief in this our time of need; but we can turn confidently to Americanism, and in it find the salvation of the nation. How is Americanism made up? From socialism it takes its fine regard for the rights of the minority, the weak, the inefficient. It takes also from socialism its theory that society, as such, deserves the first consideration of its members; its formula that we owe to our neighbors duties the like of which we consider that they owe us — honesty, kindness, love. These things we take from socialism, for they are abiding principles of social happiness and man is a social creature.

From individualism we take the bold initiative that is not bound by tradition, but is continually reaching out to labor into new fields of endeavor. We take, too, the desire to better the condition of the individual, for from such desire springs material and intellectual advancement. We take also, but under control of the state, its system of rewards and punishments attending the success or failure of personal effort. From monarchism we take the prompt and strict enforcement of law, the effective ownership of public utilities. This composite — this blending of the best from all theories of government is Americanism, and when the people awake to the full threat of the danger that confronts them, to the full force of the strength that lies within them, we shall see them triumphant through Americanism.

SOCIAL IDEALISM

SHAILER MATHEWS

Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago

(Extract from an address before the Chautauqua Assembly, New York, July 29, 1909.)

JESUS taught a social idealism based upon the absolute kingdom of God, and one to be realized by God-like, loving men. This is the social teaching of Jesus, and already there are men and women who are endeavoring to incorporate into their lives the principles of that absolute social order.

Do things even to the loss of your rights rather than prostitute your loving nature. There are some who say that this principle of love is to be erected into a social system, but Jesus is not talking about a social system, but about individuals. It is supreme idealism, absolutely without modification, if men are going to be sons of God. And that is the great question which Jesus raises. Does Jesus believe that all men are going to become sons of God, in the sense that he means? The only answer which he gives is that they must become loving if they would be his sons. The recognition of the principle of love, of forgiveness, of reconciliation, is the one thing that Jesus wants to bring into society. In his own case he makes no compromise. His life is the absolute expression of love. That does not mean that we are to do the things that he did. But we must have the same quality of life, the same willingness to take up the cross even to Calvary rather than give up this conviction

which is the greatest in the world. If you can get that principle to work in your life it is easy to see what will be the result. Jesus has no social teaching for anyone save those who will come under the Golden Rule. The first thing is for the sick man to be cured before he can do a well man's work. You cannot make a regenerate society out of unregenerate people. You cannot put this ideal in a society that prefers force to love, and mammon to God.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

RAY STANNARD BAKER

Of the editorial staff of the "American Magazine"

(Extract from an address at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Massachusetts, October 31, 1909.)

IN the spring of 1894 I went as a newspaper correspondent to march with Coxey's famous army of the unemployed, of which you may have heard. It was a tatterdemalion crowd of some four hundred men which started from Ohio and marched through the country to Washington to demand work of the Government. They were a ragged, miserable lot; and yet after two months with them, seeing them at night around their camp-fires or side by side with them during their long, straggling, tiresome marches, I came to know many of them well. I learned the stories of their lives. I felt the difficulties they had to meet. And the more I saw, the more my feeling of anger and sorrow grew that such things could

be in a great, rich, powerful, prosperous nation like ours — a nation with the richest men in the world in it, with the most productive farms and mines, with plenty for all — if only all could share in it. There was something wrong when some men could live in palaces and eat at each meal food which costs several days of hard toil for some working man, while others starved and went ragged. Something was wrong — wrong. A nation that glittered as ours did outwardly, and permitted such suffering and want and sorrow to exist underneath, was not right within itself.

These were troublous times, you say, times of panic, hard times, and failures. They were, indeed, but I could take you to-night to places in New York city, where you would find ragged men and women shivering in the cold, and hungry for food. In hundreds of homes in New York city to-day, in a time of rampant prosperity, the children have not had enough to eat, and they will go shivering to-morrow morning because they haven't enough good clothes to keep them warm. These are plain, hard, every-day facts.

At first when I saw these conditions I couldn't explain them. I knew that they were wrong — but what was to be done about them? Then I began to get a true glimpse of our civilization. I saw how men and women were fighting one another for bread and clothing and fuel — fighting like beasts in the jungle — and how a few strong men who had superior ability in the direction of making money, or piling up money, or who had never done a stroke of work for it at all, but had inherited it, had seized upon much of the most valuable land of the country, had got possession of the water-powers, the

machinery, the railroads, and the coal mines, and were making other people work for them, and taking a great deal more than their share of the products of that work. And, of course, in such a jungle fight, the strong got most of the food and clothing — far more than they needed — and many little children, many women, many weak men, because they couldn't fight as hard as the others, had to go hungry and cold.

I wondered if this jungle fight was the only way of life in a great and civilized nation like ours. And it was then that I began to see clearly the true meaning of that greater law which I had heard about ever since I was a small boy, but which I never had understood. I am not much of a churchman to-day, but let me say with all the force I have in me that I believe the solution of the problem is where I then found it, in the words of the Great Teacher, "He that is greatest among you, let him be as he that doth serve." In other words, let the strong not crush the weak, but serve the weak. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." In other words, let the fit do by the starving and ragged unfit as they would be done by. "Let the strong bear the burdens of the weak."

Let us see, then, how we really do treat our weak ones. Take, for example, the children of the poor. How do we treat them? There are hundreds and thousands of children in this country who are being used up and worn out before they have attained their growth. We are so anxious to make money out of our cotton cloth, our coal, our glass products, and so on, that we are yearly ruining thousands of helpless children. Take another weak element of our population — the foreigner. How

do we treat him? Briefly, we make him work just as hard as we can for just as low wages as possible, because he is poor and ignorant and weak. We who are strong take from him to the limit of our ability.

So we might go on asking our question, "How do you treat the little ones and the weak ones?" But enough has been said, perhaps, to make the point I wish to make strongly here, that while we are a great, rich, prosperous nation, we are not meeting as we should the true test of greatness.

FROM THE TOP OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

HENRY B. F. MACFARLAND

President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia.

(The concluding part of an address delivered on "District of Columbia Day," at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Missouri, October 19, 1904.)

THE calm height of the Washington Monument is a good place from which to see things in proper proportion as with the serene eye of history. It is a place for optimism, not for pessimism. As we look westward up the picturesque Potomac, curving under the setting sunbeams, we remember that George Washington looked with the eye of faith from those heights to that promised land beyond the horizon, beyond the Alleghanies, which he wanted the United States to occupy, and we remember how, slowly but surely, in spite of all difficulties, the

thought of that first great American expansionist has been carried out until American principles, represented by the American flag, have been planted in the islands of the sea, in the uttermost parts of the earth, far beyond his farthest dream. Looking southward, toward his home and tomb at Mount Vernon, we recall how his ideals of republican freedom, his example as a Revolutionary patriot, brought a score of republics into being out of the monarchical possessions south of us, and how his teachings made the United States the protector and the friend of every one of them without making the United States the enemy of any other country. As we turn to the eastern windows, looking out beyond the hills of Maryland toward the Atlantic Ocean, we see the living influence of Washington in the republic of France, in the freedom which has spread through all western Europe, in the democracy and liberty of the British Isles. At The Hague we see enthroned by the public opinion of civilized nations his teaching of international justice as the means of keeping the peace of the world — that doctrine which, by Washington's direction, John Jay embodied in the famous treaty with England, then denounced, now admired, the first treaty in which that principle was found. Far to the northward we see our sister state of Canada, self-governing, American in all but form and name, revering Washington and living out his deepest teachings.

We can trace from this high point the way in which our own nation has been led, through the wrongs and the dangers that we have passed, even through the awful sufferings and sacrifices of the Civil War, into larger opportunities, greater responsibilities, and a more splendid

renown. It is a cure for discouragement to reflect at the top of the Washington Monument upon the progress of the nation of Washington under the inspiration of his principles and his career.

Even though clouds cover the zenith, even though rain falls from their darkness, the sun shining over Arlington Heights, where we can see the graves of men who died that the republic might live, arches the Capitol with a splendid rainbow, the perpetual reminder of the promises of God. Taking the larger view of our country and its relation to the world, facing the new occasions and their new duties, appreciating that we have been brought into unique leadership among the nations and with alien peoples, adding to our unsettled questions at home even greater questions abroad, we see clouds of darkness over us, and even the rain falling upon us; but we also see shining through the rain the rays of the Sun of Righteousness turning the drops into the rainbow of the covenant of God, that those who obey shall be sustained, and we remember all the years of the right hand of the Most High. It is in this that our hope lies, as all our wisest men confess. Not by our might, not by our wisdom — no, “but my Spirit,” saith the God of our fathers. Without Him our efforts are but losing. With Him we may be sure of success.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

United States Senator from Mississippi

(Extract from an address before Company "A," Confederate Veterans, at Memphis, Tennessee, May 31, 1904.)

THE world has witnessed some great battle charges in its day. Our white race has made them; the charge of the French cavalry at Austerlitz, of Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo; the perhaps equally great counter-charge of the English Horse Guards at the same place; the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, immortal in itself and rendered metrically immortal in the minds of men by Tennyson's stirring lines; the unavailing charge of the English at the battle of New Orleans; the charge of the Mamelukes — white slaves, as they were — upon Napoleon's squares in the shadow of the pyramids — all these recur to the mind. But where, in all the history of all the charges, do you find exploits comparable to those beginning at Savage Station and continuing on through the seven days and ending at Malvern Hill; to that of the Texans, when they told Lee to go to the rear, in the wilderness; to that suicidal, murderous, and unavailing onslaught of the Confederate infantry upon the breastworks of Franklin; and above all, to that of Pickett and his men at Gettysburg? I can see them now: the reluctantly obedient and sullen corps commander sitting upon the fence; Pickett saluting and asking, "General, shall I carry my men in?" Longstreet's bowing without a word. I can hear the Vir-

ginian giving his orders, see him in his place with head bowed, see the sweep of the line without a break, as it goes across and up the long slope, the orders almost noiselessly passed to close up, as the artillery, and later the musketry, tear the ranks to pieces; I can see the long slope from one end of that gray line to the other, marked in the course of its march by the dead and dying; I can see the few who attained the height vaulting, sword in hand, or with clubbed musket, into the enemy's entrenchment; I can see them looking about to find themselves surrounded by blue-coated soldiers, more than enough without arms to have tied them with pocket handkerchiefs; I can see those few — oh, so few — looking back over that long, long slope to find not one gray coat in sight for a support — Lee's orders not carried out; I see them then, despair of desperation settling upon them, some surrendering and some beginning to break back to the Confederate line. I can hear later the anguished and agonizing reproach of Pickett, when he states to General Lee that his magnificent division has been swept out of existence, and I can hear Lee, with a greatness of soul, a magnanimity of which he alone was capable, saying, "Never mind, General, it has all been my fault," and to the men, "You must help me get out of this as best we can." In comparison with this demonstration of the courage of the soldier and the magnanimity of the leader, what could you quote from all history? But, my friends, if the critics were right about the élan of the Southerner on the charge, they were wrong about his capacity for standing punishment on the defense. Witness Jackson and his Virginians at First Manassas; witness Stonewall Jackson again with

his division nearly a whole day waiting for Longstreet at Second Manassas; witness Southern resistance at the "bloody angle," and upon the reformed lines of entrenchment back of it at Spottsylvania; witness Second Cold Harbor, where the Federal private soldier, of his own accord, refused to obey orders to charge again against the impregnable resistance of the Southerners. The dogged, patient, steadfast courage of Wellington and the British soldiers at Torres Vedras, great as it was, pales ineffectually in the light of the suffering, patience, steadfastness to the end, displayed by the soldiers of the Confederacy at Vicksburg and at Petersburg. What soldiers they were! And bear in mind, my friends, that "soldiering" was not their business. They fought neither for love of it, nor for pride in a soldier's profession, nor from the mere habit of soldierly obedience, nor for pay in money which was worthless, nor for "provant," which was little. Soldiering, I say, was not his business. He was a mechanic, a lawyer, a doctor, a farmer, sometimes even a preacher, as brave General Leonidas Polk and General Gregg, both bishops, were. But when called upon to become, for the time being, for his country's sake, a soldier, he became such a soldier that the world has never seen his like.

THE UNION SOLDIER

JOHN M. THURSTON

Former United States Senator from Nebraska

(Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the Michigan Club, Detroit, Michigan, February 21, 1890. This extract, though in part different from the one usually given, is already familiar as a declamation for students, but it is included here as a companion selection to the preceding.)

SOMETIMES, in passing along the street, I meet a man who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming brass button. The coat is often old and rusty, the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years, perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button, I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence — yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

Maybe at Donaldson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill, or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways, and yet he broke the clasp of

clinging arms, turned from the witching glances of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses upon tiny lips, to look death in the face on desperate fields.

And when the war was over he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

The men who wear the button are dropping away one by one, and in a few more years they will all have answered to Heaven's reveille, but their sons remain. Their sons remain, not only to enjoy the heritage of good government, prosperity, and peace, but to follow the precedents their fathers set.

I remember one. In November, 1864, the Union prisoners in Andersonville held an election in all due form of law. News had reached them from beyond the lines that the Republican party had renominated Abraham Lincoln upon a platform which declared for the prosecution of the war to the bitter end. They had heard that the Democrats had nominated George B. McClellan on a platform which declared the war a failure, and called for the cessation of hostilities. They knew that McClellan's election would result in a speedy exchange of prisoners, and a return to home. How much that meant to a man penned up there, God only knows. To walk once more the shady lane; to see the expectant faces of love in the open door; to hold against his breast the one woman whose momentary embrace seemed more to him than hope of heaven does to you and me; to raise in yearning arms the sturdy boy who was a baby when his father marched away: it meant this — and it meant more. It meant life, and hope, and home, and love, and peace — for him; but for the flag, dishonor, and for

the Union, dissolution. The reëlection of Abraham Lincoln meant the indefinite continuance of the war, prolonged captivity, suffering, and death amid the horrors of Andersonville. They knew the issue, and they solemnly prepared to meet it on that election morning. A mock election, say you? Yes, a mock election. Its result would never be returned to swell the grand total of loyal votes in Liberty's land, but in the golden book of life, that mock election is recorded in letters of eternal splendor. They took for their ballot-box an old tin coffee-pot; their ballots were army beans. A black bean was for Lincoln, the Republican party, the flag, and the Union, but the man who cast it could never expect to see home, wife, or babies any more. A white bean was for McClellan, the Democratic party, the Union sacrificed, its flag in the dust, but it also was a promise to those despairing men of all most dear to human hearts. Some walked to the polls, some crawled there, and some were borne in the tender arms of loving comrades, and with the last expiring breath of life dropped in the bean that registered a freeman's will. And when the sun had set and the glory of evening filled the sky, eager hands tore off the lid and streaming eyes, looking therein, saw that the inside of the old coffee-pot was as black as the face of the blackest contraband with votes for Abraham Lincoln.

God bless the men who wore the button! They pinned with bayonets the stars of Union in the azure of our flag, and in blood made atonement for a nation's sin. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory, Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomattox. Their powder woke the morn of universal freedom and made

the name "American" first in all the earth. To us their memory is an inspiration and to the future it is hope.

THE BOY AND THE JUVENILE COURT

BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado

(Condensed from the concluding part of an address before the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at Atlanta, Georgia, May, 1903.)

Boys have feelings. They like to have friends. There isn't much use to try to arouse pride unless there be someone whom they want to please and, in pleasing, will in turn be pleased. If they have no friends, the first thing to do is to supply the friend, and the pride, in most cases, will come out. If they have the wrong kind of friends, it is a good thing to quietly supply the right kind.

Take the case of Micky. Before Micky got in the juvenile court one of the Denver papers had published his picture with a graphic account under the double-leaded head-line, "The Worst Kid in Town." Micky had feelings. He made the paper so much trouble that they finally gave him a job. One unlucky day, however, as he himself explains it, he got "canned." After he was placed on probation, he was arrested on a false suspicion, as he stated to me, "simply because the bull had to pinch somebody and he pinched me because he had been reading the *Post*" (the offending newspaper). The

result was a second article entitled, "The Misfortunes of Micky," in which it was announced that he had been sent to the Reform School. Micky was simply the victim of a newspaper exaggeration, as other distinguished people have been before. He came to me in a great state of perturbation the next day, with the offending paper in his hand. He said, "Judge, just look at dat." I read rather surprisedly that I had committed Micky to the Industrial School. "Well," I said, "Charlie, this is very distressing." "Yes," he said, "I knowed it was a lie when I seed it, but," he said, the tears welling in his eyes, "dat ain't de worst of it. Deys done gone and put it on the sporting page, and all my friends will see it." Now, Micky's friends were among the sporting fraternity. If there was a prize-fight on, before Micky got in the juvenile court — and the police would have you believe, even after — Micky was there if he had to go in through the roof. He is now a special probation officer in the juvenile court and very proud of his job. He can "keep tab" on more bad kids than the entire police force. He says himself that he has "done reformed long ago," and I am inclined to credit his statement.

The best way to reform a boy waywardly disposed is first to understand him. You have got to get inside of him and see things through his eyes, understand his motives, have sympathy and patience with his faults, just as far as you can, remembering that more can be accomplished through love than by any other method.

One trouble is that we do not think. Victor Hugo did not suffer from this short-coming to which we are all more or less victims. Nearly one hundred years ago a Paris newspaper contained an item (as far as the prin-

ciple is involved) seen in our city newspapers almost any day: A boy had been arrested, tried, and incarcerated for stealing a loaf of bread. How many thousands of readers glanced over that item without another thought. Yet it was the suggestion, to one who did think, for a story of life that thrilled the heart of the world. It is all right to sympathize with Jean Valjean. And yet no code of ethics or morals will justify, or ought to justify, what he did. The trouble in Jean Valjean's case was that justice was not done. There should have been justice to the boy who stole. There should have been justice to the man who, in the sweat of his brow, and by his own labor, had produced that loaf of bread. Suppose he had forty loaves as the result of a day's work, and forty Jean Valjeans had appeared upon the scene. He may have had hungry children of his own to feed. The judge was no better or worse than the people or the system under which he lived and acted. The rights and duties of each were not adjusted to each other. There was neither harmony nor justice. Jean Valjean should have been corrected, but corrected with the love and tenderness of our Saviour as He would have corrected him. Would He have told Jean it was right to steal that bread? No. The Master would have said, "Thou shalt not steal." He would have forgiven him. He would have assisted him, so that he could accomplish lawfully what he had done unlawfully. That is what the juvenile court would do.

NEIGHBORS NEEDED

JACOB RIIS

Executive officer of the Good Government Clubs of New York City

(The concluding part of an address published in *The Sunday School Times* of October 2, 1909.)

"God," says an old proverb, "employs no hired men. His work is done by his sons." That is, in the family.

Some years ago we established children's courts, with probation officers, in our cities to deal sensibly and justly with the young, whom heretofore we had herded with criminals to their injury and our loss. That was good. But the trouble with the children who go astray is that the home, the family, have lost their grip upon them in the contact with the street and the gutter that are far too much in evidence in our cities. Some young men in one of the churches of New York, who believed that all God's children are of one family, undertook to restore this lost grip. They saw that the probation officer had his hands too full, and formed the Big Brothers' Band. Each of them agreed to be a big brother to some child gone astray. He became his friend, took him home, took him to the ball game, made him welcome, let him understand he was there to help him.

They had no plan to speak of. They made love work it out as they went along. They got acquainted with his home first of all, with his father and mother. They "gave the mother back her boy." If he ought to be in school and was not, they saw to that; they took the teacher into their counsel. If the boy was old enough, they got

him a job. They saw to it that there was a gymnasium, a club where he could spend his evenings and be safe. The hours between supper and bed are often the most pregnant in a boy's life. If you know where he is then, you have a good grip on him. If the boy didn't attend church or Sunday-school, they took him to their own. And they never patronized him, for that would have spoiled it all.

Go down to your duty toward your fellowman, and you will never reach him, never get there. To be of any use, you have got to go over on the level, as from neighbor to neighbor, and on that road you will soon find yourself going up, in fact, to your neglected opportunity, the work you let lie too long. In the family there is no descending, no patronizing — cannot be. Charity doesn't corrupt, in the family, because it is natural; it is love, which is the true meaning of charity. It is the lesson of the gospel which we are learning over again in the neighborly touch from a new angle, — more is the pity that we ever let it escape us. The Big Brother comes with the message of a friend in the family, and the little brother takes his hand gladly, and goes along his way.

For the boy would rather be good than bad. Something outside of him made him bad, if indeed he was bad at all. But the first result of the brotherly plan is to substitute for the inquiry, "Why is the boy bad?" the much more sensible one, "Is the boy bad?" It is just leaving out a word, but it makes all the difference. The answer is a flat denial in nine cases out of ten. Somebody else was bad, somebody who took the lad's childhood away, corrupted it with the workshop, the street,

the tenement, took from him his sweet and wholesome ideals, and wondered afterward at the crop of manhood that grew in the trail he left.

It is all part of the new reading of a very old religion that tells us what every man knows in his heart, that we are all brothers because we have one Father, who sent his only Son to be our brother and guide to his kingdom. It is a new reading only because we forgot so long, and now we are learning again. And that is the message of our day to the days that are coming.

“‘I showed men God,’ my Lord will say,
‘As I traveled along the King’s highway.
I eased the sister’s troubled mind;
I helped the blighted to be resigned;
I showed the sky to the souls grown blind.
And what did you?’ my Lord will say,
When we meet at the end of the King’s highway.”

If we can say truly, “I tried to be a neighbor,” all will be well with us.

AMERICA’S FUTURE RULERS

RUSSELL H. CONWELL

Lyceum Lecturer, and President of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia

(Extract from his lecture, “The Silver Crown,” as delivered at Chautauqua, New York, July 31, 1909.)

As the story goes, a certain silver crown, the symbol of kingship, was once given to a lowly huntsman of North India because, according to a decree of the stars, he

was followed by the animals, served by the sun, obeyed by the waters, and loved by mankind.

I am looking out into this audience to find the kings and the queens who will rule America. No nation is ruled by so few people as the United States of America. There is no place where a boss can attain such power as in America. Even in Philadelphia we appreciate the boss. We are learning that men and women cannot and will not give the time to politics when they can better give it to something else. If you have a good boss who does the best he can, let him keep charge; but if he is dishonest, then turn him out and get another. To the man who says he is too pious to be active in politics, let me say, If you were half as smart as you are pious, you would be in the ring. That is where we need good men.

The kings and queens of the future will know what to feed the lower orders of life, and I may add, the higher orders. There is an awful need of better cooks. The universities are interested in the origin of the universe, but they had better spend their time in a cooking school. How many a man fails in business because his wife is a poor cook. How many a college student fails in his examinations because he has a poor boarding-house. How divinity itself depends upon the absence of dyspepsia and good digestion. In these days our American aristocratic ladies think themselves above knowing anything about cooking. They think their whole duty consists in sitting amid the curtains, but they are not American ladies, for any fool can sit amid the curtains, but it takes a gigantic mind to understand the mysteries of the laboratory of the kitchen.

In America to-day great artists are needed. We have many now, but our houses, our schools, and our barns should be covered with great pictures, and we need the artists to paint them. Will we get them from Paris, or Rome? Maybe some day they will come home and do as great things as if they had stayed at home. That is not true now. The artistic sense is to be developed by observation of the world about us.

And, too, musicians are needed greatly. We have lots of noise, but little music. I recall the vocal gymnastics of a certain high-priced church choir, and if I had stood in the pulpit and sworn at the pulpit I would not have committed as great a sacrilege as the exhibition up on that shelf. Music is such a combination of sounds as will move a man to higher thoughts and nobler deeds. The great test of music is the listener.

Again, there are not enough orators in the world, not as many as there used to be. Upon my first visit to Chautauqua the program included such speakers as John B. Gough, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Ward Beecher. They have no successors. And yet the newspaper or the printed page can never take the place of the personal magnetism of the public speaker. Much of the decline of oratory is due to the modern schools of elocution which have taken over the name of "schools of oratory." The two things, oratory and elocution, are not the same, though elocutionary training may be of value in the preparation of the orator. Elocution is the art of expression, and every teacher has his own art; but oratory is the great universal science of effective speech. If you call a dog and he comes, that is oratory; if he runs away, that is elocution.

PROGRESSIVE AMERICA

ANDREW S. DRAPER

Commissioner of Education of the State of New York

(Extract from an address before the Chautauqua Assembly, New York, July 4, 1909.)

ALL Americans are optimists. There may be a few stopping with us who are not, but they are not Americans. The expectations of the nation are boundless. We will fix no upper limits. These expectations are not gross: they are genuine and sincere, moral and high-minded. They are the issue of a mighty world movement; the splendid product of the best thinking and the hardest struggling for a thousand years.

Our critics say that we are boastful. We will not put them to the trouble of proving it; we admit it. It is a matter of definition, of terminology. We have self-confidence born of knowledge and of accomplishment. We know something of the doctrine of constants. There is logic which is as sure as the sun. The nation believes in the stars which are in the heavens, and it also believes in the stars which are upon the flag. It knows its history, it understands its constituent elements; it has definite purposes; it expects to go forward; it believes in itself.

None will deny now that the real growth of the nation must be in soberness, in coherence, in balance, in moderation, in reserve power, in administrative effectiveness, in moral sense, and in respect for law.

We have no fear of consequences. We rest our future

upon the faith that the happiness and the beneficent influence of America must rest upon the average of enlightenment, upon the measure of serious and potential work, and upon the attendant level of moral character, attainable by all the men and women who live under our flag.

The corner-stone principle of our political theory coincides absolutely with the fundamental doctrine of our moral law. All men and women are to be intellectually quickened and made industrially potential to the very limits of sane and balanced character. The moral sense of the people is determined by it, and the nation's greatness is measured by it. Before this fact the prerogative of a monarch or the comfort of a class is of no account. Before it every other consideration must give way. It is right here that democracies that can hold together surpass monarchies. It is for this reason that the progressive will of an intelligent people is better than the hereditary and arbitrary power of kings.

THE TORCH OF CIVILIZATION

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

(Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the New England Society in the city of Brooklyn, December 21, 1899.)

IN the history of civilization first one nation arises and becomes the torch-bearer, and then another takes the torch as it becomes stronger, the stronger always pushing the weaker aside and becoming in its turn the leader.

Each nation that has borne the torch of civilization has followed some path peculiarly its own. Egyptian, Syrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Frank, all had their ideal of power—order and progress directed under supreme authority, maintained by armed organization. We Anglo-Saxons bear the torch of civilization because we possess the principles of civil liberty, and we have the character, or should have the character, which our fathers have transmitted to us, with which to uphold it. If we have not, then be sure that with the certainty of a law of nature some nation—it may be one or it may be another—already knocking at our doors, will push us from the way, and take the torch and bear it onward, and we shall go down.

But I have no fear of the future. I believe the great Anglo-Saxon race contains elements which alone can continue to be the leaders of civilization, the elements of fundamental power, abiding virtue, public and private. Wealth will not preserve a state; it must be the aggregation of individual integrity in its members, in its citizens, that shall preserve it. That integrity, I believe, exists, deep-rooted among our people. Sometimes when I read accounts of vice here and there eating into the heart of the people, I feel inclined to be pessimistic; but when I come face to face with the American and see him in his life, as he truly is; when I reflect on the great body of our people that stretch from one side of this country to the other, their homes perched on every hill and nestled in every valley, and recognize the sterling virtue and the kind of character that sustains it, built on the rock of those principles that our fathers transmitted to us, my pessimism disappears and I know that not only for this

immediate time, but for many long generations to come, with that reservoir of virtue to draw from, we shall sustain and carry both ourselves and the whole human race forward.

FAITH IN MANKIND

ARTHUR T. HADLEY

President of Yale University

(The concluding part of a baccalaureate address to the graduating class of Yale University, June 27, 1909.)

IN order to accomplish anything great, a man must have two sides to his greatness: a personal side and a social side. He must be upright himself, and he must believe in the good intentions and possibilities of others about him.

The scholars and scientific men of the country have sometimes been reproached with a certain indifference to the feelings and sentiments of their fellowmen. It has been said that their critical faculty is developed more strongly than their constructive instinct; that their brain has been nourished at the expense of their heart; that what they have gained in breadth of vision has been outweighed by a loss of human sympathy.

It is for you to prove the falseness of this charge. It is for you to show by your life and your utterances that you believe in the men who are working with you and about you. There will probably be times when this is a hard task. If you have studied history or literature

or science aright, some things which look large to other people will look small to you. You will frequently be called upon to give the unwelcome advice that a desired end cannot be reached by a short cut; and this may cause some of your enthusiastic friends to lose confidence in your leadership. There are always times when a man who is clear-headed is reproached with being hard-hearted. But if you yourselves keep your faith in your fellowmen, these things, though they be momentary hindrances, will in the long run make for your power of Christian leadership.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the people distrusted the guidance of scientific men in things material. They believed that they could do their business best without the advice of the theorists. When it came to the conduct of business scientific men and practical men eyed each other with mutual distrust. As long as the scientific men remained mere critics this distrust remained. When they came to take up the practical problems of applied mechanics and physics and solve them positively in a large way, they became the trusted leaders of modern material development.

It is for you to deal with the profounder problems of human life in the same way. It is for you to prove your right to take the lead in the political and social and spiritual development of the country, as well as in its mechanical and material development. To do this you must take hold of these social problems with the same positive faith with which your fathers took hold of the problems of applied science. To the man who believes in his fellowmen, who has faith in his country, and in whom the love of the God whom he hath not seen is but an outgrowth of a love for his fellowmen whom he

hath seen, the opening years of the twentieth century are years of unrivaled promise. We already know that a man can learn to love God by loving his fellowmen. Equally true we shall find it that a man learns to believe in God by believing in his fellowmen.

OUR DUTY TO THE ENGLISH TONGUE

JOHN H. FINLEY

President of the College of the City of New York

(Extract from an address to the graduating class of the College of the City of New York, January 30, 1910.)

I AM going to speak of something which you may think to be neither vital nor particularly appropriate, but which, as I see it, has in it elements of all your other obligations to the city, the nation, your fellowmen, of patriotism, altruism, and religion. I shall disappoint you when I tell you that I am thinking of your duty to the English tongue, the tongue which was mother to the first language of some of you and which has been the patient foster mother to others.

When an ancient writer, trying to express the revelation of his God to him, said that it was "the word become flesh," it was no careless figure of speech that he used. You have lived a good part of these fifteen years in the places where the word, the spirit of others, teachers, parents, the whole past, has been becoming the man in you. And I hope this will not cease so long as you have flesh in which the spirit can reveal itself.

If this be true, how important becomes the word — that expression of yourselves in which your flesh becomes spirit and wanders free of you to work good or ill in the earth among men. And by its importance am I justified in asking your special pledge of devotion, as I speak for the last time to you as a class before you go up for your degrees, your devotion to the beauty, the purity, the integrity, the vitality of the tongue in which all your knowledges are latent, without which thought itself is impotent — to the protection of this tongue from the sloven, the ignorant, the vicious; to its ennobling among the arts.

I would have you go out lovers of your speech. This is a time of philanthropists, but we do not need their riches to add to our common vocabulary. It is richer than that of many, of most, tongues, though we are most of us seemingly content with a very meager possession. But we do need philologists, in the original meaning of that word, men in every walk of life who will use speech conscientiously, discriminatingly, intelligently, yet without pedantry or show.

The papers tell of the mayor's praise of college men in cleaning the streets, and all college men should be proud of that service given by one of their number. I hope that graduates of this college will come to serve the city in its every department. That is our peculiar opportunity and obligation as I see it; but incidentally you can constitute yourselves a speech-cleaning department, and begin by keeping clean and improving the speech before your own doors in the midst of the babel of voices about you.

To have free speech! That has come after long years

of struggle. What we want now is clear speech, speech restrained to truth, speech expanded to truth. Democracy needs philologists who can teach her children, who can write her laws for her, who can compose an amendment to the Constitution which needs not to be interpreted, who can discover to others in plain, unambiguous English the good from the evil which they themselves have discerned. And here, as in no other place, is such speech needed, for here is peculiarly the place of the decision of things, and they have ultimately to be decided in the flesh that has become word.

THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS

WILLIAM P. FRYE

United States Senator from Maine

(Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the Michigan Club, Detroit, Michigan, February 21, 1890.)

CITIZENSHIP! What is citizenship? It has a broader signification than you or I are apt to give it. Citizenship does not mean alone that the man who possesses it shall be obedient to the law, shall be kindly to his neighbors, shall regard the rights of others, shall perform his duties as juror, shall, if the hour of peril comes, yield his time, his property, and his life to his country. It means more than that. It means that his country shall guarantee to him and protect him in every right which the Constitution gives him. What right has the republic to demand

his life, his property, in the hour of peril, if, when his hour of peril comes, it fails him?

A few years ago King Theodore, of Abyssinia, seized Captain Campbell, a British citizen, and incarcerated him in a dungeon on the top of a mountain nine thousand feet high. England demanded his release, and King Theodore refused. England fitted out and sent on five thousand English soldiers, ten thousand Sepoys, debarked them on the coast, marched them nine hundred miles through swamp and morass under a burning sun. Then they marched up the mountain height, they scaled the walls, they broke down the iron gates, they reached down into the dungeon, they took that one British citizen like a brand from the burning, and carried him down the mountain side, across the morass, put him on board the white-winged ship, and bore him away to England in safety.

Now, a country that has an eye sharp enough to see way across the ocean, way across the morass, way up into the mountain top, way down into the dungeon, one citizen, one of her thirty millions, and then has an arm strong enough to reach across the ocean, way across the morass, way up the mountain height and down into the dungeon, and take that one and bear him away home in safety — who would not live and die, too, for the country that can do that?

I tell you, my friends, this country of ours is worth our thought, our care, our labor, our lives. What a magnificent country it is! What a republic for the people, where all are kings! Men of great wealth, great power, great influence can live without any difficulty in a monarchy; but how can you and I, how can the average man,

live under despotic power? Oh, this blessed republic of ours stretches its hand down to the men and lifts them up, while despotism puts its heavy hand on their heads and presses them down. This blessed republic of ours speaks to every boy in the land, black or white, rich or poor, and asks him to come up higher and higher. You remember that boy out here on the prairie, the son of a widowed mother, poor, neglected perhaps by all except the dear old mother. But the republic did not neglect him. The republic said to that boy, "Boy, there is a ladder, its foot is on the earth, its top is in the sky. Boy, go up." And the boy mounted that ladder rung by rung; by the rung of the free schools, by the rung of the academy, by the rung of the college, by the rung of splendid service in the United States army, by the rung of the United States House of Representatives, by the rung of the United States Senate, by the rung of the presidency of the great republic, by the rung of a patient sickness and a heroic death, until James A. Garfield stood side by side with Washington.

Now, is not a republic like that worth the tribute of our conscience? Is it not entitled to our best thought, to our holiest purpose? But this is not all. The republic does not perform its full duty unless every citizen is protected, whether he be on domestic or on foreign soil, in all the rights which the Constitution of the United States bestows upon him.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON

FREEMASONRY

GEORGE W. ATKINSON

*Former Governor of West Virginia; now of the United States
Court of Claims*

(Extract from an address at the unveiling and dedicating of the Battle Monument, at Point Pleasant, West Virginia, October 9, 1909.)

THE earliest traces of Freemasonry are to be found, not in Judea, but in Phœnicia, especially, in the old city of Tyre, which stood at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. The inhabitants of that city were the commercial people of a remote antiquity, and the beginnings of their navigation lie beyond human history. They controlled Mediterranean commerce, and were the distributors to the then known world of the productions and wares of Egypt and Babylon. To aid in this commerce, or rather to protect it, the greatest monument of antiquity was reared on the coast at Tyre, known as the Watch-Tower of the Mediterranean. It was erected about 1200 B.C., or two hundred years before the building of Solomon's temple. The builders of this monument were the Gibelites, inhabitants of the Phœnician town of Byblus, a seaport older than Tyre, who because of their occupation — that of operative masonry — were known as "stone squarers." Long centuries ago that monument toppled and fell, and its ruins, now partially buried in the sand, are silent witnesses of the architecture of operative masonry in the distant past. There, at this time, fishermen are spreading their nets on the

desolate rocks, and the bright waves of the Mediterranean are rolling over the ancient granite columns. To lay the foundation of this monument required the use of a level; to square the stone that of the square; and to round the columns that of the compasses. Thus it was that operative masons erected a monument before they built a temple. Those stupendous works, which excited the wonder of the ancient world and formed an epoch in the history of mankind, have ages since moldered into dust; but this moral edifice, joining the vigor of youth to the maturity of age, has outlived their glory, and now mourns over the ruins of their fall.

The true Mason in the erection of his own temple builds for a brighter and a better world than this. He heeds the power that builded worlds and carpeted creation's temple with flowers and stars; that same power that chains the lightning to its chariot-wheels and rides peacefully upon the storms, that same power which tells us that if a man dies he shall surely live again. Such power the Freemason recognizes, and so he builds for another and a better clime. He knows that the day will sometime come when earth's grandest temples will crumble and fall; when the great globe itself will melt with fervent heat; when the sun will drag along the jarring heavens and refuse to shine; when the light of the stars will pale away; when the moon will roll up the rending sky and hang her latent livery on the wings of the dying night; when a mighty angel will stand with one foot upon the sea and the other on the land and will proclaim that time itself shall be no more. When all this shall come, as come it will, the deeds and work of the true Mason, if he have builded wisely and well, will

remain indestructible, immutable, immortal, panoplied in perpetual glory, unaged by centuries, unmarred by change, and as eternal as God.

INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

(Extract from a speech on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, delivered in the Senate of the United States June 2, 1909.)

It is the duty of every man here to employ every means possible to forestall the time when the combinations of this country shall be strong enough to say to the combinations of other countries, "We are able to hand you over, without entering upon the field of competition, the whole American market." I want to let the foreign producer into this country at such a level of duty as will allow his productions to sell in the market here as something of a check upon excessive prices imposed upon the American people by the combinations formed to destroy home competition. That is my position.

Mr. President, the American people will never surrender their industrial liberty. We will go back to the system of competition if need be in order to prevent it, even though it is less economical. I do not say that is necessary, but I do say that the people who won independence for this country and who preserved this Government will never permit their markets to be controlled by any combination of men who can dictate prices for raw mate-

rials and prices for finished products and prices for human labor.

We talk about a free country. Brave men went out in '61 to keep undivided upon the map of America these United States and to write on the escutcheon of this country, "There shall be no bondmen under the flag." What did they mean by that? Do you think they meant just taking the shackles off the hands? Is that freedom? No, it is not. Freedom, true freedom, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence — equality for all men — means not only free hands, not only physical freedom; it means, sir, industrial and commercial freedom, equality of opportunity, and a fair chance for every man. And you are building up a system here that will destroy the progress of our country, the development of the American race. Competition may be wasteful, but under the stimulus of competition we have made wonderful progress. We have outstripped all the nations of the earth. There are some things to be considered in the life of a nation besides cheapness. In this system of monopoly which is being developed, the individual opportunity of which we are so proud is denied the boy who is poor and without influence.

But with all this phenomenal growth and reduced cost of production, because of the uncontrolled mastery of the markets by combinations, the consumer has been denied any share in cheapened production; and there is no difference in principle between compelling a man to work without wages and compelling him to pay a certain price for what he buys, when these prices are not fixed by the arbitrary decision of those who arbitrarily control the market.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

ANDREW CARNEGIE

(Extract from an address to young men, delivered at a social gathering of the Bible Class conducted by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York city.)

I CALL your attention to several important things which are necessary qualifications for the successful young man. He must be honest, and he must be moral, and he must be sober.

When the time comes for one to take a young man into partnership, what ranks first? I'll tell you. He thinks of your character. You have got to be as straight as a die, incapable of doing wrong, honorable, straightforward, and loyal. His first consideration is your moral character. Your habits, of course, must be correct. He wants integrity above everything. The man who drinks liquor, he will not do. It is impossible to ever trust that man again, who even once or twice drinks to excess. You can never trust a man in business who allows his brain to become muddled. Of course, you would never enter a bar-room — that is too low. The tramp's rule is, "Never work between meals." Let yours be, "Never drink between meals."

Now, there are three classes of men in the world as I see it.

First, the man who starts out with wealth as his aim. Why should we aim at that? Except for this one reason — that it may enable you to do so much for others.

Second, the young man who starts out with the desire for fame.

Third, a class depicted by a great poet who died too young, Alexander Smith, a famous Scot. Here is his resolve:

"I will go forth among men
Armored in a pure intent,
Great things can be done:
But whether I stand or crownless fall,
It matters not so God's work be done.
Label the ocean on its many sands,
Write verses in its praise,
The unmoved sea erases both alike.
But man, vain man, unless his fellows can
Behold his deeds he cares not to be great:
But has learned to love the deed — the lightning deed,
Nor heeds the thunder following after.
Which men call fame."

That is the idea I would place before every young man.

By the way, here is a story which Mr. Blaine told me, and which did me a great deal of good. We were talking about General Garfield. Mr. Blaine said: "Garfield and I traveled through Europe together. One day we were talking about young men, what was their great preservative from evil ways, and Garfield said: 'Well, this thought has been my best help. I found out that I had to live with Jim Garfield, and that Jim was sure to know everything that I did or thought, and I didn't want to live with a mean, low, common, vulgar, coarse fellow. I wished to live with a gentleman.'"

"What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Shady enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide.
Nothing to blush for, and nothing to hide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman Nature has made."

Now, if you will carry out this one precept in your mind you cannot go wrong. You need not be thinking nor seeking other people's respect or applause. You have only one question to ask yourself when you lie down at night. "Do you retain your own self-respect?" If you really do, don't be troubling yourselves about what anybody else thinks about you, you are all right. Shakespeare has it, as usual, just to the point. This is your great rule, follow it, and all is well:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

THE MINUTEMAN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

*Of the Baltimore, Maryland, Bar; former Attorney-General of the
United States*

(The concluding part of an oration delivered on the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Concord fight, April 19, 1900.)

IN the admirable Concord oration of Mr. Curtis, that oration which, for those who heard it, must surely make another seem as the reverse side of a tapestry, there is mentioned a young minuteman of twenty-two, who, after serving with conspicuous gallantry during the entire day, was mortally wounded just before its close. He sent a message to the girl he loved, a short and very simple message, which yet deserves a thought. "Tell

her," said the dying boy to his father, "tell her that I am glad I turned out this morning." May we rightly share his gladness when he felt his allotted task was done and well done, his free offering was forever accepted? In this day of Hague conferences and arbitration treaties may we, we who stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, we who hear many words about the barbarism of warfare, may we find cause to rejoice when we picture that shadowed home, when we see the tears fall on that young grave, when we remember that as he fell, so fell many thousands, as mourned those who loved him so mourned a whole people for seven long, weary, bloody years? Yes, we may, we should; such memories are our truly priceless treasure, more precious a thousand-fold than wealth and comfort, than knowledge and material progress, than art and refinement of manners. All these things are good, but all of them have been denied to nations which the world could have ill spared; that which is truly vital, that which, if wanting, can be replaced by no vanity of riches and no pride of learning, no grandeur and no beauty is — men; a national existence which lacks these

"Is but as ivy leaves around the ruined turret wreath,

All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath:"
a living crust on a dead core.

If then, brethren, you see too often in our public life but a swinish scuffle for sordid, selfish gain, you find among our public men figures for the slow, unmoving finger of scorn to point at, there are wafted to you with voices of public opinion breaths of foulness and malice and lies, you are sickened by the greed, the vulgar vanity, the cant, the falsehood, the grossness which degrade and

poison our national being, I bid you look to the minute-man! He is the real American; he is our true fellow countryman; he lives in the nation's life and, while he so lives, while we can yet claim kinship with him and not blush for our own unworthiness, then, under God's providence, America will live as a nation, and live in freedom and honor among men!

KING'S MOUNTAIN — ITS MEANING AND MESSAGE

HENRY N. SNYDER

President of Wofford College

(Extract from an address at King's Mountain, South Carolina, October 7, 1909.)

EARLY in September, 1780, Colonel Ferguson, one of the Tory commanders of the British forces in the South, sent a message to the mountain chieftains of the Watauga, the Nolachucky, and the Holston, that if they did "not desist from their opposition to British arms, he would march his army over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay waste their country with fire and sword." Wrongly he reckoned in the real effect of such a message. It came as a challenge to men little accustomed to let a challenge pass without taking it up.

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1780, at the call of their leaders, the mountain men met at Sycamore Shoals on the Watauga. It is a fateful and significant gathering. The destiny of a future republic is involved in it.

Campbell is there with his four hundred Virginians, Shelby has brought two hundred and forty of his Holston men to join them to an equal number from the banks of the Watauga under Sevier. Looking back upon them from this distance of time, one must say that it is a romantically picturesque company of men. Clad in the familiar fringed hunting shirt of the frontiersman, their long hair flowing from beneath coonskin or minkskin caps, their feet shod in the moccasin of the Indian foes, in their belt the knife and tomahawk, and in their hands, ever ready, reaching from foot to chin, the long, deadly rifle, they step before our modern eyes as singularly romantic and picturesque figures. They are our knight-errants of the wilderness — “the advance guard of western civilization and the rearguard of the Revolution”; tall, grim, gaunt, keen-eyed, toil-hardened men, with nerves of steel and muscles of iron, rude of speech, rough of manner, and stern of deed, their struggles to subdue the wilderness and their contests with the Indians had made them resourceful, self-reliant, independent, brave.

“To catch and destroy Ferguson” had been the cry of the mountaineers. Now they were ready to make it good; and the sun of October 7, 1780, went down on the last of Ferguson and his men — all slain or captured.

But they had done far more than destroy Ferguson. Their victory sent Cornwallis from Charlotte back to Winnsboro all but panic-stricken, freed the up-country of the horror and oppression of Tory rule, brought a new hope and courage and faith to the patriotic cause everywhere, and became the turning point of the Revolution, making Yorktown’s glad day a near possibility.

Men of the up-country of the two Carolinas and of

Georgia of that elder day! You have the reward of all your sufferings and hardships on this slope on that day of battle. To-day we turn back to you in gratitude for the priceless legacy you left us, your descendants. Fitting it is, therefore, that we, your heirs, should dedicate to your memory this lofty shaft. Its base rests upon the hill consecrated to your valor and your devotion to the cause which now blesses us, and you were men of the hills; it is made of enduring granite, dug from the very earth over which you marched and suffered, and you were unyielding granite in the stubborn virtues of your manhood; it points the way to the blue of the overarching sky from its deep base in the broad bosom of the earth, and out of your heroic virtues, born out of the soil that you won, there soared high over all the aspiring ideals of home, of brotherhood, of the same rights for all and special privileges to none, of religious and political liberty, in a republic of free and equal men.

It was for these ideals that you fought and were willing to die. That granite fiber of your manhood, that grim, stern battle lust, those muscles of iron and nerves of steel — all were but the servants of your ideals. These chiefly constitute your glory. You did your whole duty in striving to make them real in your own way and by your own means, and we of to-day honor you most when we turn from this scene and these exercises and this shaft dedicated to your memory, possessed with the thought that it shall be our duty to meet the new tasks, social, industrial, and political, that have come to us, in the spirit of the ideals which, through your deeds here performed, make this spot a shrine of patriotic worship for all Americans.

A PLEA FOR AMERICAN DRAMA

PERCY MACKAYE

Dramatist, author, and lecturer, of Cornish, New Hampshire

(Extract from an address on "The Dramatist as Citizen," delivered in February, 1909, at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Brown Universities, and elsewhere.)

SIXTEEN years after our forefathers landed on the barren shores of Massachusetts Bay they brought their bushels of wheat, by assessment, to Cambridge, for the endowment of Harvard College. They realized that Learning could not stand on its own legs without a full stomach. They did not require their ministers to compete in the market of commerce. There they were wise; and we inherit that wisdom. Yet they were not sufficiently wise. *They brought no wheat for the sustenance of art*, as once the people of France brought their all, and dragged their very hearthstones, to upbuild the groins and sculptures of their cathedrals. The Puritans still thought it well for one-half of man's nature to starve. There they were foolish; and we, in large measure, inherit that folly. How much longer must the sins of the fathers be upon us?

The drama is splendidly capable of reconciling the best ideals of the Puritan, the Greek, and the cathedral builder; of blending in one lay religion the service of the state and the service of God. The drama, I say, is *capable* of doing this, in a theater free to do so; but the drama is *not able* to do this in a theater compelled to do otherwise. Let us then seek to reverse the old adage,

and henceforth let the "nobody's business" of freeing the theater from commercial bondage be "everybody's business" who loves the drama and his country.

Those who will gainsay such a purpose — and they will be many and sincere — are chiefly those who do not believe that the drama, the dramatist's profession, holds any such lofty possibilities in its nature. To those I reply, The possibilities of the drama are limited only by the possibilities of man. Search history, search the heart of man, and you will find both precedent and prophecy for the ideal of the drama as the ritual of a lay religion; for the ideal of the theater as a civic temple of the people.

Some day there may arise amongst us a supreme critic of American potentialities — a George Brandes and James Bryce in one — who shall detect and marshal the co-essentials of art and citizenship with such lucid simplicity that we shall pause aghast to behold ourselves for the blundering barbarians we are.

Such a critic, with wisdom and humor and quiet truth, will remorselessly convince us that public opinion is devoid of common sense or of conscience if it shall continue to ignore the responsibilities and the *rights* of the artist as citizen.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

NEWTON C. BLANCHARD

Former Governor of Louisiana

(Extract from an address delivered on the occasion of "Louisiana Day," September 14, 1904, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Missouri.)

THE century's progress has been marked by paths of development that constitute an eloquent tribute to American genius. The raising of the Stars and Stripes at New Orleans in December, 1803, was something more than a mere transference of sovereignty. It was the birth of a new epoch of civilization.

Countless evidences of the marvelous changes from then to now are visible everywhere in the Louisiana Purchase territory. One is here at hand. We stand, ladies and gentlemen, in sight of the spot where in 1764 Chouteau and Laclede threw up a few rude huts and called the place St. Louis. What a transformation since that day! The trading-post has become a magnificent metropolis, the fourth in point of population in the United States, and the first in importance in many lines of commercial activity.

And down with us, where the great river enters upon its last reach before mingling its waters with the waves of the sun-kissed Gulf, we have her sister, New Orleans, of queenly grace, the early capital of the Louisiana territory, the glittering gem of the alluvial valley of the river, of rapidly augmenting commercial importance, now second only to New York as a port, whose coming glory

as one of the greatest cities of America may be easily discerned by him gifted with the power to forecast the early future.

Time is the book of life upon the leaves of which the world writes its record. Nations come and go; generation after generation turns the pages upon which without reserve the world's history is chronicled. We must not think it is all of man's doings. In the fulness of time events ripen and consummation follows. Man is merely the instrument used by the great Directing Power.

It was the design of Providence that the discovery and settlement of this country by France was made, to be afterward transferred to the authority of Spain; and it was of the design of Providence that this province of Louisiana, extending from the Mississippi well nigh to the Pacific Ocean, should pass under the strong jurisdiction of the United States.

The purchase price of real estate transactions between nations has usually been human blood and human life. Not so with the Louisiana acquisition. It was money only that it cost us. Fifteen millions in round numbers, and for what is now twelve states and two territories. Viewed from a business standpoint, it was the greatest real estate transaction on record in the world's history. Uncle Sam proved himself early a great trader, and has kept it up ever since, until now his capacity for barter and trade and large business affairs and commercial ventures is at once the wonder, the admiration, and the envy of the world.

Those who took part in the great transaction — wise as they were — fell far short of realizing the supreme

importance of the step to the United States. The master mind of Napoleon came nearer it. He seems to have comprehended in a large degree its effect on the history of the world, and foresaw, as the result of the acquisition, the coming glory, greatness, and power of the United States.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SKY-LINE

WALTER WILLIAMS

Dean of the School of Journalism, University of Missouri

(Extract from a lecture with above title.)

THE other evening I saw the setting sun in a great city. From the dome of a tall building I watched the disappearance of the day's light. The city lay like a picture unrolled upon a lawn. The darkness came. First the shadows swept the riverside where squalor lay. Then they climbed apace and the tenement-houses, thronged with vice and poverty and crime, were blotted out from view. Farther the shadows moved and the huge warerooms, the marts of trade and commerce, dropped one by one into the night's oblivion. A moment more and the residences of the citizens, the homes — the little spots of heaven on earth, for which the first mother brought the architectural plans from Paradise, from which half the world goes forth at morning time to return at even-song and feel the dearest welcome, the welcome of a loving woman's outstretched arms — these too faded into twilight and vanished all. Had the city

and its people, its teeming millions and its tragic strife disappeared into the night? I looked again. Far on a distant eminence, unnoticed and obscure amid the garish day, stood a little church of unhewn rocks. Upon its roof some reverent hand had placed a golden cross, symbol in all ages of self-sacrifice and loving service. The city had melted away, as by a magic wand. The last rays of the westering sun touched the cross with a good-night kiss, and it alone of all the city's magnificence and desolation, its sorrow and its hope, stood out in view. To follow this cross by day, to follow it when the darkness deepens and naught else remains, I summon you. Its central heart is love, its outstretched arms, self-sacrifice and service. It is no easy task, no rose-water campaign, to which I summon you. It means hardships and toil, the scars and seams of sorrow, Gethsemane, Golgotha, but, please God, glory just beyond.

Set up the cross in the sky-line of the world, amid its smoking chimneys, its teeming enginery, its mighty and new problems, and the kingdom of Heaven, for which we pray in word or thought or deed, has come on earth.

MORAL VISION

JOHN A. RICE

Pastor of the Rayne Memorial M. E. Church, South, of New Orleans

(Extract from a baccalaureate sermon at the Commencement Exercises of Tulane University, 1909.)

RUSKIN has somewhere said that for every thousand that can talk there is but one that can think, and for

every thousand that can think there is but one that can see.

Moral perspective implies seeing not only on the near side of far things, but also the far side of near things. Life is not a straight line by which we can move away forever from the things of to-day, but a circle which brings us back to-morrow to where we stand to-day. We often think of what may happen when we go into eternity. The truth is we are in eternity now. We shall never be any nearer to God than we are this morning, any more under the sway of the laws of eternal life. Disturbing causes set to work now will bring effects in disaster sooner or later. Many a wretched soul has spent long, weary years in a futile effort to redeem one fatal hour. Near cuts and unfaithful dealing with one's self, and with the most trivial responsibility, bring us out where we started, often bleeding at every pore. The fatal hour that in the merciless march of the years brings upon us the crack of doom may seem at the time to be without significance. Phillips Brooks was once asked what was the greatest thought he had ever had, and, after a moment's reflection, replied, "The greatness of the small, the divinity of the commonplace." The universe, said Emerson, is represented in each of its parts. Any of us can discern the face of the sky, but only the true prophet can tell the signs of the times. And this is the mission of the college men and women of to-day. They must be eyes for those who are blind. For the things of to-day in individual and social life are but bubbles coming up out of abysmal depths and measureless areas far below the surface and far beyond the grasp and the reach of the multitude. It is given only to the

prophet to see the cloud not larger than a man's hand and point out the coming storm. We may be sure that only the true and the right have any chance. "Truth is like a foot-ball; you may kick it about all day, but when night comes it will stand out round and smooth, with not a scar to tell that it has been hit." It is, therefore, of vital interest that we have eyes for relative values. Some things that to-day seem worth dying for to-morrow are not worth thinking about, while some things that to-day seem not worth thinking about to-morrow are worth dying for. It is little less than tragedy when we rig up a derrick to lift up a pebble, and depend upon a handspike to move a mountain. There is no more vital element of success than perspective, and there is no greater need for us all than to have some good angel always near to tell us when our "far-traveling hearts" are at the parting of the ways.

This vision of the invisible in right perspective comes only to those who are prepared for it. There are distinct levels of living, and we cannot see higher than we live. The levels of our lives are the levels of our vision. And we cannot live higher than our capacities and powers have been trained to range. Turner was once showing one of his gorgeous pictures to a superficial woman when she said to him, "I don't see all that in nature." His reply was, "Don't you wish you could?" To Wordsworth's man

"A primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

When Marconi sent his first wireless message to a ship in mid-ocean, there were thousands of ships afloat, but

only the one attuned to the home land caught the message. There is a sense in which all vision is a projection of self, a liberating of energies pent up within.

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception — which is truth,
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error; and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

HENRY WATTERSON

Editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal"

(From an address at the dedication of the monument over the grave of the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Frederick, Maryland, August 9, 1898.)

It was during the darkest days of our second war of independence. An English army had invaded and occupied the seat of the national Government and had burned the Capitol of the nation. An English squadron was in undisputed possession of the Chesapeake Bay. The British were massing their land and naval forces for other conquests, and, as their ships sailed down the

Potomac, Dr. William Beanes, a prominent citizen of Maryland, who had been arrested at his home in Upper Marlboro charged with some offense, real or fancied, was carried off a prisoner.

It was to secure the liberation of this gentleman, his neighbor and friend, that Francis Scott Key obtained leave of the President to go to the British admiral under a flag of truce. They proceeded down the bay from Baltimore and found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac.

It was finally agreed that Dr. Beanes should be released; but, as an advance upon Baltimore was about to be made, it was required that the party of Americans should remain under guard on board their own vessel until these operations were concluded. Thus it was that the night of the fourteenth of September, 1814, Key witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which his song was to render illustrious.

He did not quit the deck the long night through. With his single companion, an American flag officer, they watched every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell. The firing suddenly ceased some time before day; and, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. As soon as day dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy. Blessed vigil! that its prayers were not in vain; glorious vigil! that it gave us the "Star-Spangled Banner!"

During the night the conception of the poem began to

form itself in Key's mind. With the early glow of the morning, when the long agony of suspense had been turned into the rapture of exultation, his feeling found expression in completed lines of verse, which he wrote upon the back of a letter he happened to have in his possession. He finished the piece on the boat that carried him ashore and wrote out a clear copy that same evening at his hotel in Baltimore. Next day it appeared in the Baltimore *American*. Within an hour after, it was circulating all over the city, hailed with delight by the excited people. Published in the succeeding issue of the *American*, and elsewhere reprinted, it went straight to the popular heart. It was quickly seized for musical adaptation. Wherever it was heard its effect was electrical, and thenceforward it was universally accepted as the national anthem.

The poem tells its own story, and never a truer, for every word comes direct from a great heroic soul, powder-stained and dipped, as it were, in sacred blood.

"O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad-stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?"

The two that walked the deck of the cartel boat had waited long. They had counted the hours as they watched the course of the battle. But a deeper anxiety yet is to possess them. The firing has ceased. Ominous silence! Whilst cannon roared they knew that the fort held out. Whilst the sky was lit by messengers of death they could see the national colors flying above it.

— "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!"

But there comes an end at last to waiting and watching,
and as the first rays of the sun shoot above the horizon
and gild the eastern shore, behold the sight that gladdens
their eyes as it

— “catches the gleam of the morning’s first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream,”

for there, over the battlements of McHenry, the Stars
and Stripes float defiant on the breeze, whilst all around
evidences multiply that the attack has failed, that the
Americans have successfully resisted it, and that the
British are withdrawing their forces. For then, and for
now, and for all time, come the words of the anthem:

“O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war’s desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!”

for —

— “conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, ‘In God is our trust’;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave!”

THE FLAG OF THE UNION

WILLIAM H. FLEMING

Former Congressman from Georgia

(A speech delivered on Memorial Day, 1895, in presenting, on
behalf of the state of Georgia, a flag to the soldiers of the Sixth
Regiment.)

I HAVE the honor to present to you, in the name of
the state of Georgia, this banner, under whose silken

folds you will hereafter march in peace or in war, as the God of fate may decree.

With unfeigned patriotic pride I point you to the fact that this is the old flag of the Union, that Union for whose cementing and freedom in the Revolution of '76, these Southern colonies made such glorious contribution of statesmen and soldiers. It is the same flag that in 1812 waved over Southern men under the indomitable leadership of Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, when British foes lay for the second time humbled at the feet of American valor. It is the same flag that in 1846 floated proudly over that army of Southern soldiers who marched into Mexico — one of the handsomest, bravest, knightliest bands of warriors that ever faced a foe. It is the same flag that, by Southern hands and Southern hearts, amid the storm of shot and shell, was planted at last in victory on the heights of Monterey, and the same flag that caught the enraptured gaze of that soldier without stain — the bravest of the brave — Col. Jefferson Davis, when, amid carnage and death, he twice saved the day at Buena Vista. Yes, again, it is the same flag, with the same stars and stripes, that after four years of the bloodiest civil war recorded in the annals of time, was raised in victory at Appomattox, to receive the homage of our peerless Lee, when the stars and bars had gone down in defeat, but not in dishonor.

And here in the shadow of that monument, in the marble presence of Lee and Jackson and Walker and Cobb, and of that private soldier fitly lifted above them all, because he oftenest bared his breast to the storm of battle — here in the presence of these sacred memorials of our dead, turning our backs to the night, and our

faces to the morning, we rejoice that we can still look upon the flag of the Union and, in the spirit of Daniel Webster, invoke from Almighty God the blessing that, when life is done and our eyes are closing upon all earthly scenes, "their last lingering glance may behold the broad ensign of the republic full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster, with not a single stripe erased and not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" or those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, and blazing on all its ample folds as it floats over the land and over the sea, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear (at last) to every American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Yes, thank Heaven, it is our flag, ours in past achievements, ours in present allegiance, and ours in future glory.

May the God of the nations grant that never again shall our people be summoned from their peaceful homes by the loud tocsin of war; but if this is not to be our lot, and duty should call to arms, I charge you, by the glorious memory of the past — I charge you that you suffer no stain upon this flag, but guard it with your lives and with your sacred honor.

THE COHERENT LIFE

BLISS PERRY

Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly"

(Extract from a Commencement oration delivered at the University of Maine, June, 1909.)

READERS of Carlyle's Journal may recall a certain passage written in October, 1841. Carlyle was then forty-five; it was seven years since he had come up from the Scotch moors to London; his own powers seemed ill-adapted to his epoch and circumstances; "it is a strange incoherency, this position of mine," he writes — and then adds this flashing sentence: "But what is life except the knitting up of incoherences into coherence? Courage!"

Our mortal task, then, according to the Scotch prophet, is to bring order out of chaos, consistency out of inconsistency. The character of each person should somehow hang together. It should be all of one piece. The ideal life, for the individual and for society, is the coherent life. These words will suggest, perhaps, those other counsels of perfection, "the strenuous life" and "the simple life," which not many years ago were fully, not to say exhaustively, urged upon our attention. The doctrine of "the strenuous life" was surely one of the most superfluous gospels ever preached to the American people. "The simple life" was and is more gracious in its invitation to the spirit; but as a practical program it has its difficulties. The coherent life is a clearer working model.

Coherence is not opposed to richness of function and ornament, to manifold variety of organization and capac-

ity. But it does suggest the presence of some unifying principle, some coördinating force; and likewise the practical ability not only to plan one's work, but to work one's plan. Engineers affirm that a ship "finds herself" after a voyage or two; there is a subtle adjustment of part to part, until all that complicated mechanism seems to take on brain, soul, personality. A man "pulls himself together," as we say, after some disintegrating experience, such as bereavement, failure, mental or physical dissipation, or it may be after the shock of new ideas, the bewildering vision of wider horizons. He adjusts himself, painfully or joyfully, to the altered conditions, and lives once more a coherent life.

When we agree, therefore — as we doubtless shall — to praise the principle of coherence, we must make one reservation. Our pattern of behavior and conduct must not be too small. The rights of growth must be safeguarded. Vitality is the essential thing. The plant is worth more than the pot. What seems incoherent often seems so because it is full of matter; just as people sometimes stutter because they have so much to say. Your only truly consistent man is the man who is dead; and even his tombstone will bear watching. Human society advances irregularly. Its alignment is always imperfect. It gains ground here and loses there. We tug at the ropes, take up the slack a little, hold hard, get together, and take up the slack again. Our best efforts are often ill-timed, unrhythmical; we are pulling against our comrades without knowing it. There is incoherent energy enough all around us; there is a constant lack of disciplined energy.

But beneath the surface of passionate and selfish and

cynical discussion there are streams of right tendency, currents of humanized thoughts and feelings. You must penetrate to them, put yourselves into wholesome relations with them. If you are shocked at the contradictions, the grotesque inequalities of the human lot, then do something to level and adjust those inequalities.

We find our job, ordinarily, by working at it, and we simplify it as we go along. We have first to pull ourselves together into physical and mental coherence, and then to pull all together like a good crew. Your race will be rowed on the river and not in the academic gymnasium. The gymnasium has been useful. Your chosen university has taught you something of discipline, of reverence for established institutions, of insight into the intricate web of human affairs. For all its guidance toward a coherent mastery of your life, you should be grateful. And if your university has "unsettled" your provincial views, jolted you out of the ruts of complacency, given you startling material for thought, pointed out new and far distant goals for yourselves and for mankind, you should be grateful for this also.

The fabric of life should be full and rich and honestly woven. If an artificial symmetry of pattern has been gained by excluding what really belongs in life's texture, it will all have to be unraveled and the threads painfully woven together again. Coherence is the law of life. With bodily tissues momentarily breaking down and as momentarily renewed, with minds daily distracted, but also daily concentrated upon some task, with spiritual energies forever withering, but forever refreshed from the deep springs, the generations go forth to their work and to their labor until the evening. Here and there in the

endless procession you will see a man rich in intellectual interests and abounding in practical service who has so ordered his activities that he has a right to say with proud simplicity, "This one thing I do." That man is to be envied, for he has found the secret of the coherent life.

COMMERCIALISM AND IDEALISM

FRANCIS G. PEABODY

Professor of Christian morals in Harvard University

(From a speech delivered at a banquet of the New England Society, New York city, December, 1907.)

THERE is a picture in the State House of Minnesota which tells the story of American experience. A prairie schooner with its oxen is toiling westward, bearing a plain family to some undiscovered home, and above this prosaic caravan hover the angels of hope and faith and love, pointing the way to go. Below is the spirit of commercialism, and above the spirit of idealism, and the plodding life of America marches on between the angels and the soil.

Here, then, we stand, in these days which are testing the American character, and in the conflict of these two forces lies the problem of our future. Are we to be the victims of our own prosperity, and robbed of our ideals by the very magnitude of our commercial gains? Then we shall go the way of earlier nations, Persia, Egypt, Rome, and the history of our decline will become a warn-

ing and a by-word to the world. Or is it possible that the very conditions of our commercial life are likely to create among us a new idealism; not the languid and esthetic taste which drives people away from our democracy and makes them at home among aristocracies, monarchies, castles, and ruins, but the robust and virile idealism which issues from great tasks, summoning to their service the best that is in men? Many signs of the times, I think, may encourage one in the belief that this emergence of a new idealism is actually occurring at the present time, and that our future may be surveyed with a confident, even though it may be an anxious, hope.

Not with a foolish optimism, then, yet not with despondency or despair, we may survey the perplexing and often disturbing movements of our industrial and political life. We remain a trading, producing, money-making people, and whatever character we may achieve must be wrought out of this material of our real world; but this material, though it be coarse as the clay with which the artist works, is the form and mold in which our inherited idealism may find new expression and beauty. The blood of the fathers flows still in the children. The flood of our commercialism has not drowned the instincts of our idealism. There is a bridge at Geneva, set where two rivers meet in the turbulent rivalry of conflicting currents. One stream, the Rhone, has flowed down between pasture banks and runs clear as crystal in a broad, deep channel. The other stream, the Aar, is a glacial torrent, hurrying and tumultuous with the melting of the ice. For a time the muddy torrent seems to overwhelm the broader Rhone, and its tranquillity and transparency are submerged and defiled; but soon the

glacial impurities sink to the bottom of the stream, and the Rhone sweeps unvexed and unpolluted to the sea. So meet the forces of commercialism and idealism in American life, and the turbulent current seems to overwhelm the tranquil flow; and as one leans over the bridge of time it seems as though the resulting river must be a turbid glacial stream. Steadily, however, from the fountains of an honorable past the springs of idealism send down their full supply, until at last the broader current of idealism may subdue the rush of commercialism, and the Rhone of American democracy flow to the ocean of its destiny, unvexed and free.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN RETROSPECT

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia

(Extract from an address delivered at Isle la Motte, July 9, 1909, at the tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain.)

WHEN Champlain passed the place where we now stand, he was forty-two years old, — at the prime of life, in the full flower of his strength. For a dozen years he had followed the sea, as his father had done before him. He had been born in one of its ports on the shore of France. He had seen Spain and Mexico, Panama and the West Indies. He had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic. He had cruised and mapped the New England coast, sailed up the broad St. Lawrence, and only

the year before had laid the foundations of Quebec. Much lay behind him, but at least as much before. He was yet to make many voyages, to explore the Ottawa, to discover two of the Great Lakes — Ontario and Huron — and to stand in the place of his King as governor of Canada. He belonged to that great breed of men the age brought forth abundantly, — a scholar and a soldier. He knew how to act as well as think; he could fight as well as pray. He had courage to push out into the wilderness, and science to make clear his course, and language to record for after times what he had seen and done, — a hand firm on the tiller of state, a heart devoted to the cross. It would be hard to find a better type of the France of his day — able, ambitious, devout — grasping for King and Church at the best the new world had to offer.

Here, the two proudest nations of the old world were to have their final grapple for the fairest portion of the new. As it had been before the white man came, so was it still to be, — the valley of beauty was the highway of war. The basin of the St. Lawrence was peopled by the French. The coast of the Atlantic from Cape Breton to the south was peopled by their hated rivals. That was enough. Here ran the unpeopled passageway between the two, and for a hundred years none but a fool would have built a home beyond the shelter of a fort in all these fertile acres.

In 1757 the greatest man in England took the reins, and in two years the French dream of North American dominion had dissolved. William Pitt was master. Quebec was taken. Crown Point and Ticonderoga were in English hands, and the red horrors of one hundred and

fifty years were to be thenceforward but a thrilling fire-side tale.

The legends of that ghastly time lie all around us; and memories of the later wars that swept the lake are thick as leaves of summer, and colored like the leaves of autumn with glory and romance. We have only to reach out our hands to take them. For seven days now the conjurer's wand has been waved over this lovely valley calling the dead to life. We have gone through the wicket gate of old Fort Ti step for step with Allen. We have seen Arnold, still wearing the rose of loyalty uncantered by the worm of treason. We have fought with him his desperate fight at Valcour, and leaped with him from his flaming bowsprit at Pantan. We have watched the British fleet weigh anchor off this shore and move southward to its doom at the hands of the invincible Macdonough. Memorial and procession, speech and song and pageant have taken up the threads of ancient, half-forgotten life, and made the glowing pattern live anew. Again we see the plumed and painted savage on the trail, the settler working with his flint-lock in the hollow of his arm, the Highlander in his plaid, the hireling Hessian in his scarlet coat, the Colonist in his deerskin or his buff and blue, the French and British regulars who wear upon their breasts the trophies of world-famous battles over-sea. And as we look we seem to see the gathering of the nations, not now for war, but for the beginning of a new era under happier skies.

OUR DUTY TO POSTERITY

WILLIAM M. SLOANE

Professor of History, Columbia University

(Extract from a speech at a banquet of the New England Society of New York city, December 22, 1908.)

WHEN I look at the splendors of this feast, considering what wealth and elegance are here represented, and then, in contrast, recall the keen air, the reluctant soil, the scanty fare of early New England, I am reminded of a well-attested Napoleon anecdote. When the two older brothers Bonaparte were rehearsing, in full imperial costume, for the coronation ceremonies, Napoleon, strutting in plush and vair, cast a backward glance over the sweeping train of his robe and called, "Joseph, if our father could see us now!" So, when we recall the hill-farm and the chores, the plashing saw-mill and the slippery skids, or the fishing smack and trading schooners, or even the somewhat richer sources of trade from which our stocks were reared, we might, in boyish glee, exult and wonder what those Puritan forefathers, somber, serious, and staid; or the Puritan foremothers, care-worn, pious, diligent, — what those earliest generations would think of us now.

Why is our Puritan conscience uneasy, and why are our pleasures nowadays so carefully masked, so closely associated with charity and reform and almsgiving? Why, as our faith has weakened, has our philanthropy strengthened? Why this deprecatory attitude toward the poor, this pity for sorrow, and this awful leniency toward crime?

Because, among the foremost reasons, we have not ourselves clean hands, because we have robbed posterity, or, in the elegant phrase of the market, have discounted the future; because we are dissipating the heritage of our children and wasting the substance of generations yet to come. There is no necessity to recapitulate the national waste. Volume after volume exhibits it in charts and statistics, the columns of our newspapers are filled with it, the politicians feel the rising tide of indignation, and national bureaus are reaching out in all directions to take charge of our national resources.

In general, an optimist is a man who has just been talking to a pessimist. You will probably be more optimistic than ever a few minutes hence. You will renew your zeal for retrenchment, economy, and all the virtues of the ancestry we worship here to-night. You will recall that, while much has been squandered, much is left. You will accept the inevitable; but, if your blood is Puritan, you will gird yourselves to battle with the thousand showy foes who are conquered before conflict, subdued in the very act of organizing for conflict. You will remember the law of history that, do what we may, each generation accepts, as a matter of course, the hardly won conquests of its predecessor, considering them, not as a precious privilege, but as a mere inherent right, and thence proceeds on its own struggle for more; for more wants and more gratification of those wants. Out of the simple inevitably rises the complex, from the one the many. We call it progress, the forefathers we celebrate would have called it degeneracy. But whatever name we give it, the process is inevitable; and the needed wealth we must and will find in battle for expansion:

in wars of conquest, in civil wars, or in economic wars, alike merciless and embittered. The warp and woof of time are woven for us, but we are not patterns on it nor puppets in action. With indomitable will and a strong right arm and an untiring tongue we may warn and we may struggle for justice, justice to man among our contemporaries and justice to man among posterity. If we do, we may view the future calmly; if we shirk, our fears will come on us like a strong man in the night and horrors will continue to destroy our rest.

THE CONSERVATION OF THE STATES

EDWARD T. TAYLOR

Congressman from Colorado

(Extract from a speech in the House of Representatives, February 1, 1910.)

I CANNOT believe that either the President or Congress will attempt to ruthlessly trample upon the inherent rights of the western states to the profit of their own resources. If there is to be any royalty imposed upon the coal, asphaltum, or any of the rest of our resources, the proceeds should pass into the treasury of the state whose resources are being thus administered. We have no objection to the temporary withdrawal of the public domain, pending an expeditious passage of wise and systematic laws safeguarding their disposal; and there should, of course, be practical and carefully prepared restrictions. But we insist that the policy of this Govern-

ment, ever since the adoption of our federal Constitution, has been that each state was entitled to and has always enjoyed the benefits of the natural wealth and resources and climatic conditions within its borders. We simply ask at your hands and of this Administration the application of that same principle to the states of the West that has always prevailed in and been accorded to the older commonwealths. Moreover, the legitimate and practical regulation and control and safeguarding of the resources of each state should be within the province of the state government, and whatever revenues are derived therefrom should pass into the state and county treasuries.

American citizens do not take kindly to absentee landlordism. We do not relish tyrannical interference with our local affairs. We do not like bureaucratic rule. We prefer to be governed by law and by our own people. We want laws intelligently framed in the light of the welfare of the governed, as well as of the governing body. We do not consider an officer's proclamation of his own virtue a sufficient reason for setting aside the Constitution of the United States, or even the acts of Congress. We do not want to have to go to the land office and the office of the forest supervisor every morning to learn what the law is.

The inhabitants of the Alps of Switzerland, the Highlands of Scotland, and the mountainous regions of the earth have always been the most intensely patriotic and liberty-loving people, and the citizens of the West now are, and the succeeding generations will be, a perpetual exemplification of this rule. We are two thousand miles away, but we are your younger brothers still. Do not impose

upon us because you have the power to do so. Let us develop our own resources, and we will soon become a storehouse of wealth to this nation.

I firmly believe there is not a state in this Union that has one-half the variety or aggregate amount of natural resources that is found within the Centennial State. We believe our climate excels that of all the other states, in proportion as we exceed them in altitude; that our soil and climate and mountain streams make our agricultural and horticultural resources the garden spot of this nation. At this very moment the county adjoining my home is sending twenty-five carloads of apples to London, where they top the market of anything that has ever been known in this country, both in price and quality. Our precious metals exceed the output of any other state in the Union. Our coal and our water-power are sufficient to run an empire for a thousand years. Our oil, gas, and asphaltum, and hundreds of other resources make us the coming treasury of our country. Colorado is the brightest jewel set in the crest of this continent, where she shines as the Kohinoor of all the gems of this Union.

NATURAL RESOURCES AND SPECIAL
INTERESTS

GIFFORD PINCHOT

Former Chief Forester of the United States

(Extract from an address delivered at the University Club, New York city, December 27, 1909.)

THE American people have evidently made up their minds that our natural resources must be conserved. That is good, but it settles only half the question. For whose benefit shall they be conserved — for the benefit of the many or for the use and profit of the few? The great conflict now being fought will decide. There is no other question before us that begins to be so important — or that will be so difficult to straddle — as the great question between special interest and equal opportunity, between the privileges of the few and the rights of the many, between government by men for human welfare and government by money for profit, between the men who stand for the Roosevelt policies and the men who stand against them. This is the essence of the conservation problem to-day.

The conservation issue is a moral issue. When a few men get possession of one of the necessities of life, either through ownership of a natural resource or through unfair business methods, and use that control to extort undue profits, as in the recent cases of the sugar trust and the beef packers, they injure the average man without good reason, and they are guilty of a moral wrong.

I believe in one form of government, and I believe in the Golden Rule. But we must face the truth that monopoly of the sources of production makes it impossible for vast numbers of men and women to earn a fair living. Right here the conservation question touches the daily life of the great body of our people, who pay the cost of especial privilege. And the price is heavy. That price may be the chance to save the boys from the saloons and the corner gang and the girls from worse, and to make good citizens of them instead of bad; for an appalling proportion of the tragedies of life spring directly from the lack of a little money. Thousands of daughters of the poor fall into the hands of the "white-slave" traders because their poverty leaves them without protection. Thousands of families, as the Pittsburg survey has shown us, lead lives of brutalizing overwork in return for the barest living.

The people of this country have lost vastly more than they can ever regain by gifts of public property forever and without charge to men who give nothing in return. It is true that we have made superb material progress under this system, but it is not well for us to rejoice too freely in the slices the special interests have given us from the great loaf of the property of all the people.

The people of the United States have been the complacent victims of a system of grab often perpetrated by men who would be surprised beyond measure to be accused of wrongdoing, and many of whom in their private lives were model citizens. But they have suffered from a curious moral perversion by which it becomes praiseworthy to do for a corporation things which they

would refuse with the loftiest scorn to do for themselves. Fortunately for us, all the delusion is passing rapidly away.

WATER-POWER AND THE "INTERESTS"

JAMES R. GARFIELD

Former Secretary of the Interior

(Extract from an address before the Colorado State Conservation Commission, at Denver, Colorado, April 18, 1910.)

THE private interests that are developing and using water of necessity ignore state lines, and nothing will be more acceptable to these interests than to have the Federal Government withdraw from all attempt to control their transactions. Again, unless the Federal Government retains and exercises such control, the interests of the people of one state may be seriously jeopardized by the action of an adjoining state. The use of water is one of the immediate and most important of all conservation problems. It is therefore necessary to have a clear understanding of the conditions and the pending propositions. During the last ten years the great possibilities for the use of water have been appreciated. Everywhere private interests are attempting to gain control of vantage points for development. The fight is on in nation and states. The question is simply this: Shall the public control and regulate the use of water in accordance with the needs of the public and for the benefit of the public, or shall private interests own and control the use of water

for their own gain, without regard to the rights and needs of the public? It is certain that an intolerable water monopoly will be fastened upon our people unless the public in both nation and states asserts its authority and controls the use of water.

The use of water for the development of power, for storage, and for irrigation means, of necessity, exclusive use in particular places, and such exclusive use is readily turned into oppressive monopoly, unless regulated by the public. It is not enough to deny that a water-power trust exists to-day. All the elements that go to make up such a trust are in existence and the tendency toward such centralization grows stronger day by day. The conservation of water applies in all its uses. There are those who attack conservation, alleging that conservation means non-use, non-development, but no such proposition has been put forward by the leaders of the conservation movement. As has been defined over and over again, it means the wise use and development of water for domestic purposes, irrigation, water-power, and navigation, in accordance with the needs of the present generation, but with due regard for the future and under control of public authority, to the end that unregulated monopoly may be prevented; that use by private individuals may be limited in time and granted under conditions which will yield to the public a fair compensation for the benefit derived, and finally prevent unjust or extortionate payment by the consuming public.

During the past few years, both nation and state have been attempting to deal with this problem. In many minds there seems to be a necessary conflict between these jurisdictions, but such is not the case. There are

duties upon both nation and states. There is work enough for all and there is a common ground for coöperative control and regulation.

IN WEST VIRGINIA

IRA E. ROBINSON

Of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia

(Extract from an address entitled, "Four Generations between the Alleghanies and the Ohio," before the Robinson Genealogical Society, at Niagara Falls, New York, August 12, 1908.)

IN the year 1800 the region between the Alleghanies and the Ohio was practically a wilderness. The savage had only recently departed, and the wild beast remained. Settlements were sparse in that territory, and were confined mostly to the great streams that flowed through dense forests. The rich valleys of the Shenandoah and the Ohio were sought by many home-makers, but the rough country between was passed over because it looked not inviting. Many a pioneer crossed that territory of magnificent timber, hidden coal, oil, and gas, to the better looking land of Ohio and Indiana. He reaped more readily for himself, but, we think, not for his posterity. The mind of man cannot tell true worth from a view of the surface. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." So this wilderness invited only the strongest and bravest. Virginia in time was to part with this rugged western domain because the laws and manners suited to the gentle slopes of the east were unsuited to the hardness and stern qualities necessary to the development and

growth of the territory between the Alleghanies and the Ohio. Here no easy-going mannerisms found home, because of the very character of the soil. The line of mountains marked off to the west a new and different country. It was a country that of itself drew to it a people like unto it, rich within and yet of the plainest clothing. The soil was rough and hardy, and it was to impart to those on it the same characteristics. Here the dealings with stubborn obstacles disciplined men. Here like begat like, and lofty mountains produced lofty minds. Here good atmosphere instilled good blood, regular heart-throbs, sound bodies, and noble aspirations, while isolation fostered economy, independence, and contentment. Thus men of character arose, and such men, says Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong." True, there was migration from them, and other regions were thereby benefited, but the great body remained. And here by these forces was founded a citizenship fitted for the problems of the development and use of the great natural resources there existing — fitted for the advancement of time. In the very nature of things a separate government of such people became necessary and was established. How appropriate its motto: *Montani semper liberi!*

Divinely has been founded and left to us the freedom, happiness, and love so beautifully penned in verse by my old school friend, whose inspirations are as noble as his ancestry, of the land of which he sings:

"In West Virginia skies are blue,
The hills are green and hearts are true;
A joyous welcome waiteth you
In West Virginia.

"In West Virginia skies are bright,
The twinkling stars make glad the night;
And noble hearts uphold the right
In West Virginia.

"In West Virginia man is free;
He dwells beneath his own roof-tree;
Oh, come, my love, and dwell with me
In West Virginia."

VIRGINIA

CLIFTON W. BRANSFORD

President of the Owensboro (Kentucky) Banking Company

(Response on behalf of the American Bankers Association to the hospitality of Richmond, Virginia, 1900.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: In the absence of one more worthy to perform the pleasing duty, I am requested, on behalf of the American Bankers Association, to thank the citizens of Richmond for their magnificent hospitality. I hardly know what language to employ to give fitting expression to our gratitude; but the man who could not draw inspiration from this occasion and its environments were dead to all the nobler emotions of his nature. Born and reared on Kentucky soil, trusted and honored by her people beyond my deserts, her interest and welfare are dearer to my heart than the ruddy drops that give it life. But while I entertain these sentiments of affection for my native state, I love her old mother, Virginia, the home of my ancestors, not less ardently and well. Virginia! Where first was rocked the cradle of

independent thought and of religious and political freedom. Virginia! The birthplace of Patrick Henry, the matchless orator, whose eloquence stirred men's souls and lighted the fires of universal liberty. Virginia! The home of Thomas Jefferson, the incomparable statesman, who penned that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, which declares that "all men are born free and equal and are entitled to enjoy the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Virginia! The state that gave to the world George Washington, the Father of his Country, who led to victory an army of patriots rebelling against the despotism of their own government.

O Virginia! If all the children named in thy honor could join in one loud hosanna of thy just meed of praise, the thunders of its refrain would be repeated on the eternal shores.

I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention, and propose three cheers for Mr. Traylor, the city of Richmond, and the grand Old Dominion.

UTAH

WILLIAM SPRY

Governor of Utah

(Extract from an address of welcome at the opening of the G.A.R. national encampment, at Salt Lake City, Utah, August, 1909.)

THE past few years have witnessed a decided westward movement of the point designating the center of popula-

tion in the United States. And still that point is far east of Utah. The van of restless humanity sweeps westward persistently; and the Pacific states vie with each other in spirited efforts to attract the home-seeker.

Perhaps of all the far western states and territories, none has been so frequently foisted, an unwilling object, into the public attention as Utah. Unquestionably, no state in the Union has been so often the victim of public censure and bad repute, because of gross misrepresentation and prejudice, hatched and scattered broadcast, by ambitious, selfish individuals whose motives are not above censure. As a result, Utah's population has not increased with that rapidity which her boundless opportunities warrant. Her limitless resources have lain practically untouched by the hand of the developer. But the confident, determined few, unswerving, undismayed, have plodded on, holding fast to their faith in Utah. That faith was well placed and those efforts well spent; and Utah, by the right and strength of her own worth, has forced herself to a position of eminence among the states of the Union, rich in possibility, and attractive in resource.

We invite you to avail yourselves of this occasion to make a close inquiry into the representations which we advance regarding our state. We direct your attention to her agricultural resources — her farms and fields of waving grain — her soil, appropriated to the cultivation of vegetables and flowers — her orchards, laden with a wide variety of luscious fruit that brings a premium in the world's markets. We urge you to direct an enquiring eye over our ranges and mark the sleek cattle; note the millions of sheep that play an important part in the country's wool production.

Investigate our mining operations and be convinced that within the boundaries of the state of Utah is one of nature's richest treasure vaults plentifully stored with the precious minerals of the earth.

Allow yourselves to be moved by the grandeur of our snow-capped mountains, the beauty of our valleys, the mystery of our great dead sea, the color of our skies. Drink the breath of rejuvenation that comes with our cool mountain breezes.

Crowning Utah's achievements, paving the way for future generations of broad-minded, intelligent citizens, is her educational system. If you carry no other fact away with you, write on the tablets of your memory that during the school year just closed, the state of Utah expended in the grammar grades alone for every day the schools were open over thirteen thousand dollars for an estimated common school population of less than one hundred thousand.

Meet, mingle with, and know our people in their business and in their homes. Judge them by the only true test of American citizenship — ability and fidelity — and we shall be more than friends.

"OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

WILLIAM O. BRADLEY

United States Senator from Kentucky

(Condensed from his speech delivered at the formal dedication of the Kentucky building at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, June 1, 1893.)

INTO this splendid presence we come to dedicate the "Old Kentucky Home."

This day, with her sister states, Kentucky joins in freedom's swelling chorus as it sweeps from sea to sea. With them she extends, in hospitality, a hand that never struck defenseless foe and never knew dishonor. God bless Kentucky! We would not part with one atom of her soil or one line of her history. Would that I might weave a fitting garland for her brow. Would that I possessed the brush and genius of Raphael, that I might paint her as she is. Would that with the chisel of Phidias I might create anew the forms and features of her glorious sons. Would that with the descriptive power and vivid imagery of Byron I might portray the lives and actions of her heroes and statesmen. Would that I were gifted with the sublime and soaring melody of Milton, that I might charm the world with the song of her glory. But even then, I should be unable to reproduce the verdure of her fields, the grandeur of her mountains, the brightness of her skies, the heroism of her people, the wisdom of her statesmen, and the beauty of her women—God bless them—"the fairest that e'er the sun shone on."

One hundred and one years ago this day, Kentucky

was admitted into the Union. She was among the first to enter, and will be the last to leave it. Her history has been eventful. The trials, endurance, and heroism of pioneer life were never more fully exemplified elsewhere. Harrod, Boone, Kenton, Clark, McAfee, Whitley, and Logan are names blended with hers as the warp is blended with the woof. They hewed their way through forests primeval, and drove the savage beyond her borders. After them came the pioneer statesman, Marshall, Bullitt, Nicholas, Brown, Breckinridge, and Clay. The sons of these knight errants of civilization inherited the endurance, bravery, and ability of their sires. No wonder, then, it is that the name of Kentucky is famous throughout the world.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

MARTIN W. LITTLETON

Formerly of the Dallas, Texas, Bar; now of New York city

(Extract from an address on the occasion of the celebration of Washington's Birthday by the Ellicott Club of Buffalo, New York, February 22, 1906.)

THE strongest thing about the character of the two greatest men in American history is the fact that they did not surrender to the passion of the time. Washington withstood the French radicalism of Jefferson and the British conservatism of Hamilton. He invited each of them into his cabinet; he refused to allow either of them to dictate his policy. His enemies could not terrify him

by assault; his friends could not deceive him with flattery. In this respect he resembled in marked degree the splendid character of Lincoln.

The single light that led Lincoln's feet along the hard highway of life was justice; the single thought that throbbed his brain to sleep at night was justice; the single prayer that put in whispered words the might and meaning of his soul was justice; the single impulse that lingered in a heart already wrung by a nation's grief was justice; in every word that fell from him in touching speech there was the sad and sober spirit of justice. He sat upon the storm when the nation shook with passion. Treason, wrong, injustice, crime, graft, a thousand wrongs in system and in single added to the burden of this melancholy spirit. Silently, as the soul of the just makes war on sin; silently, as the spirit of the mighty withstands the spite of wrong; silently, as the heart of the truly brave resists the assault of the coward, this prince of patience and peace endured the calumny of the country he died to save.

Lincoln blazed the way from the cabin to the crown; working away in the silence of the woods, he heard the murmur of a storm; toiling in the forest of flashing leaf and armored oak, he heard Lexington calling unto Sumter, Valley Forge crying unto Gettysburg, and Yorktown shouting unto Appomattox. Lingered before the dying fires in a humble hut, he saw with sorrowful heart the blazing camps in Virginia, and felt the awful stillness of slumbering armies. Beneath it all he saw the strained muscles of the slave, the broken spirit of the serf, the bondage of immortal souls; and beyond it all, looking through the tears that broke from a breaking heart, he

saw the widow by the empty chair, the aged father's fruitless vigil at the gate, the daughter's dreary watch beside the door, and the son's solemn step from boyhood to old age. And behind this picture he saw the lonely family altar upon which was offered the incense of tears coming from millions of broken hearts; and looking still beyond he saw the battle-fields where silent slabs told of the death of those who died in deathless valor. He saw the desolated earth, where golden grain no more broke from the rich, resourceful soil, where the bannered wheat no longer rose from the productive earth; he saw the South with its smoking chimneys, its deserted hearthstones, its maimed and wounded trudging with bowed heads and bent forms back to their homes, there to want and to waste and to struggle and to build up again; he saw the North recover itself from the awful shock of arms and start anew to unite the arteries of commerce that had been cut by the cruel sword of war. And with his gentle hand, and as a last act of his sacrificial life, he dashed the awful cup of brother's blood from the lustful lip of war and shattered the cannons' roar into nameless notes of song.

Then turn to the vision of Washington leaving a plantation of peace and plenty to suffer on the blood-stained battle-field, surrendering the dominion over the princely domain of a Virginia gentleman to accept the privations of an unequal war — the vision of patriotism over against the vision of greed.

Oh, my friends, we must live so that the spirit of these men shall settle all about our lives and deeds; so that the patriotism of their service shall burn as a fire in the hearts of all who shall follow them. The Constitution

which came from one, the universal liberty which came from the other, must be set in our hearts as institutions in the blood of our race, so that this Government shall not perish until every drop of that blood has been shed in its defense; and we shall behold the flag of our country as the beautiful emblem of their unselfish lives, whose red ran out of a soldier's heart, whose white was bleached by a nation's tears, whose stars were hung there to sing together until the eternal morning when all the world shall be free.

THE PERSONALITY OF LINCOLN

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Late Editor of the "Century Magazine"

(Extract from an address before the students of Mount Holyoke College, June, 1909.)

WHAT a wonderful thing is personality! Think of all it means in history, in religion, in our own lives. Lincoln is one of the most interesting personalities in all history. This personality has perplexed many people. Some are doubtful if Lincoln is as great as many say. But the more he is studied the firmer is his position.

Probably no great historical figure in the realm of action ever had Lincoln's intense humorousness, combined with so keen and racy a wit. He was undoubtedly the greatest wit and humorist that ever ruled a nation. He was a sad man, a man who suffered, a man who was sometimes melancholy. But humor helped him to live.

Humor helped Lincoln in his leadership. His power of expression also helped him in his leadership. There may be found in all his great utterances a strain which is like the leading motive, a strain of mingled pathos and heroism. This is shown in the Gettysburg address and in the letter to Congress. Lincoln's task was a great one, — a task between the devil and the deep sea. On the one side were the border states, telling him that if he touched slavery they could not keep their constituencies on the side of the Union; on the other side were the Abolitionists, telling him that unless he at once freed the slaves, his administration would be shorn of moral support and the war would end in failure and disgrace. His delay in getting out the emancipation proclamation was necessary to statesmanship.

That inordinately tall countryman, with a shawl thrown over his gaunt figure, crossing alone the little park between the White House and the War Department, if appealed to by some distressed private soldier or citizen, could order justice done by a written sentence as surely as could any Asiatic autocrat by issued edict. While often yielding to the dictates of his pitying heart in individual cases, and showing constantly almost abnormal patience, those who mistook his charity for weakness were liable to sudden enlightenment. The fact was only lately published that Colonel Hay once saw the long-enduring Lincoln take an officer by the coat collar, carry him bodily to the door, and throw him in a helpless heap outside.

Let me close with the memory of a night of the spring of the year 1865, in the time of the blooming of lilacs, as says the wonderful poem. I was waiting in Philadelphia for Lincoln's funeral train to start, as it was my

duty to accompany it to Newark. I had and have little desire to look upon faces from which the light of life is departed, but suddenly it came upon me that I had never seen the great President and must not let go by this last opportunity to behold at least the deserted temple of a lofty soul. To my grief, I found it was too late; the police had drawn their line across the front of Independence Hall. But my earnest desire prevailed, and I was the last to pass in by the window and behold, lying on the very spot where he had dedicated himself to assassination rather than desert the principles of the fathers, there emulated, in a sudden dazzle of lights and flowers, the still features of that face we all now know so well.

REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN

JOSEPH G. CANNON

Speaker of the House of Representatives

(Extract from a speech delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 12, 1910.)

IN the year 1858 I heard two of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. It was a wonderful contest — between giants. Douglas, born in Vermont, a great politician, of national and world-wide reputation, was remarkably strong and resourceful. In point of fact his heart beat true to human freedom, but as he was a member of that great party that was dominated by servile labor, his ambition created the desire to be President. The contest was fought out.

Lincoln failed to reach the Senate, but the whole country was aflame, and at the end of those great debates he had a national if not a world-wide reputation.

Then came the Cooper Union speech. Then came the campaign in Ohio in 1859, and, when 1860 came, Illinois concluded to present him as her candidate for the nomination for the presidency.

The convention was held at Decatur, Illinois, in a structure erected between two brick buildings, with posts cut from the forest, stringers cut from the forest, and covered with boughs cut from the forest, and the ends open. The multiplied thousands gathered — earnest, determined men. Just about the time the convention was organized, a voice came, "Make way for Dick Oglesby and John Hanks." After much effort a narrow passage was made, and they passed through it, bearing two old walnut rails. They were set up, and there was a legend on a strip of cotton, "These two rails were made by John Hanks and Abraham Lincoln in 1830." There was great enthusiasm. The crowd closed up, and the cry came for Lincoln. He could not get through; and great, tall, gaunt man as he was, they literally picked him up and passed him over their heads. He did not talk much. Somebody asked him, an hour before, if it was proper for him to be there, as he was a candidate for the presidency; and a queer expression came over his face, and he said, "The truth is, I am most too much of a candidate to be here, but hardly enough to stay away."

The audience were wild with enthusiasm. He talked a little, not to exceed five minutes. Somebody sang out, "Abe, did you make those rails?" His reply came: "John Hanks says we made those rails. I do not know

whether we did or not, but I have made many better ones than those."

The Seward people in that convention were swept off their feet, and a delegation unanimously chosen by that convention, consisting of the personal and political friends of Abraham Lincoln, went to the convention held in the wigwam a week or two later at Chicago. You all know the result.

The emancipation proclamation was given to the world in September, 1862. That proclamation had been written for three months, and Lincoln, with his great desire to save the republic, with his great knowledge, with his great courage, was waiting, waiting, waiting until the boys in blue might gain a victory or two; waiting until their letters should come from the southland, where they were fighting the battles of the republic, to their brothers and parents and friends, that they might also make converts; waiting for the people to rise up and sing against the opposition of the sensational press and the cowardly would-be leaders; waiting for them to sing, "We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

And all the while, with all the abuse, with the quarrels in the Cabinet, with the premier suggesting that the conduct of the war had better be left to him; with the failures of generals; with the universal criticism of generals, of colonels, and even of captains; with the false reports that were sent by wire and correspondence; with doubt and fear; with the credit of the republic disappearing, this tall, gaunt, sad-faced man, born of the children of toil, kept his courage. To me there is no greater example in the history of the human race of

magnificent leadership and patriotism than that of Abraham Lincoln during that contest.

George William Curtis in notifying Lincoln of his second nomination said:

Amid the bitter taunts of eager friends and the fierce denunciation of enemies, now moving too fast for some, now too slow for others, they have seen you throughout this tremendous contest patient, sagacious, faithful, just, leaning upon the heart of the great mass of the people and satisfied to be moved by its mighty pulsations.

In that one sentence Mr. Curtis expressed the great qualities of Lincoln and the secret of his success as a leader of the American people.

Moses was a great character. He led his people over the desert for forty years to the promised land; but, in my judgment, speaking respectfully, I believe that Abraham Lincoln was the greatest leader that this world ever produced, and in that great struggle for a government of the people, and for free men and freedom, he laid a foundation upon which I trust and believe the republic will endure through the ages.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FRANK W. BENSON

Governor of Oregon

(Condensed from a speech delivered at a Lincoln Day banquet of the Republican Club of Baker City, Oregon, February 12, 1910.)

WE had elected many wise, capable, and patriotic men to the high office of chief ruler long before Lincoln was

born. We had made a large and important part of our national history before he had learned to read by the light of a pine torch. But not one of his predecessors, or of those who have succeeded him in that high office, has ever called forth the intense affection of the people as did Lincoln. And why?

I fancy that it was because he was the second instance in the world's history of a "man of sorrows"; "he was touched with a feeling of our infirmities." It is written not only in the world's written histories, but in the multitude of portraits which are scattered broadcast among the millions who still love him, that in the expression of his countenance there was the infinite sadness that bespoke the tragedy of a nation's anguish. It is said that in the throes of the nation's peril he was praying to his mother's God to save his people.

The things upon which we dwell with most delight to-day are the stories of his tenderness and infinite kindness which prompted him to pardon the boy soldier, condemned to death, who slept at his post in the hour of danger; his sorrow for the trooper who languished in the prison pen of the South; the entire absence in his voice and heart of any malice against those who were fighting the battle of disloyalty. In other words, while other men, influenced by pride, vanity, or a false conception of the nation's ideal, and misled by the false notion that the nation's idol must be free from the common hopes and fears, the common like and dislikes, the common hates and loves, concealed these features in their make-up, Lincoln never tried to be other than himself; there was no concealment, no hypocrisy in his nature, and, because he was, at all times, entirely free

from hypocrisy and pretense, because he was at all times true to the characteristics and the nature which God had given him, his humanity, free from the artificial, appeals to us all.

Finally, it occurs to me that the memory and greatness of Lincoln are more sacredly cherished and more fully appreciated in the extreme West than in any other portion of the United States. And it is natural that it should be so. The type of American manhood which could lay aside the comforts, the assuredness, and the luxuries of the long-settled and fully developed homes of the East, in order that they might pierce the forests and fathom the mysteries of the unexplored West, the type to which Lincoln belonged, was primal in its instincts; was naturally indifferent to the conventionalities and niceties of an artificial civilization. These traits have been, in a measure, transmitted by the builders of the Western Empire to their offspring, and hence the West comprehends and appreciates the primal virility, the largeness of view, and the splendid contempt of trifles which seemed to actuate our greatest President, and hence to us he stands for more that is admirable and lovable to us than can be possible to the dwellers in the East; not because he was born in a log cabin in the wilderness, not that he split rails in the forest, not that he was a frontiersman, but rather that his inheritance and environment were such that he was particularly one of us, and we, better than any others, comprehend and appreciate the splendor of his achievements.

TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY

HOKE SMITH

Governor of Georgia

(An address delivered at the memorial services in honor of President McKinley, held in Atlanta, Georgia, September 19, 1901.)

Fellow citizens: We mourn a dead President. We give thanks for a Christian life.

Mr. McKinley rose from simple walks through many public trusts to the highest office. His record will stand severest scrutiny. It shines with the noblest of human traits. He loved with all the ardor of his nature his God, his country, and his fellowman.

We of this section owe him a special debt. It needed not Cardenas and Santiago to remove all bitterness from the Southern heart. We had been home in our father's house for thirty years, and we loved all its inmates; but we needed the great brain and warm heart and fervent words of this loyal lover of all states to free every thought of criticism, to show the American people the patriotism of their brethren.

His public services have been great; his private services not less so.

In the home life must be preserved the safeguard of our country's future. What an example he has set! What a standard he has raised! How thoughtful, how pure, how tender, as he fell back with the very wound that slew him, asking that the news be not exaggerated to the partner of his trials and his joys!

He had lived the life of an earnest professor of faith in

Jesus Christ. The highest honors could not shake his faith or move his trust or hopes. To his fellowmen he did his greatest service as he died. The foremost of earthly rulers, he yielded without a murmur to the Heavenly Ruler. From his lofty elevation, from the office of Chief Magistrate over eighty million people, his answer to the call was, "It is God's way; His will, not ours, be done," and then with his last breath he sang, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

It was his last message to the American people and to the civilized world, and it will be repeated and heard and known for years and years to come—his greatest message, his greatest service to his fellowmen, his country, and his God.

He has given up the corruptible to put on incorruption. He has given up the mortal to put on immortality, and that which was written has been brought to pass — death is swallowed up in victory. Thanks be to God, death had for him no sting, and even the grave was to him a victory.

EULOGY OF ROBERT E. LEE

CHARLES E. FENNER

Of the New Orleans Bar

(Extract from an oration delivered at the unveiling of the statue of General Lee, at Lee Circle, New Orleans, Louisiana, February 22, 1884.)

BOUNTIFUL nature had endowed Robert E. Lee with exceptional gifts of physical beauty. The eye of the

South Carolina poet, Hayne, once rested upon him in the first year of the war, when he was already on the hither verge of middle age, as he stood in the fortifications of Charleston, surrounded by officers, and he has left the following pen picture of him: "In the middle of the group, topping the tallest by half a head, was, perhaps, the most striking figure we had ever encountered, the figure of a man seemingly about fifty-six or fifty-eight years of age, erect as a poplar, yet lithe and graceful, with broad shoulders well thrown back, a fine, justly proportioned head posed in unconscious dignity, clear, deep, thoughtful eyes, and the quiet, dauntless step of one every inch the gentleman and soldier. Had some old English cathedral crypt or monumental stone in Westminster Abbey been smitten by a magician's wand and made to yield up its knightly tenant restored to his manly vigor, with chivalric soul beaming from every feature, some grand old crusader or Red Cross warrior, who, believing in a sacred creed and espousing a glorious principle, looked upon mere life as nothing in the comparison, we thought that thus would he have appeared, unchanged in aught but costume and surroundings. And the superb soldier, the glamour of the antique days about him, was Robert E. Lee."

If such was the Lee of fifty-six years, what must have been the splendid beauty of his youth? The priceless jewel of his soul found fit setting in this grand physique, marked by a majestic bearing and easy grace and courtesy of gesture and movement, sprung from perfect harmony and symmetry of limb and muscle, instinct with that vigorous health, the product of a sound mind in a sound body.

Such was the magnificent youth who graduated from West Point with the honors of his class, and dedicated himself to the service of his country. It was easy to see that "Fate reserved him for a bright manhood." Not his the task, by the eccentric flight of a soaring ambition, to "pluck bright Honor from the pale-faced moon," or with desperate greed to "dive into the bottom of the deep and drag up drowned Honor by the locks." This great engineer laid out the road of his life along the undeviating line of duty, prepared to bridge seas and scale mountains; to defy foes and to scorn temptations; to struggle, to fight, to die, if need be, but never to swerve from his chosen path. Honor and Fame were not captives in his train. Free and bounteous, they ambuscaded his way and crowned him as he passed.

It is fitting that monuments should be erected to such a man.

The imagination might, alas! too easily, picture a crisis, in the future of the republic, when virtue might have lost her seat in the hearts of the people, when the degrading greed of money-getting might have undermined the nobler aspirations of their souls, when luxury and effeminacy might have emasculated the rugged courage and endurance upon which the safety of states depends, when corruption might thrive and liberty might languish, when self might stand above patriotism, self above country, mammon before God, and when the patriot might read on every hand the sure presage:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay!"

In such an hour let some inspired orator, alive to the peril of his country, summon the people to gather round

this monument, and, pointing to that noble figure, let him recount his story, and if aught can arouse a noble shame and awaken dormant virtue, that may do it.

The day is not distant when all citizens of this great republic will unite in claiming Lee as their own, and, rising from the study of his heroic life and deeds, will cast away the prejudices of forgotten strife and exclaim:

"We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent, and we see him as he moved —
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself —
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

ROBERT E. LEE AND WASHINGTON COLLEGE

THOMAS J. KERNAN

Of the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Bar

(Extract from an address at the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Lee, at New Orleans, Louisiana, January 19, 1907.)

I COUNT myself thrice happy to have been one of those who sat at the feet of General Lee in the grand old halls of Washington College, hallowed by so many precious memories. Those were the heroic days of that historic institution. A nursling of the Revolution, it had been endowed by Washington; but it was left for Lee to breathe into it the deathless life of his immortal spirit. In April, 1865, he surrendered the rear-guard, as it were, of one generation of Southern youth at Appomattox; in October, 1865, he assumed command of the advance guard of the

next generation of Southern youth at Lexington. Napoleon grandiosely said to his Old Guard at Fontainebleau, "If I have consented to survive, my comrades, it is but to write the story of the great things that you and I have done together." He died miserably at St. Helena, without redeeming this pledge, or accomplishing aught else of good. Lee, by his conduct, said in effect, "It has pleased God to let me survive my comrades, whom I have taught to die grandly; I will consecrate my declining years to teaching their sons to live nobly." And the fulfilment of that promise is writ large in the history of the last five years of his life, consecrated to the cause of education. I doubt if mere human annals furnish an instance of devotion to duty so simply grand, so purely noble.

And so, the great chieftain, who had just laid down the supreme command of all the Southern armies, and still a prisoner on parole, rode unattended into Lexington on Traveler and assumed command of Washington College, with its staff of four professors and its corps of fifty students. Instantly, almost, the power of his mighty genius and the magic of his great name wrought a revolution. He at once rallied around him the South's greatest educators and the flower of Southern youth. And hope was born again in the hearts of Southern people, there upon that sacred spot, where the ideals of the Old South, so beautifully realized in him, were cherished and preserved, and the spirit of the New South, inspired by him, was born and nurtured into strength and beauty.

Priceless, indeed, is the heritage left us by our gallant fathers and gracious mothers of the Old South. Graceful manners and noble deeds were the very staple of

their daily lives, from which the Old South wove her wondrous story. There was the home of honor, the citadel of chivalry. Her men were the bravest and the tenderest; her women the truest and fairest. Sweet glimpses of those halcyon days are indissolubly blended with the earliest recollections of my childhood; but it were too long to tell o'er the tale of all the beauties of the sunny, happy life of the Old South of long ago. It is all enshrined in history and hallowed in song and story. The sun ne'er smiled upon a land more fair, nor on a people more worthy of so fair a land. But the greatest and most precious of all the legacies of all the ages is the ideal realized in the life and character of Robert E. Lee, the kindly gentleman, the peerless soldier, the great educator, the human exemplar — Godlike in his grandeur, Christlike in his simplicity.

TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

DUNBAR ROWLAND

*Director of the Department of Archives and History of the
State of Mississippi*

(Extract from a speech made in accepting a portrait of Jefferson Davis presented by the Mississippi division of the Daughters of the Confederacy for the Mississippi Hall of Fame, January 19, 1905.)

In Grattan's eulogy of Chatham he says that the great Englishman "was born to strike a blow in the world that should resound through its history." How well does that phrase portray the career of Jefferson Davis.

There are certain attributes of character which rarely fail to make leaders of men who possess them. Mr. Davis had a rare combination of these great qualities. He was independent, self-reliant, and resolute. He had earnest and intelligent convictions, combined with intense devotion to principle. He had a magnificent courage, which commanded the admiration of the people, and an integrity of character which won their confidence. He was not an ephemeral growth, springing into existence from abnormal social conditions, but the splendid product of a civilization which had given to the world the most superb characters known to history. Jefferson Davis was of patrician mold. He was endowed by nature with the rarest qualities of both mind and spirit, to which had been added the highest culture and training. The people of Mississippi delighted to honor him, and during the long period of his public service not a shadow of wrong ever marked his conduct. It was but an added proof of the high esteem in which the Southern people held him that when the Confederacy was organized he was placed at its head. Mr. Davis had a wonderful comprehension of the terrible struggle which was before him, and with rare judgment he called to his side the men who became the heroes of history. Together they led the great struggle for an independent nationality. They felt that the Constitution of their fathers had been violated, and with a spirit which animated the makers of that palladium of liberty, they rallied to its defense. The cause for which they fought failed, but greatness does not always consist in gaining something, but in being true. Not for one moment during that long and bitter struggle did these princely spirits waver in their

devotion to duty. They emerged from that bloody conflict with unstained honor, and no memory of their recreancy remains to-day to torture the sons of the South.

Great as the leader of the Southern Confederacy appears at every period of his life, at no time does his adamant strength of character display itself as in the hour of defeat. With a courage that could not be broken, and a fortitude which was strengthened by affliction, he bore himself in that dark hour as only a hero could, and gave to the world no outward sign of what his great soul suffered. Though not a ray of that splendid hope, which had arched its beautiful bow above his country, remained to cheer him, he refused to regard life as a burden and a failure. He believed that life was the supremest gift of God, and continued to pursue its aims and ends with a noble interest that is unprecedented in history and beautiful to contemplate. He toiled, even to extreme old age, to give as his parting blessing to the children of the South a true history of their fathers' deeds.

To us he represents all that is best in Southern character, and we shall continue to honor him as long as one fair green stretch of this beautiful land, for whose honor he gave himself a willing sacrifice, remains in our keeping.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND MISSISSIPPI

THOMAS SPIGHT

Congressman from Mississippi

(Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives,
March 26, 1910.)

Mr. Chairman: A few days ago the gentleman from Ohio, under "leave to print," had inserted in the *Record* a belated speech which he vainly sought an opportunity to deliver during the last session of Congress. He then wanted to prevent the picture of Jefferson Davis from appearing upon the silver service about to be presented to a battle-ship named in honor of the state of Mississippi. For reasons which reflect credit upon the Republican leadership of the House, he failed to give birth to this speech at that time. The silver service with the etching of Mr. Davis was accepted, and has been on the *Mississippi* for nearly ten months, and no good reason can be seen for making this deliverance of the gentleman from Ohio at this untimely date. It was doubtless a burden to him to carry it longer, and it had to come, and I hope he feels relieved.

The gentleman from Ohio was not content to hurl his anathemas at Mr. Davis, but he indulges in gratuitous, unprovoked slander of all the people of the South in this unfounded statement:

Silently and insidiously, night and day, in the schools, churches, and other organizations for the control of public sentiment in the South, the leaven of distrust and discontent seems to be constantly working.

I believe it was Edmund Burke, the great Irish orator, who said he did not know how to draw an indictment against a whole people. The gentleman from Ohio has gone far beyond the capacity of Burke and has indicted all the women and all the girls, all the men and all the boys, all the preachers and all their congregations in the South; but I advise him that, while it is easy to make a charge, there ought to be some sort of evidence to sustain it. This the gentleman from Ohio has not got, and he can never find it. I well remember that after the life of the sainted McKinley had been taken by a murderous anarchist, in these same schoolhouses and churches and in the temples of justice all over the Southland the "voice of mourning" was heard and resolutions of sympathy for the sorely stricken wife were adopted. McKinley was a Republican and also from Ohio, but he was an apostle of the doctrine of "peace on earth, good will toward men." He fought us valiantly during the great war, but he quit fighting when we laid down our arms. He spoke words of kindness and cheer, and we loved him. He illustrated the truth of what Sir Walter Scott makes one of his characters in "Old Mortality" say, "I never knew a real soldier who was not a true-hearted gentleman."

I shall not permit myself to be provoked into a discussion of the great questions upon which we divided in the fateful days from 1861 to 1865. No good can come of it, and I have no disposition to arouse antagonisms which it were better to allow to sleep. Let the impartial historian of the future be the arbiter to settle the burning issues for which we fought, each as God gave him to see the right. One thing we may all rejoice in,

that to-day we are all citizens of the same great republic. As was demonstrated in the recent war with Spain, when the Stars and Stripes are in the forefront of battle, there is no North, no South, no East, no West, but all are Americans, ready to defend with their lives the honor of the flag. In that war I saw my own son, with the blood of a Confederate soldier in his veins, side by side with the son of a Federal soldier under the flag of a common country, each ready to do, to dare, and to die in defense of its sacred folds.

That Mississippi is proud of her history and of her position as a sovereign state of the Union is not to be wondered at. In field and forum, in peace and in war, her position has been established. In the realm of oratory Prentiss and Lamar must ever remain shining examples. As soldiers, she points with pride to Davis and Walthall and dozens of others. In constructive statesmanship none excelled her George. In the science of jurisprudence her field is full. No greater preachers than her Lowrey, Galloway, and Waddell ever proclaimed the "unsearchable riches of the gospel." Her Anglo-Saxon blood is of the purest; her citizenship is of the best; her women of the fairest and sweetest, and her men of the bravest.

To-day we have what can be claimed by no other state in the Union, seven native sons of Mississippi in the Senate of the United States — Money and Percy, from Mississippi; Clarke, from Arkansas; Newlands, from Nevada; Gore, from Oklahoma; Chamberlain, from Oregon; and Bailey, from Texas. This is a record which has never been equaled.

If we are, in truth and in fact, coequal states, there should be no caviling as to individual dignity. Love of

country and pride in her institutions are to be cultivated as the greatest safeguards of the republic and should be circumscribed by no sectional boundaries nor poisoned by any outburst of passion.

THE HAYWOOD TRIAL: PLEA FOR THE DEFENSE

CLARENCE S. DARROW

Of the Chicago Bar

(Extract from his closing address to the jury in the trial of William Haywood as a conspirator in the assassination of Governor Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho, 1906. The trial attracted the attention of the whole country.)

THE defendant in this case, William D. Haywood, is charged with having killed the late Governor Steunenberg. The murder was cold, deliberate, cowardly in the extreme, and if this man, sitting in his office in Denver, fifteen hundred miles away, employed this miserable assassin to come here and do this cowardly work, then, for God's sake, gentlemen, hang him by the neck until dead. He has fought many a fight — many a fight with the persecutors who are hounding him in this court. He has met them in many a battle in the open field, and he is not a coward. If he is to die, he will die as he has lived, with his face to the foe.

Gentlemen, when you are through with this trial and have gone back to your homes and think of it, pictures will come to you of the figures in this case, and amongst

the rest Harry Orchard's. It may not come to all of you alike. One of you may picture Harry Orchard as he is meeting this drunken man reeling out of the saloon and shooting him to death in the darkness of the night. Another man may picture him as he places the fagot under Neville's saloon and runs away. Another may picture him as he plants a box of powder under the station and hurries off in the darkness to save his life, while he sends fourteen souls unshriven into the great beyond. Another may picture him placing a bomb at Steunenberg's gate. Hawley will picture him as a cherubim with wings growing out from his shoulders and with a halo just above his head and singing songs, with a lawyer on one side of him and McPartland on the other. I don't know yet how Borah will picture him, but everybody will picture him according to how they see him. You have seen him here. You have heard his story. You have seen him, sleek and fat and well fed, facing this jury day by day, asking for this man's blood. Do you ever want to see him again? Is there any man that can ever think of Harry Orchard — any man but Hawley — is there any sane man, I will say, who can ever think of Harry Orchard except in loathing and disgust? And yet, gentlemen, upon the testimony of this brute, this man who would assassinate his own nine-year-old girl with a dagger a thousand times more malicious and deadly than one that kills, upon his testimony you are asked to get rid of Bill Haywood. For what? Does anybody else attack his name? Anybody else swear anything against him? Has any other voice been raised to accuse him? Oh, no. You are asked to take his life because down in Colorado and up in the Cœur d'Alenes

he has been against the Mine Owners' Association, and because he has been organizing the weak, the poor, the toilers; and for that reason he has raised up against him the power of this body of men, and you are asked to kill Bill Haywood.

I have known Haywood — I have known him well and I believe in him. God knows it would be a sore day to me if he should go upon the scaffold. The sun would not shine or the birds would not sing on that day — for me. I would think of him, I would think of his wife, of his mother, I would think of his children, I would think of the great cause that he represents. It would be a sore day for me, but, gentlemen, he and his mother, and his wife and his children, are not my chief concern in this great case. It is not for them I plead. Other men have died in the same cause in which Will Haywood has risked his life. He can die if this jury decrees it; but, oh, gentlemen, do not think for a moment that if you hang him you will crucify the labor movement of the world; do not think that you will kill the hopes and the aspirations and the desires of the weak and poor.

Gentlemen, it is not for William Haywood alone that I speak. I speak for the poor, for the weak, for the weary, for that long line of men who, in darkness and despair, have borne the labors of the human race. The eyes of the world are upon you — upon you twelve men of Idaho to-night. Wherever the English language is spoken or wherever any tongue makes known the thoughts of men in any portion of the civilized world, men are talking and wondering and dreaming about the verdict of these twelve men that I see before me now. If you kill him your act will be applauded by many. If you

should decree Bill Haywood's death, in the railroad offices of our great cities men will applaud your names. If you decree his death, amongst the spiders of Wall Street will go up pæans of praise for these twelve good men and true. In every bank in the world, where men hate Haywood because he fights for the poor and against that accursed system upon which the favored live and grow rich and fat — from all those you will receive blessings and unstinted praise.

But if your verdict should be "not guilty" in this case, there are still those who will reverently bow their heads and thank these twelve men for the life and reputation you have saved. Out on our broad prairies where men toil with their hands, out on the wide ocean where men are tossed and buffeted on the waves, through our mills and factories, and down deep under the earth, thousands of men, and of women and children — men who labor, men who suffer, women and children weary with care and toil — these men and these women and these children will kneel to-night and ask their God to guide your hearts — these men and these women and these little children, the poor, the weak, and the suffering of the world, are stretching out their helpless hands to this jury in mute appeal for Will Haywood's life.

THE HAYWOOD TRIAL: PLEA FOR THE
PROSECUTION

WILLIAM E. BORAH

United States Senator from Idaho

(The concluding part of his speech to the jury in the trial of William Haywood for the murder of Governor Steunenburg.)

I HAVE read Danton's harangue to the mob in the streets of Paris; I have all but heard the silvery tones of Desmoulins in the Jacobin clubs, where organized assassins toyed with the lives of men; I can see Robespierre, now drunk with his fellows' blood, staggering back against the pillars of the assembly hall as retribution raised its cold hand to lead him forth to death, but never have I heard or read so frightful an attack upon all those things for which the saints of justice have suffered martyrdom as I have heard in this court-room.

I have no doubt that many times during this trial you have been much moved by the eloquence of counsel for the defense. They are men of wondrous powers. They have been brought here because so rarely gifted in power to sway the minds of men. It was their part in loyalty to their clients to toy with your sympathies, to call you, if possible, from the plain path of justice and duty; to lead you, if possible, from the brave and manly consideration of the real facts of this case. But as I listened to the music of their voices and felt for a moment the compelling touch of their hypnotic influence, there came back to me all the more vividly, when released from the spell, another scene — there came to me in more moving

tones other voices. I remembered again the awful night of December 30, 1905, a night which added ten years to the life of some who are in this court-room now. I felt again its cold and merciless chill, faced the drifting snow and peered at last into the darkness for the sacred spot where last lay my dead friend, and saw true, only too true, the stain of his life-blood upon the whited earth. I saw men and women standing about in storm and darkness, silent in the presence of the dreadful mystery, and Idaho disgraced and dishonored — I saw murder — no, not murder — a thousand times worse than murder, I saw anarchy displaying its first bloody triumph to Idaho. I saw government by assassination pointing to the mangled form of Frank Steunenberg, the broken family, the blood bespattered home, and saying to all — look, look, and take notice! Here is the fate of all who do their duty to their state and the Government. As I thought over that night again I said to myself, Thou living God, can time or the arts of counsel unteach the lessons of that hour? No, no; for the sake of all that good men hold near and dear, let us not be misled, let us not forget, let us not be falterers in this great test of courage and heroism.

Counsel for the defense have tried to make you believe that we would have professional distinction at the cost of human liberty or life. There has been something in this cause to make a man forget all professional pride. I only want what you want — murder stopped in Idaho. I only want what you want — human life made safe — assassination put out of business. I only want what you want — the gate which leads to our homes, the yard gate whose inward swing tells of the returning

husband and father, shielded and guarded by the courage and manhood of Idaho juries.

But they say it is a solemn thing to take life. True, very true. But the fearless performance of duty by courts and juries protects society and prevents the spread of murder and anarchy. In the older days, when man walked closer to his God and heard more clearly the admonitions of the moral teachings under which we must thrive or perish, it was said, "By man's blood shall man's blood be shed." He who takes life in the malice of the heart forfeits his right to live — for the sake of society, for the sake of all men who love their fellowmen and want to live with them in peace — he forfeits his right to live. It has been so from the beginning, so by the sanction of Him who provides all things for the good of the children of men.

If this be true where individual man slays but another, ten thousand times more true should it be where men in hatred and malice, in stealth and in secrecy, combine, confederate, and agree to carry on and commit indiscriminate murder, where men defy law, denounce society, trample upon all rights, human and divine, and thirst for the blood of all who chance to thwart or oppose their criminal purposes. Anarchy, pale, bloodless, restless, hungry demon from the crypts of hell — fighting for a foothold in Idaho! What shall we do? This is the question. Shall we crush it, shall we make it unsafe for the disciples of this creed to do business here, or shall we palter and trim and compromise and invite it to choose other victims? These are the questions to be settled by you and you alone. In the court of your own conscience the verdict must be worked out, and I must leave it all with you.

DAMAGE SUITS AND THE LAW

WILLIAM S. COWHERD

Formerly a Congressman from Missouri

(Extract from an address at a banquet of the Kansas City Bar Association, February 22, 1909.)

THE development of the common law has failed to keep pace with the development of industrial organization. In 1837 Lord Abinger decided that the butcher boy's helper could not recover for the butcher boy's negligence, and thus fastened the fellow-servant doctrine on the law of England.

But what justice can there be in such a rule applied to the five thousand employees who to-morrow morning are passing through the gates of one of our great packing-houses? It may have once been true, though I fear it was never more than legal fiction, that the man entering upon hazardous employment contracted for increased compensation and rightfully assumed the dangers that he faced. But we know this is not true to-day. Laws compelling factory and mine inspection, laws regulating safety appliances and a whole brood of sanitary regulations attest the humane policy of modern times, which recognize it to be the duty of the law to protect those who either are too weak or too careless to protect themselves. We recognize that man must labor if children would eat, and the work of society must be done. Are we to say to the brakeman who during last week's storm attempted to find precarious footing on the narrow, sleet-covered plankway on top of a swaying car, and

slipping fell beneath its wheels, that he had assumed the risk and cannot recover for the injury? If so, we may rest assured he will find some defect in the plankway that will let him to the jury and the jury will decide regardless of the weight of the evidence that the injured man should be compensated for the loss he has sustained. If capital has made its investment under the promise that this loss was one it would not have to bear, it is unjust that society should settle these burdens back upon it. The community ought to bear the loss by permitting the investor to add it to the cost of doing business.

Business can prosper under any fixed and certain charge; it never prospers long when yoked with the gambler and the speculator. The burdens entailed by accidents in industry and transportation should constitute an item of the cost of production or operation and be borne by the entire community. Twenty-five years ago Germany, recognizing the justice of this policy and the necessity of giving compensation to men injured in industrial pursuits, regardless of technical defenses, established a system of compulsory insurance. Every workman earning a certain amount per annum must be insured against injury, the compensation being measured by the wages he is receiving. Under this law twelve of the fifteen million wage-earners in Germany are to-day insured, the employer bearing one-third, the workman two-thirds of the cost of insurance. With the risk reduced thus to a fixed basis, the wage schedule of the workman can be adjusted to meet the charge and the employer can add the cost of insurance to the price of the article produced and in the end the burden is distributed over

the entire community. Practically every country in Europe has followed this plan; in France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Finland similar laws are in force.

Gentlemen of the Bar, we are the guardians of the law. If it be unjust or inefficient ours is the blame. Lawyers control every legislature in the land and dominate the Federal Congress. In most law-making bodies of this country they constitute a majority of the membership and in all, by reason of ability, experience, and training, they are relied upon for leadership. Recent years have shown remarkable development in every line of industry and every profession. The investor has been busy and the scientist has accomplished the impossible. The public expects and has a right to expect that the development of the law will keep step with the progress of the country. On your shoulders rests this burden. Opportunity beckons us and society demands that we right the wrongs labor now endures and make business certain of the profit to which it is entitled.

THE LAWYER IN AMERICAN HISTORY

FREDERICK W. LEHMANN

President of the American Bar Association

(Extract from an address before the Nebraska State Bar Association, at Omaha, Nebraska, November 23, 1906.)

THIS is a land of law and of lawyers. And too many of both is the general, if not universal, comment. Still

the laws increase and the lawyers multiply. The profession here has a larger muster-roll than anywhere else in the world, and however much it may be disparaged in word, nowhere else has it been so much favored in deed.

Peter the Great, during his stay in England, went into Westminster Hall and inquired who were the men in black robes doing so much talking. Being answered that they were lawyers, he replied, "I have two in my empire, and when I return home I will hang one of them." Singular moderation on his part, for under his rule there was no occasion for even one lawyer.

Jack Cade, in his scheme of leveling and license, was more consistent and more thorough. "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

Alike in the autocratic and in the communistic scheme of society, the lawyer has no place. As the institutions of a country become representative, as man in his individual capacity meets with regard, the lawyer becomes important. He is the apostle of individualism and flourishes only under liberty regulated by law.

Call the roll of our great leaders in House or Senate, and almost without exception they have been lawyers or students of law. There are Randolph, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Benton, Douglas, and Seward. Lawyers are conspicuous in the list of governors of all the states. They are in the Cabinets of the Presidents, not simply as attorneys-general, but as holding every portfolio. They are our ministers abroad. They have negotiated nearly all our treaties and accomplished all our peaceful acquisitions of territory. In the Missouri Compromise, the repeal of that Compromise, questions of internal

improvement, controversies over the institution of slavery, they occupied the commanding positions upon both sides. With one exception, every President of the United States has come to the office from the battle-field or from the court-room — with one exception they have been lawyers, or soldiers, or both, and of the twenty-five incumbents, nineteen have been lawyers.

Whether lawyers will continue to hold high office in the measure of the past matters not, but it matters everything for them and for the country that they remain true to their traditions as helpers and leaders in every public cause. That they may do this, they must have the confidence and esteem of their fellowmen, as Hamilton and Jefferson, Webster and Calhoun, Lincoln and Douglas had them. They must maintain the old standards and ideals, putting achievement above emolument, a good fight before a great fee, and keep unsold and unhired their manhood and their citizenship. In the public work of the future there is a place for every member of the profession; for the specialist and the corporation lawyer, as well as the rest; but always, as in the past, in the front rank will be the man of all-round attainments and all-round experience, the model of the American statesman — the country lawyer — for his day is not past, nor in a free country ever will be. He will live

“For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that lack resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that he can do.”

UNANIMITY IN VERDICTS OF JURIES

HIRAM M. GARWOOD

Of the Houston, Texas, Bar

(Extract from an address, before a committee of the Texas State Senate, on a bill abolishing the requirement of unanimity in verdicts of juries, 1908.)

IN an address delivered before the American Bar Association in 1898, Mr. Choate chose for his theme, "The Jury System." It was a memorable oration, made by one worthy to wear the mantle of Thomas Erskine, and of his own great kinsman, Rufus Choate. Referring in terms of eloquent pathos to his own increasing years, he said that he wished to deliver it to the American Bar as his last message that they should preserve inviolate the jury system in its purity, and with a wealth of historic allusion and a conclusiveness of logic established the fact that the requirement for unanimity in the verdict was the surest way of ascertaining the truth and was the greatest safeguard of personal and property rights that could be devised. Among other things, he stated that the number of mistrials by disagreement of juries was inconsiderable, and that, from the information which he had acquired, throughout the United States it would not amount to more than three and one half to four per cent of the total trials, and that, eliminating those cases where more than three jurors prevented a verdict, the number of mistrials would amount scarcely to one per cent of the total.

The end of judicial investigation, as so well expressed

by Judge Pleasants, is not merely expedition; it is not merely economy, but it is the complete establishment of truth and the vindication of the right. The philosophy of the jury lies absolutely in the requirement for unanimity. The verdict in such a case is not a nameless and a nondescript thing; it is the product of every man upon it. Knowing that the verdict is dependent absolutely upon the conclusions of his own intellect, each man measures up to the full responsibility of the occasion; that responsibility he can shift to no other. This produces an independence of thought and a conservatism of deliberation which makes mightily for the truth.

With the glorious history of the common law behind us; with the fact that every great and signal declaration made by any English-speaking people, from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Texas Independence, in its favor; with the experience of ninety-nine per cent of the great English-speaking judges; with the enthusiastic testimony to the efficacy of the unanimous verdict of twelve men of almost every great advocate at the English and American Bar, from Thomas Erskine to Jeremiah Black, and from Black to Joseph H. Choate; with the encomiums of the greatest statesmen from Edmund Burke and Charles Fox to Jefferson and Calhoun, are we not justified in saying with the great Chief Justice Roger B. Taney that "Our liberties are clearly bound up with the preservation in full force and usefulness of the great principles of the common law and of trial by jury."

And with Judge Dillon, who, in his "Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America," says: "I protest against the continentalization of our law. I invoke the

conservative judgment of the profession against the iconoclast who in the name of reform comes to destroy the jury; against the rash surgery which holds not a cautery to cure, but a knife to amputate. Twelve good and lawful men are better judges of disputed facts than twelve learned judges."

And, finally, with the great teacher of the common law, Blackstone, that the system of jury trial, as it has been handed down to us from the fathers, is "the palladium of British liberty, the glory of the English law, and the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for."

TRIAL BY JURY

DELPHIN M. DELMAS

Formerly of the San Francisco Bar; now of New York City

(From an address before the Bar Association, at Kansas City, Missouri.)

As it is the most ancient, trial by jury has been the most enduring of all the political and judicial institutions which have flourished among the English-speaking peoples. Coeval with the earliest dawn of organized society in Britain, its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Though in a crude and rudimentary form, it had existed for centuries when the Norman invader set his foot upon English soil, and it survived the general wreck of English laws and customs which followed in the wake of his conquering footsteps. The hand of time, beneath

which all other institutions underwent alteration or decay, left it untouched. The march of ages, which swept away other great achievements of human polity, but served to confirm it. The wars and revolutions, which uprooted weaker growths, but strengthened the hold which it had upon the English earth, and inured its trunk to defy still mightier storms. In the long unfolding of centuries, it saw kingly houses, founded in the confident hope of perpetual succession, rise, flourish, and vanish, leaving no trace behind; it saw the Tudor dynasty overthrow the Plantagenet, the Stuart succeed the Tudor, the Hanoverian supplant the Stuart; it saw the feudal system crumble into dust, and upon its ruins rise the structure of modern society; it saw the crown of spiritual supremacy pass from the head of the Pope of Rome to the head of the Monarch of England; it saw the scepter of empire and of rule, fallen from the nerveless grasp of the nobility, snatched up and gripped by the strong hand of the Commons in Parliament assembled; it saw the kingly office decline from the rank which gave it once a voice potential in the affairs of the state, to become an empty dignity, best fitted to grace a social function, or adorn a public show; it saw the material wealth of the realm transferred from the baronial halls of the landed aristocracy to the counting-houses of merchants, money-changers, and bankers in Leadenhall and Lombard Street; it saw the whole frame of legal procedure recast and remolded, antique forms grown hoary with age abandoned, the Constitution and the name of the courts consecrated by the lapse of centuries fundamentally altered, and the whole fabric of the judicial hierarchy rebuilt from turret to foundation-stone — all

this it saw, and, amid the universal wreck of things which seemed endowed with enduring life, it alone, defying time and change, stands as it stood in the years when Edward the Confessor sat upon the throne of England.

As no other institution ever struck its roots so deep into the hearts of the English-speaking races, so to none have they clung with equal tenacity. As long as the people continue to govern themselves, so long shall it endure among them. Its decay will mark the decadence, and its overthrow the end of popular liberty. The right of the people to administer their own justice is as indispensable to the practise and to the perpetuation of self-government as is their right to make their own laws.

THE PROFESSION OF THE LAW

PRESLEY K. EWING

Of the Houston, Texas, Bar

(Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the Texas State Bar Association.)

THE aristocracy of American brains is now, and ever has been in the history of our nation, the American Bar. Plumed on the priceless ideals of the republic, impressed in her inspiring institutions, imprinted on her prevailing policies, written into her imperishable principles, and linked with the very life of her laws, is the influence of the American lawyer.

Not, however, on this continent alone, but in every clime where civilization has carried forward the immortal

principle of liberty, the voice of the lawyer, above the din and tumult of retarding influences, has been heard in tones of thunder to "ring out the false, ring in the true." Now it is Erskine, with the impassioned fire of his resistless eloquence, grappling constructive treason and strangling unto death which will never know a resurrection morn. Again, it is Labori, with a purpose nothing could appal, tearing the mask of military despotism from the imprisonment of Dreyfus, and mingling truth and justice with the eagles of France. Illustrations might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but it is enough if we hearken to their message and warning. Upon us of this generation is the responsibility of seeing that the matchless monuments of our predecessors shall not with dishonor be defaced.

The rule of the profession, whatever may be the exception, is duty rather than success, integrity of character and life, love of truth and right, respect if not reverence for authority, human and divine, and abundant charity for the frailties of man. These are the shining glory of the profession, bench, and Bar. And if these principles are sometimes obscured by excessive zeal and emulation, ever and anon they will, like the sun shadowed by a passing cloud, return to their original splendor.

Under this high ideal and within its bounds, the fidelity of our profession has been, through all its notable history, a light and landmark on the cliffs of the world's devotion. As has been well said, "Kings might envy it and patriots imitate." No flattering can beguile, no temptation of reward allure, no spectacle of terror turn away the noble lawyer from his client's side. When once launched upon the sea of strife, whether borne aloft upon the rolling

billows of the popular tide or dashed with fury against the sands, he stands alike firm and erect, never wavering in his loyalty, never faltering in his faith, an adherent who will not desert and cannot betray.

Young men — those of you just about entering the profession — I say to you, the Bar is not a communion of saints, and it often needs a forgiveness of sins. But ever, above and beyond its fools to be pitied and its knaves to be deplored, is an escutcheon, spotless and stainless. To your hands it will soon be committed. Bear it above the marshes of commercialism and greed, raise it to the heights of patriotism and truth, consecrate it to law and order, enshrine it to human liberty, and finally plant it on the turrets of its traditions, where the stars may gleam and glitter over it as it proclaims God's foremost attribute on earth, Justice — untarnished and unsullied, for which "all place, a temple, and all season, summer."

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE LAWYER

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

Dean of the School of Law of Columbia University

(From an address delivered upon the occasion of the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the University of Cincinnati.)

OUR American notion that everybody needs a little education, and nobody more than a little, has much to answer for, but nowhere has it been more disastrous or grotesque than in equipping the lawyer.

It is a curious theory, hard to displace in the dead level of a democracy, that every man, whatever his training, is equally fitted for the highest and most technical service the state can demand, and all that is necessary to transmute the politician into the statesman is a popular vote, or to transmute the citizen into the jurist. This democratic faith has been reënforced by two other misconceptions. One is the popular view that a lawyer's vocation is primarily a private one, and that the sum of his duties is fidelity to his client, and the other, that curiously persistent tradition of the common law, that the citizen invested with judicial office has at his command an unfailing and infallible source of legal wisdom. We find it hard to emancipate ourselves from the notion that the judge pronounces judgment according to law. I do not mean that is the usual attitude of the lawyer, but it is the attitude of the community.

Now, as is the lawyer, so is the court, and so is the administration of justice. As is the lawyer, so is the law. Then, shall we submit to a condition of affairs under which the law dispensed from our courts is, as it has too often been, the result of purely empirical training, or, in many cases, of no training at all? Shall Wisdom sit enthroned in the judgment seat and the voice of Wisdom be heard in the judgments of the courts? We hear much of the declining reverence for law, and lament the growing lack of respect for the administration of justice. Perhaps we have a little exaggerated these sentiments, but in the troublous times to come a government of laws and not of men cannot stand unless it be bulwarked on every hand by popular faith in the laws and respect for their administration. And how is this faith to be

restored or maintained? By investing our judges with judicial robes, or by educating them and our bar so that we shall have real justice in the seat of justice?

One word more. I am the guest of the University of Cincinnati — a city university, the only one, I believe, in this country, if not in the world. It is a high distinction. We hear much criticism in these days, as we have heard ever since higher education came to be supported by public taxation, of maintaining colleges, and even high schools, out of the public fund. Let me say that, if the state were to-day to make a beginning of public education, it should be made with the university and professional schools rather than with the elementary. For what is needed in a democracy is not that every man, woman, and child should be qualified to read the yellow journals, but that leaders should be made, and leadership comes only out of training, and particularly of the training our colleges and universities and professional schools furnish.

Believe me, gentlemen, the paramount interest of the American people to-day is not irrigation, nor the conservation of forest domains, nor the Panama Canal, nor a great navy, but the proper training of the profession to which has been committed the high function of the administration of justice in the state. I venture to predict that the time is coming, and is not far distant, when in this country, as now on the continent, the fact will be recognized that the administration of justice is an affair of the state. Is this a counsel of perfection? If so, then I have come to the proper place with it. Where are counsels of perfection to be nourished if not in our universities? Oxford has been called, as with reproach,

"the home of lost causes." Is it a reproach for a great university to be the home of lost causes? Does it not depend on whether the causes deserve to be lost? Will you measure the success or influence of a university with your commercial tape lines? What is it that makes the university great? Numbers? Buildings? Endowments? Or is it the causes for which it stands? The ideals it represents? The standards of public service which she holds aloft?

ATTORNEY AND CLIENT

F. CHARLES HUME, JR.

Of the Houston, Texas, Bar

(Extracts from an after-dinner speech delivered at the banquet of the American Bar Association, Seattle, Washington, August 28, 1908.)

THERE subsists in the knowledge of men no more delightful relation than that of attorney and client. And there is none, in my experience — save matrimony — more difficult of establishment.

Throughout the law the one increasing purpose runs, to lead to justice. And to our profession is entrusted the commission to control, according to law, the tide of human affairs, to preserve the legal status of men, to hearken to "the still sad music of humanity," to voice the spirit of truth, and silence falsehood, enforcing right, redressing wrong, fearing God and no man.

The fault is not in our profession, but in ourselves, if

we be underlings. The attorney is more or vastly less. His title imports integrity and conscientious fidelity. Within the terms alone of honorable professional engagement he represents and stands for the client's interest. But he is not the client, not even his own client — except in cases more to be pitied than cited. Nor is he the keeper of the client's general conscience, nor his guardian at large, nor his hireling, nor the impresario of his social aspirations.

Though clients come and clients go, in turgid or in rippling flow, and pass your open door forever — be comforted; for the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. Let the temper of thy days be philosophy, and never lose it. Take what comes and does not come with equal fortitude, in full accord and satisfaction; for contentment is better than riches — when you cannot have riches.

Under all circumstances, keep pure and warm your ideals. Don't get refrigerated. And in the end your supreme success may be character; for merit tells — too oft, alas, in our profession, a hard luck story. Yet —

“Though gold now fail us, friends bewail us,
Adverse fate be ours, and fame's delay;
Though courts deny us, landlords try us,
Yet, to surcease, love will find the way.”

And through its tender ministrations, those of us that now but thunder in the professional index may flash — or even strike — conspicuous yet in the table of contents.

Love of home will keep us steadfast. Love of country will inspire us to defend it 'gainst all perils — to destroy, if need shall come, the menace of “swollen fortunes” in the hand of predatory wealth — even at the hazard of making them our own!

Love of woman will sustain us, keep us thinking, keep us busy, and will urge us to abate the nuisance of small fees. And love of law, with grim devotion, will serve to keep us moving — not, peradventure, from place to place, unwilling and perplexed, but in some congenial spot well chosen — ever upward to Olympian heights of nectarine renown, and ever inward to the central peace of many clients, subsisting at the heart of endless litigation — the profession's unspoke hope, the harmony of the world — which the higher civilization, that we may have and hold a local habitation and a name, cannot suffer to perish from the earth, and which the friends that prize us must not willingly let die.

THE "GIVEN-UP" MAN

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

Of the Volunteers of America

(Extract from an address in "Little Mother Stories," published by the Volunteer Prison League.)

WHEN we look out over the lives of those whose souls have been soiled, whose talents and very manhood have been prostituted to evil, whose hopes and chances in life are blighted, we are prone to be hopeless concerning their future. If the shadow of prison walls is around them, and the stigma of detected crime has blackened their name and character, the world says of them, "That man is done for; he has thrown away his chances; he will never make anything of life after this." If he be one

who has lived long in crime, who has been especially reckless, hardened and desperate in character, one for whom no one has a good word and who has been but a denizen of the under-world, then the world will indeed say that the case is hopeless, that efforts would be wasted in trying to touch the hardened heart or seeking to kindle the star of hope in the dark night that has closed in around the "given-up" man's miserable wreck of a life. Fortunately, the world's harsh judgment is often hasty, and based more on what is seen of the difficulties of a situation than upon the possibilities that underlie the surface.

There is an old saying that is often glibly passed from lip to lip and uttered even by good people, who would feel deeply incensed if charged with falsehood, and yet it is cruelly, wickedly false, "Once a thief, always a thief; once a convict, always a convict." When first I undertook to study the questions that involve the present and future welfare of our country's prisoners, this fallacy was quoted to me by those who said that I was entering a field where only bitter disappointment and failure awaited me, and that those who had upon them the taint of crime were beyond hope. Then it was that my heart gloried in the fact that those of us who go as messengers of the great King of love and mercy can view the poor, sin-stained, self-wrecked lives of men from His standpoint, and not from that of the world. Beneath the very evident failure and wrong, we may look deep down in the poor, hopeless heart for the bud of promise that, all unknown to themselves, may yet be awaiting the touch of a higher, stronger power than any that has yet reached them. I believed when I first went to a

prison, and I believe a hundredfold more intensely now, that in every human heart there is something to reach, and that there is an Influence above that will step in where human love and work and effort could not avail to bring about much-needed awakening and unfold a revelation of future possibility. Yes, thank God, there is a sunshine that can force its way through prison bars and work wondrous and unexpected miracles, bringing forth beauty of life, earnestness of purpose, and a genuine change of heart where such results seemed the most utterly unlikely and impossible.

THE BROTHERHOOD AND HOME MISSIONS

WILLIAM RADER

Pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church of San Francisco

(From a speech delivered at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, before the third convention of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, February 24, 1909.)

THERE have been four noticeable conquests of America. The first was that of the pioneer who crossed the continent when there was no bridge over the river, no track through the desert, no path through the forest. He made conquests of the Indian and the forest and the desert, and laid the foundations of this great republic. He was not alone, however, in his pioneer conquests of physical America. Side by side with him was a great figure in early American life known to the church and history as the home-missionary preacher. He carried

his library in his saddlebags and his creed like a flame of fire in his heart. The home-missionary preacher, riding across the frontier, swimming river and stream, and threading his way across the trackless desert, is a powerful character in the early life of America. It was he who opened the Middle West, as the history of Clark and Lewis will bear witness; it was he who saved the great Northwest, and particularly Oregon, to this country, as the name of Marcus Whitman testifies. Daniel Webster is reported to have said that he would not give a dollar for the whole Northwest, but Daniel Webster was mistaken. It was the home missionary who opened the Golden Gate of California, and with his flag and Bible laid the foundations of the empire of the Pacific. It was in 1852 that Seward declared that the Pacific region would one day be the theater of the world's greatest events. That prophecy has already come true, for the world events of the immediate future are even now transpiring in that Pacific theater. Once it was three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco. Now it is three thousand miles from San Francisco to New York. Once the New York Harbor was the front door of the republic and the Golden Gate was the back yard, but now the front gate is by the city of San Francisco, and the future of our race will very largely be solved in the events which are to transpire, and even now are transpiring, in the great Pacific region.

The second conquest was by the soldier who fought the battles of the nation, the Revolution and the Rebellion. You remember that minuteman who stands in his spotless marble at Concord, and the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

He made the second conquest of our country.

The third was made by the business man who inaugurated the great commercial and business era of our people. He built bridges and railways, digged canals, constructed cities, and shaped the business destinies of the people.

The next conquest, and that with which we are now engaged, is that of the Christian men. The most significant sign of the times is the organized revolt of Christian men against the prevailing materialism of our day. This is one of the assurances, gentlemen, that the kingdom of God is surely coming. Weary of the materialistic conditions of the past, the men of the pew as well as the men of the pulpit are organizing themselves and assaulting these conditions which have so vitiated our common American life. In doing this they have followed the laws of nature. The stars cluster together, the great redwoods of the Sierras group themselves, the fishes of the sea swim in schools, the flowers congregate in radiant clusters of splendor. And is it not in harmony with this law that we men of this generation should fulfil the high commission of our Master and go into all the world and dispel all the evils of men? Thank God, we are beginning to work heart to heart, shoulder to shoulder, mind to mind, as one great unbroken army of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I wish I could paint the home-missionary picture as I see it upon the canvas that involves this great continent of ours, fringed on either side with the surf of the

sea. I would crowd into that canvas over eighty millions of people, with their teeming cities. I would put there the ten millions of negroes, the two hundred and fifty thousand Indians who have been driven back to the reservations, the two millions of children at work, the sixty to seventy thousand children who go hungry to bed every night in New York, the two millions in the United States who are underfed, the vice in high places and low places, the saloon, the great streets filled with the unchurched masses and multitudes of souls going to their ruin, falling like a tree in the forest with far-resounding thunder. Oh, what a picture for the home-missionary enterprise of the church! Over it all I would put the canopy of our country's flag, that flag that was raised by our fathers and carried across these plains and through the Golden Gate and planted on the islands of the distant Pacific, that dear banner of our fathers! O men of America, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

WASHINGTON GARDNER

Congressman from Michigan

(Remarks made in the House of Representatives March 16, 1908, the House having under consideration a bill providing for the restoration of the motto, "In God we Trust," on certain coins of the United States.)

Mr. Speaker: In the recent successful efforts of the police of Chicago to ferret out the nesting places of anarchy

in that city, it was found that in the literature from which their children were taught there was an avowed purpose to banish God from the minds of the rising generation. Sir, I want to put myself on record as against the purpose of the anarchists in this as in all other respects.

The teaching influence and the rallying power of emblems and mottoes have been recognized in all ages and by all nations. As a rule they concrete in material form or express in briefest language some great thought or purpose or movement until they become dear to the people adopting them. The origin of these mottoes and emblems is often of greatest interest and lends endearing influence and value.

The ignominious cross upon which was consummated the sublimest sacrifice in human history is to-day the emblem of hope to unnumbered millions of men in every quarter of the earth. The sacrificial wood upon which was pinioned the body of the Nazarene has been glorified by his followers, and the "*In hoc signo vinces*" moves in resistless march to the conquest of the world.

The flag of our country is emblematical of all we hold dear in our national life. Floating as it does over the halls of legislation, over the garrisons of our soldiers, the battle-ships of our sailors, and the schoolhouses of our children, it is a constant reminder not only of a glorious past, but an inspiration to a still more glorious future, because it speaks the language of patriotic devotion and sacrifice to our common country.

The motto, "In God we trust," had its origin during the Civil War. It is one of the heritages of that gigantic struggle between two sections of a great people reading the same Bible and praying to the same God. Happily

now we are a reunited country, and the heart of the people still goes out to the God of nations as of individuals. We of the North join hands with you of the South and say your God is our God, as your people are our people.

The fathers who founded this nation had faith in God. It ill becomes their sons to even appear to turn back the hand upon the dial plate of time. Were it a question *de novo*, it would present a different aspect. But we cannot now afford to have the childhood and youth of the nation infer, however erroneous that inference might be, that the Congress had repudiated the faith of the fathers or attempted to becloud that of their children.

VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Pastor of Plymouth Church, New York City

(Extract from a sermon preached November 21, 1909.)

It is important for us to remember that the greatest events do not concern tools, foods, or battle-ships. There are forces beyond the power of the electric spark, and these energies are invisible. Niagara appeals to the eye, as the water falls down, but there is a power that lifts the sap into the forest, a power that raises bodily into the air a thousand thousand Niagaras, and that energy is unseen. The greatest forces in the world are spiritual ideas; ideas of God, duty, love, the cross, forgiveness, and immortality. These ideas enrich the intellect,

deepen the affection, wing the imagination, fortify the will, and make great souls that afterward create great civilizations.

Of a truth the fulness of time seems to have come. The Chinese wall has fallen, the darkness has begun to lift from Africa, the night has passed for the South Sea Islands; we have the hospitals, the schools, the printing-presses; we have the evangel of the love of God to teach; we have the men and the women ready to go; we have the money to send them. More progress is being made now in a single day than was formerly made in a year; more in a year than was formerly made in a century. Wise men will strike hands with God's providence and have a part in this, the greatest movement that is now on in the world. Only a few centers of light are needed, for the light spreads. Only a little leaven is asked, for the leaven works. Two or three physicians and teachers for a million people; God and time and truth do the rest. Commerce follows the flag, but the flag follows the cross. It is foolish to say that commerce, tools, and things will do the work. Of what use is a telescope to a Hottentot? He cannot eat it. What does a chemical laboratory mean to an Eskimo? There is not blubber in the retort. Manhood comes first. Make the hand strong and then there is something to hold the tool. The spring of all invention and science and industry is in the soul. The intellect is more than the books it writes; the imagination is more than the arts it produces; conscience comes first, then follow the codes and the constitution. Civilization is not spun out of iron threads; civilization is a gold and purple cloth spun out of threads of intellect, heart, and conscience. Ashamed

of Christianity? As soon be ashamed of the omnipotence of these sunbeams that create harvests in a fruitful land.

SANITATION AND RELIGION

JOSEPH A. McCULLOUGH

Of the Greenville (S. C.) Bar

(Extract from an address on "The Effect of Religious Conceptions upon the Science and Practise of Medicine," delivered before the graduating class of the Charleston Medical College, April 11, 1906.)

As a result of the triumph of sense and sanitation, the death rate has been wonderfully diminished everywhere, plagues and epidemics have about lost their terror, and it devolves upon the young man of to-day to still further carry on the work of the fathers until germ and microbes shall acknowledge the hand of the master of science.

In the American pulpit, preachers are preaching the gospel of soap and water, and deaths due to want of sanitary precautions are no longer dwelt upon in funeral sermons as results of national sin or as "inscrutable Providence," and both religious press and pulpit carry to every household just ideas of sanitary precautions and hygienic living.

Examples like Lord Palmerston, refusing the request of the Scotch clergy that a fast-day be appointed to ward off cholera and advising them to go home and clean their streets, and that of the devout William the Second, forbidding prayer-meetings in a similar emergency on

the ground that they led to neglect of practical human means of health, are in striking contrast to older methods, and the position even of the Scotch clergy is out of harmony now with the best orthodox thought.

In 1893 an eminent divine of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia refused to respond to the call of the bishop of Pennsylvania that special prayers be offered in order to ward off the cholera, declaring that to do so in the filthy condition of the streets then prevailing in Philadelphia would be blasphemous. Men have obtained a saner conception of God and this sanity is manifesting itself in art, literature, and science. Instead of scientific investigations leading the world from God, they have brought God to the world. He is imminent in everything — in the physical world, in all history, and in religion. Even the sacred text must give way to Him, and its value is becoming more and more recognized as qualitative, and its saving power, the truth it contains.

Thoughtful minds and devout spirits put their faith not in the text of the Scripture, but in the God the Scriptures reveal. Just as the telescope is useful only in so far as it reveals the star, so the chief religious value of the Scriptures is that they reveal God and religious truth. Men no longer worship the telescope, but the sun which it reveals. They recognize in "natural law" the order or mode in which events are occasioned and not the cause or purpose of their occurrence. The world to-day realizes more fully than ever before the existence of a supreme, self-conscious intelligence which forever founds and administers the order of the world in all of its departments and movements.

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"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
Back of the flour the mill;
Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower
And the sun and the Father's will."

This conception of God makes all truth divine, all law holy, all history sacred, and all labor equal in His sight. When you apply God's remedies as found in nature to the cure of disease, you adopt the divine plan; the man who would deny their efficacy is the real atheist, and the man who doubts them the dangerous sceptic.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

JAMES GIBBONS

Roman Catholic Cardinal, of Baltimore, Maryland

(Extract from an address delivered before the Parliament of Religions, at Chicago, September 14, 1893.)

THE gospel of Christ as propounded by the Catholic Church has brought not only light to the intellect, but comfort also to the heart. It has given us "that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," the peace which springs from the conscious possession of truth. It has taught us how to enjoy that triple peace which constitutes true happiness, as far as it is attainable in this life—peace with God by the observance of His commandments, peace with our neighbor by the exercise of charity and justice toward him, and peace with ourselves by repressing our inordinate appetites, and keeping our passions subject to the law of reason, and our reason illumined and controlled by the law of God.

All other religious systems prior to the advent of Christ were national, like Judaism, or state religions, like Paganism. The Catholic religion alone is world-wide and cosmopolitan, embracing all races and nations and peoples and tongues.

The Catholic Church has taught man the knowledge of God and of himself; she has brought comfort to his heart by instructing him to bear the ills of life with Christian philosophy; she has sanctified the marriage bond; she has proclaimed the sanctity and inviolability of human life from the moment that the body is animated by the spark of life till it is extinguished; she has founded asylums for the training of children of both sexes, and for the support of the aged poor; she has established hospitals for the sick and homes for the redemption of fallen women; she has exerted her influence toward the mitigation and abolition of human slavery; she has been the unwavering friend of the sons of toil. These are some of the blessings which the Catholic Church has conferred on society.

I will not deny — on the contrary, I am happy to avow — that the various Christian bodies outside the Catholic Church have been, and are to-day, zealous promoters of most of these works of Christian benevolence which I have enumerated. Not to speak of the innumerable humanitarian houses established by our non-Catholic brethren throughout the land, I bear cheerful testimony to the philanthropic institutions founded by Wilson, by Shepherd, by Johns Hopkins, Enoch Pratt, and George Peabody, in the city of Baltimore. But will not our separated brethren have the candor to acknowledge that we had first possession of the field, that these beneficent

movements have been inaugurated by us, and that the other Christian communities, in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration of mankind, have in no small measure been stimulated by the example and emulation of the ancient Church?

Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow-beings. Though we differ in faith, thank God there is one platform on which we stand united, and that is the platform of charity and benevolence. We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and strength to the paralyzed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more Godlike than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and of gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before. "Religion," says the apostle, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widow in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." Or, to borrow the words of pagan Cicero, "There is no way by which man can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow creatures."

THE NEW RELIGION

CHARLES W. ELIOT

Former President of Harvard University

(Extract from a discourse before the Harvard Summer School of Theology, 1909.)

THE new religion affords an indefinite scope or range for progress and development. It rejects all the limitations of family, tribal, or national religion. It is not bound to any dogma, creed, book, or institution. It has the whole world for the field of the loving labors of its disciples, and its fundamental precept of serviceableness admits an infinite variety and range in both times and space. It is very simple, and therefore possesses an important element of durability. It is the complicated things that get out of order. Its symbols will not relate to sacrifice or dogma, but it will doubtless have symbols which will represent its love of liberty, truth, and beauty. It will also have social rites and reverent observances, for it will wish to commemorate the good thoughts and deeds which have come down from former generations.

It will have its saints, but its canonizations will be based on grounds somewhat new. It will have its heroes, but they must have shown a loving, disinterested, or protective courage. It will have its communions, with the Great Spirit, with the spirits of the departed, and with living fellowmen of like minds. Working together will be one of its fundamental ideas — of men with God, of men with prophets, leaders, and teachers; of men with one another, of men's intelligence with the forces of

nature. It will teach only such uses of authority as are necessary to secure the coöperation of several or many people to one end, and the discipline it will advocate will be training in the development of coöperative goodwill.

The new religion proposes as a basis of unity first, its doctrine of an immanent and loving God, and, secondly, by its precept: Be serviceable to fellowmen. Already there are many signs in the free countries of the world that different religious denominations can unite in good work to promote human welfare. The support of hospitals, dispensaries, and asylums by persons connected with all sorts of religious denominations in carrying on associated charities in large cities, the success of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the numerous efforts to form federations of kindred churches for practical purposes, all testify to the feasibility of extensive coöperation in good works. Again, the new religion cannot create any caste, ecclesiastical class, or exclusive sect, founded on a rite. On these grounds it is not unreasonable to imagine that the new religion will prove a unifying influence and a strong reinforcement of democracy.

Whether it will prove as efficient to deter men from doing wrong and to encourage them to do right as the prevailing religions have been, is a question which only experience can answer. In these two respects neither the threats nor the promises of the older religions have been remarkably successful in society at large. The fear of hell has not proved effective to deter men from wrongdoing, and heaven has never yet been described in terms very attractive to the average man or woman. Both

are indeed unimaginable. The great geniuses, like Dante and Swedenborg, have only produced fantastic and incredible pictures of either state.

The modern man would hardly feel any appreciable loss of motive power toward good or away from evil, if heaven were burnt and hell quenched. The prevailing Christian conceptions of heaven and hell have hardly any more influence with educated people in these days than Olympus and Hades have. The modern mind craves an immediate motive or leading, good for to-day on this earth. The new religion builds on the actual experience of men and women and of human society as a whole. The motive powers it relies on have been, and are, at work in innumerable human lives; and its beatific visions and its hopes are better grounded than those of traditional religion and finer — because free from all selfishness, and from the imagery of governments, courts, social distinctions, and war.

Finally, this twentieth century religion is not only to be in harmony with the great secular movements of modern society — democracy, individualism, social idealism, the zeal for education, the spirit of research, the modern tendency to welcome the new, the fresh powers of preventive medicine and the recent advances in business and industrial ethics — but also in essential agreement with the direct personal teachings of Jesus, as they are reported in the Gospels. The revelation he gave to mankind thus becomes more wonderful than ever.

"THE NEW RELIGION": A CRITICISM

CHARLES H. PARKHURST

*Pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church
of New York City*

(Extract from a sermon delivered in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York city, October 24, 1909.)

ANY man who knows anything, unless he knows it in a very modest way, is liable to think that he knows more than he does. Human nature is peculiar, and we all have it.

This tendency, illustrated by the distinguished ex-president of Harvard University, of attempting to sound the depths of spiritual reality with the plumb-line of scientific thought, is not a new one, and proceeds upon the false assumption that there is nothing in the world too fine to escape the detection and the appreciation of disciplined intellect. There is a great deal that comes into life which never entered there along any logical roadway of refined and exquisite thinking. The heart too has reasons of which the brain knows nothing. Discipline of a certain kind disqualifies, more than it qualifies, for the discovery of the best which life has to give and the best which it is competent to receive. There is a close kind of ratiocination which, while it opens the smaller doors of discovery, slams to with a bang doors that are larger. A man whose principle function of discernment is of the cerebral order will create for himself and for others a world whose very flatness makes it easily intelligible and the simplicity of whose arrangements makes

facile appeal to the unambitious sense of what is systematized and methodical; but such a world is not an interesting world. It is not a world that nourishes long thoughts, high aims, and the sweetest nobility of life. It takes clouds as well as transparent sunshine to make out God's world, and stars to glimmer in the firmament as well as candles and lanterns to shed ambiguous patches of light on the ground, in order to complete a universe that will measure up the requirements of the soul. In the natural world the best part of any landscape is that point along the edge of the world where the things that are visible shade off and melt away into the unseen.

The fault with the kind of religious philosophizing to which we have recently been treated is that it imprisons the spirit within a horizon that is near and that is so sharply lined as to discourage suspicion that there is much of anything beyond the horizon. And a small flat world makes small, flat souls. A world furnished with no broad ocean transforms human spirits into patches of Sahara. It is therefore that history, when it has moved forward, has moved under the shepherding guidance of men and women whose presentiments outran the slow pace of analytical thought, and whose experiences were able to maintain themselves at an altitude to which unwinged logic was incompetent to soar. The great things of the past centuries have been done at the impulse and inspiration of convictions and experiences for which there is no place allowed in the four-cornered scheme of the Cambridge oracle. Our Teutonic ancestors were brought out of the woods into civilization by men whose consciences grasped upon a higher law than any enacted by the legislature of nature and whose fealty was to the

same Christ that transformed Saul into Paul, and that has been the presiding genius of those souls that have shone with the warmest fervor and the purest light during all these centuries.

With as hard, bloodless, and visionless a philosophy as has just been oracularly offered to our acceptance we should have no Young Men's Christian Associations, no Salvation Army, no missionaries wearing out their lives on the frontier or making their blood an offering on the altar of Christian sacrifice. Said to me, recently, the secretary of one of our foreign missionary boards, "We have thousands of missionaries that leave home and comforts behind them to go abroad and preach a Christed gospel, but I have no record of anyone who has the enthusiasm to go to the heathen and proclaim to them a Christless philosophy." A tree is known by its fruits. The test of value is its producing energy. The sweetest thoughts embalmed in literature, the finest lives recorded in the annals of human biography, the most thrilling passages in the progress of the world's history, have been God's gift to the world through His son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. By every argument deducible from the past, by every reason derivable from the tenderest and strongest experience of those whose vision has pressed most deeply into the mysteries of the spiritual world, our loving faith cannot falter in its loyalty to the Divine Christ. By Him we stand and to Him will we continue to render the tribute of our love and confidence, our service and our praise.

THE PRACTISE OF IMMORTALITY

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

*Author and Lecturer; pastor of the First Congregational
Church of Columbus, Ohio*

THE only way, I think, to get any firm assurance of any of the great fundamental facts of life, is not to try to prove them by what you call scientific evidence, but to assume them and build your life on them.

Foundations are always assumed. There is not a building in the world which has not been obliged to accept its foundation. It rests on the earth. It depends for its stability on the stability of the earth. No builder can find or fashion any other foundation for his building than that which the earth gives him. After all his digging and blasting and boring he must finally trust the earth. If we cannot trust the earth he cannot build. If his building stands, the final reason will be that the earth sustains it.

Just as the foundations of our architecture are assumed, so are the foundations of our science. Science begins with an assumption, with something that cannot be proved, with what Mr. Huxley calls a "great arc of faith." Science cannot stir a step without taking for granted what can never be proved — the uniformity of natural law. That is the one great fact of science, the one underlying, over-arching, all-encompassing, architectonic, scientific truth — but it is impossible to prove it; the scientist just believes it, takes it for granted, and goes ahead with his investigations as if he were perfectly

sure of it. It is by assuming it that he becomes sure of it. If he would not proceed until he had demonstrated it, science would be at an end.

In the same manner, as we have seen in other studies, the only way to be sure of God is to assume his constant presence in our lives and live accordingly. That will make any man sure of him. The foundation of religion, as of science, is an assumption. It is no more unreasonable to begin religion by taking God for granted than it is to begin in science by taking the uniformity of law for granted. It is no more unphilosophical to assume that reason and goodness and love are universal than to assume that order and law are universal. No man can prove the one by logic or scientific evidence any more than he can prove the other, but any man who will assume that love is infinite and omnipresent and omnipotent; that it rules the universe; that it waits at every portal of sense and spirit to bring him light and joy and liberty; any man who will assume that this is true and build his life upon it will know by an experience which all the logic in the world cannot confute that God is, and that He is the rewarder of those who put their trust in Him. To his intellect as well as to his heart this confidence will bring repose.

THE BIBLE AND THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY MAN

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

President of Armour Institute

(Extract from an address before the Chautauqua Assembly,
New York, August 17, 1909.)

LET us be willing to come to the Bible as men of the twentieth century, with certain facts that are true, Bible or no Bible; and with a certain outlook that is not the outlook of the clergy or of the church, but of humanity. If this Bible is what we believe it to be, the record of the revelation of God in humanity through a people peculiarly religious, it has a unity and a grandeur that are without dispute, that will disclose themselves even in spite of opinions concerning the nature of the Bible that have obtained in times past.

The man of the twentieth century, with the political economy, psychology, and science of the twentieth century, need not depend upon church councils to believe in the spiritual truth of the first chapters of Genesis. It is a fact that man begins in naturalism. It is not true because it is in the Bible, but it is in the Bible because it is true. This is not an Eden of the past, but of the present. Your baby is in Eden. The rivers that watered your life came out of the ground. The river that waters the early life of a human being, that is, the motive power, is earthly. The child does what he does for reasons of earth. He belongs to the earth. His Eden is a delight to him. We need not worry about the

doctrine of total depravity that lifts its scarred head in your mind as I speak. Total depravity as a doctrine is total nonsense. If my watch is depraved it so much less is a watch, and if it is totally depraved it is no watch.

Coming out of man's earthly life there are certain motives that come into the form of the will of Adam. Man has a great choice between the tree of life and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The tree of life represents the life of obedience and absolute trust. Then there is the other tree. In accord with modern psychology and the psychology of the Bible there comes another voice. You can be as God's. It is the argument of ambition. The only way that one may eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil is by experiencing the difference between good and evil. The moment that argument is used to the intellect, Hamlet has come, the rationalist is born. I do not stop to ask about the necessity of this fall of man. It is a fact in man's moral experience. Here is man with his Eden lost, but he is man still. Your mythical Prometheus, the work of the daring intellect of humanity, abides in the present history of human nature. The Eden of Adam was the Eden of innocence, of inexperience, of ignorance; but it was Eden, and many people are longing to go back to it. But the modern man who reasons the facts in the case knows that after Adam has lost his Eden there are certain facts left. One is man, and one is God. God is still God. He made man and man is still God's child. Since man is man and God is God, there is no change in the necessity that man shall have a river. Must there not still be motive power? Nor is there anything in his experience that removes the necessity for the tree of

life. But the angel stands with the flaming sword. When innocence is gone, it is gone forever. The students of humanity, like George Eliot, or Shakespeare, know that to return to a lost innocence is impossible. But I will have no theology, no Bible, that does not help in three things: God must keep His word with me though I have lost my Eden; I must eat of the tree of life because that is the only way to live; I must have a moral motive power, the river of life.

In the history of religion, of man's effort to get to himself, this means that there have been motive powers coming from the church to help man toward justice and righteousness. I have no doubt that the temple, the church, has been a half-way place of the utmost importance; but what man must have, if we have lost God, is not an embodiment in a temple, but an incarnation, a personality. The garden was individualism, and man lost it through individual selfishness. What ever he gains he must gain through self-sacrifice. Whatever lies beyond must be social. What lies before man after an experience of that sort is a holy city as revealed in Revelations.

CHRISTIANITY IS REAL

WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE

President of Brown University

(Condensed from an address at Chautauqua, New York, August 19, 1909.)

THE Christian religion is not an adornment or decoration of life. It is not a pillow for the last hour, a form

of insurance for the future world. It is not a skilful argument. It is the sustenance of the true life. It is the bread of God that cometh down from heaven. No man ever came to believe in Jesus Christ as the last step in a course of reasoning any more than a man believes in his mother in that way. He believes in his mother because such belief satisfies the deepest longings and instincts of his nature, because he can explain more things by belief in her than by doubting her.

The question is not whether Christianity is true, but whether it is real. Have the ideals of the New Testament been a real source of moral energy to the world to-day? When I say anything is real I mean that I can perceive it, that I have perceived it, that others may perceive it, and that belief in it brings more satisfaction than its denial could bring.

The reality of God is proved by the fact that the noblest souls have perceived his presence in the world. I have perceived that presence in my best hours when passion was hushed and truth was clear. It satisfies my hunger. It is bread, not to be demonstrated, but to be assimilated and brought into life. The people who are offering Biblical criticism, or sociology, or metaphysics in place of religion are offering the chemical formulæ in place of the life-giving bread.

Two needs that the Christian religion supplies are a perception of the spiritual meaning behind the changing world and a support for our ideals. The Christian religion says that the world has been thought through by an Intelligence, and bids us speak to that Intelligence as a father.

The reason that Christianity was first rejected by

Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans was that they declined to accept the Christian ideal of manhood and womanhood. The life of the active world to-day is an attack upon a young man's ideals. College life also is a very active life to-day, and the important thing is that the freshman shall be able to keep his ideals. Many a man gains prizes, wins honors, and public applause, but loses his ideals. Most of us go out into life with our ideals clear. We want to see the religious freedom of the eighteenth century, and the political freedom of the nineteenth century, followed by economic freedom in the twentieth century. We want to see righteousness dawn in the halls of Congress. The idea of a certain United States senator, publicly expressed a dozen years or so ago, that "the purification of politics is an iridescent dream," is now a dead idea.

All over this country there are young men who are devoting themselves to the purification of this republic. I know many of them, and I know that the foundation of their political idealism is their religious belief. They believe that American ideals can be saved because they believe in a God behind our life. Christianity is the only power in the modern world that can keep us from despair.

WITHOUT GOD IS NOTHING

BALLINGTON BOOTH

President of the Volunteers of America

(Extracts from his annual address to the Grand Field Council of the Volunteers of America, at Carnegie Hall, New York city, October 30, 1905.)

THERE is a French adage, "Sans Dieu Rien" — *Without God is nothing*. When we look abroad upon the earth, wheresoever we turn our eyes, we are forced to a realization of the divine influence. When we gaze upon the ocean storm as the wind-lashed waves vie with one another in height and strength, churning the foam upon their angry crests, causing one to feel one's helplessness in their presence, one is impressed with the distance between human and divine strength. As one witnesses the steady descent of the sun at eventide, as all nature is bathed in its crimson glory, to leave its rich afterglow to tint the sky with its fading light, one marvels at the matchless touch of the divine painter. As one beholds the lurid lightning sundering the heavens, and listens to the crash of the thunderbolt and the rumble of heaven's artillery as it echoes and reverberates in the distant hills, one is brought to recognize how puny is the arm of man before the arm of Omnipotence. In all these, as in other elements of nature, one is led to exclaim, in the language of the French adage, "Without God is nothing."

When the needle has lost its magnetism, it ceases to point to the north as a guide to the mariner dependent

upon its accuracy, and if our spirits have lost their divine magnetism or inspiration, we shall cease to point men to the cross of Calvary. This is our power, oh, brethren! this is our power, and to be weak in any degree in this essential is, proportionately, to lose our grip upon the masses. But with eye, heart, and lips under the influence of divine emotion, and on fire with passion for souls, we shall succeed. Like George Whitefield, we shall be so inspired that we can preach as "Thus and thus saith the Lord," until men unite in the cry, "Men and brethren, what shall I do to be saved?" Like Jonathan Edwards, we can enforce the old truths of the Bible so that even skeptical men cannot cavil at their veracity. Like Charles Spurgeon, we can so represent the sweetness of the Gospel that our expectant hearers shall be charmed with the story of the cross. Like Charles Finney, we shall be able to so prick men's consciences with the logic of the truth that they will become aroused from their lethargy and indifference.

It is commonly supposed that the tree in its comely and mature appearance, as it waves its branches in the broad expanse and spreads out its living green toward heaven, receives its strength from the ground. But a great scientist has reminded us that whilst this is in a measure true, yet its primary growth, strength, and glory are received from *above*, not beneath. The tendency of the soil, darkness, and nourishment beneath is all in the direction of forcing the tree upward into the world above, which is the object of its life, where the light and warmth of the sun, the breezes and dews of the summer, and storms and frosts of winter, all in turn add to its power of endurance and its grandeur of majestic beauty. In

the depths of the ground it spreads its grim and distorted roots surrounded by what is least comely to the eye, while aloft in sight of all beholders, it reveals its stately boughs, its fairy-like leaves and fragrant blossoms. So, my brethren, though you and I may be laboring among those in the under world who are the least thankful or the least just, among those who are the most unloved or the most unlovely, whose surroundings may be like the dark and dank deeps of a moat, yet we can ever be lifting our hearts above these masses of difficulties — these social roots and water-logged leaves — to enjoy the life of a new light, a new purity, and a new inspiration.

My brethren, let us not become engrossed with the things of this world to the exclusion of the things of the next. Let not earth's riches hollow out our hearts. Little they may seem, but a little of the world may shut out a great deal of heaven. Robert Hall, giving an object lesson to a man absorbed in money-making, said: "Sir, do you see this coin? It is small in itself, but when I bring it close to the eye I find that it shuts out the sun and the whole heavens." Oh, may the luster of the world's attractions be ever dimmed by the glory of our mission. So precious to us is the possession of God's love, so important is His divine recognition, and so valuable is the inspiration of His spirit, that we cannot afford to allow anything to come before our spiritual eyes that would hide Him from the sky of our souls. Possessing such a qualification, we cannot lose, we can only gain. We shall not decrease, but increase, and upon whatever part of His kingdom He looks down and regards our work, we shall feel the strength of His recognition and the superiority of His leadership.

OUR COUNTRY AND THE WORLD

JOSIAH STRONG

President of the American Institute of Social Service

(Extract from an address before the Chautauqua Assembly, New York, July 22, 1909.)

AMERICA is God's great laboratory for the world. America is not only the land of great opportunity, but these are the days of great opportunity.

The great periods of the world are the periods of transition. I believe that this is the period of supreme transition in all the ages. I believe that the changes that have taken place and are still in progress are the greatest that ever have or ever can take place. I believe that this transition is the mighty hinge of history on which turn the destinies of states and nations.

Within the last hundred years there has sprung up a new civilization, because man has learned a new method of gaining a livelihood that is radically different from anything before. The cause of this change is man's control of the forces of nature. The definite change rests in the fact that mechanical power has taken the place of physical power. That fact is here and it is here to stay. We have, of course, our agricultural and our commercial elements in our civilization, but because manufacturing is dominant we call our civilization industrial. This great change is destined to come wherever man wants and muscles work. The problems that it brings therefore are world problems. These great problems created by the new civilization are more intense in

the United States than anywhere else in the world, but generally speaking we have better facilities for their solution.

The world-old social problem has been complicated by the industrial revolution. This problem, whose essence consists in the relation of man to his fellows, has been made more difficult through the increasing interdependence of men because of the increasing division of labor. We sustain thousands of relations to-day that did not exist two generations ago. These relations imply mutual obligation. People may be good friends who live a mile apart, but if brought into the same house they cannot even be good neighbors. The conditions of modern civilization are tying classes together. The motto of the old civilization was, "Each man for himself"; the motto of the new must be, "Each for all and all for each." The troubles of to-day are largely due to the fact that we have brought the old ethics into the new conditions. Our social problem can be solved only by a readjustment of relations. That adjustment can take place easier where men are free. Because of the freedom of our institutions it is easier to establish right relations here than where there are permanent strata of society.

The religion that is precisely adapted to the solution of present-day problems is Christianity. The teachings of Jesus Christ concerning the relation of man to his fellows will solve these problems, and nothing else can.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE

RICHARD BARTHOLDT

*Congressman from Missouri and President of the Interparliamentary
Union for the Promotion of International Arbitration*

(Condensed from an address at the Second National Peace Congress, at Chicago, May 4, 1909.)

FROM childhood on, man is constantly impressed with the splendid paraphernalia of war. As children we play with toy soldiers; in school we find war glorified in the text-books we have to read; as youths we are taught that patriotism requires our joining the militia; and as men our eyes are dazzled with shining uniforms and our ears are filled with martial music.

Against all these machinations which impress the minds of the people, through eyes and ears, with the glory of militarism and war, the friends of world-wide peace are at a great disadvantage, for the weapons they employ in their war upon war are invisible and the progress of their cause cannot be seen. But despite this disadvantage, let me tell you that all the claptrap of militarism will avail nothing in the end as against the resistless force of our idea.

What, then, is our idea? Let me present it to you in a nutshell. It is that our peace with foreign nations shall be secured in exactly the same manner as our domestic peace is secured; namely, by referring all controversies to the courts for settlement. This method of settling disputes has been enacted into law by every civilized nation in order to secure its peace at home, and we insist

that each nation should readily consent to, aye, strive for, similar international enactments in order to secure its peace abroad.

Is this plain enough? But you will see it still more plainly by raising yourselves a little above the level to take a bird's-eye view of the world and watch the attitude of the nations toward their own citizens, on the one hand, and toward their sister nations, on the other. Suppose we could turn the hands of the clock backward and allow individuals to do as nations do by shaping our home conduct after the international pattern, do you know what would happen? Why, we would relapse into barbarism; the mailed hand would rule; every house would be an arsenal; men would walk about armed to their teeth; and blood would constantly flow foot high. It is the kind of peace that prevailed when might was right; it is the peace which now prevails as between nation and nation and which the advocates of armaments and battle-ships uphold and pray for. But we cannot go backward; we must go forward; hence the rule of arbitrary power which now controls international relations will not be extended to our domestic affairs, but, on the contrary, the mantle of law and order which now covers the home affairs of each nation will soon be thrown over and made to cover and grace all the great nations in their conduct toward one another. It is the inevitable logic of events. By establishing courts the nations first secured justice and peace in their own domain; by creating the high court at The Hague they have taken the next step to a higher plane to secure justice and peace in their relations with each other.

All reasonable beings are agreed that war is one of the

greatest, if not the greatest, of the evils with which the world has been afflicted from the dawn of history. But while the human family for more than two thousand years bewailed the horrors of that "plague of mankind," as Washington called it, it failed to offer a right remedy. That remedy has now been found. It is safe and sane and practical. It is not the dream of theorists, but the well-defined plan of jurists and statesmen, an evolution of the civic order recognized the world over. The United States now spends over three hundred million dollars a year for its army and navy, of which two hundred millions could easily be saved under our plan, to be devoted to the improvement of rivers and harbors and highways, and to the encouragement of art, science, and education. Think of what a paradise the country could be made with an annual expenditure of two hundred millions for such purposes, or what burdens could be lifted from the shoulders of the people!

The world is slowly, but surely, rallying around the banners of peace. It gravitates in an ascending line to the higher plane of one common brotherhood, where the shedding of human blood for the sake of trade or any other purpose is regarded as a relic of barbarism, and where the three watchwords of a new world organization will be humanity, justice, and peace. In this onward march the United States should lead. It will be the fulfilment of our country's sublime mission. It will lend a new significance to the flag and will cause all mankind to bless the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of their salvation as well as ours.

WORLD PEACE

SETH LOW

Former President of Columbia University

(Extract from an address delivered in connection with the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, 1909, at a banquet given by the German-Americans of New York in honor of Grossadmiral von Koester.)

IN these days of free intercourse between the people of all nations, the prosperity of every nation is likely to be for the advantage of every other nation. I cannot imagine any greater misfortune that can befall mankind than to have any two of the great nations of the world feel that their interests necessitate a trial of strength with each other. No great nations can fight to-day without involving all the other nations of the world in the consequences of their struggle more directly than ever before. We of the United States, I am confident, may be relied upon to do everything in our power to develop a world public opinion that will powerfully help to maintain the peace of the world.

The things and the forces that are seen are temporal. It is the things and the forces that are not seen that are eternal. The trolley wire attached to loaded cars would soon be snapped if the attempt were made to haul the cars by direct traction; but that same trolley wire can be charged with an invisible force that will move all the cars of a great city, loaded to their utmost capacity. That, it seems to me, is a just illustration of the force of public opinion. It is intangible; it cannot be weighed; it cannot be seen; and yet, more and more, in every

country of the world, whatever be its form of government, this intangible public opinion is becoming the decisive force that shapes the destiny of the peoples. Slowly, if you please, but surely, there is developing a public opinion of the world to the bar of which every nation must come which breaks the peace of the world. My prayer is that the United States, and England, my mother country, and Germany, which is your fatherland, each in its own measure, may help powerfully to develop the public opinion that one day will bring about for all nations that "pax humana," which will mean the peace and prosperity of the whole world.

THE NATIONAL DEFENSE

RICHMOND P. HOBSON

Congressman from Alabama

(Extract from a speech delivered in Congress December 14, 1909.)

A MAN must not only have life, but he must have liberty. A nation must not only possess its territory, but it must be free to operate its institutions unmolested within that territory. Since the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine no nation of Europe has dared to menace the exercise of sovereign rights by any American government within its own territory. But that is not true as regards Asiatic nations.

It is no news to members of this House that despite the fact that when the United States Government itself could not compel the people of San Francisco — or of

any city or state — to put certain students or certain scholars in its schools along with certain other scholars, nevertheless a foreign power has dared to attempt this, has succeeded in doing this, through the coöperation of the President of the United States. In the great sovereign states of the Pacific coast the question has inevitably arisen as to regulations that will solve the great difficulties that confront our people there growing out of the race question. When they have sought to pass the needed regulations for segregation in accordance with their sovereign rights, expressly recognized and guaranteed by the Constitution, regulations already in operation as respects Americans in Japan, what happened? They were forbidden to do in their own domain, as respects Japanese, what Japan now does in her own territory regarding Americans. Forbidden by whom? By the Japanese government. And yet no citizen of the United States can go to Japan and live where he pleases. They segregate all white men in Japan. And the only way to solve the race problem of the Pacific coast is to segregate all the yellow people there. The legislatures of those great commonwealths have the right, according to our Constitution, without let or hindrance from any quarter, to work out this solution for the race problems with which they are confronted. While engaged in the exercise of this sovereign right, a state legislature, as well as the school board of an American city — San Francisco — were solemnly informed by the President of the United States that the nation could not protect them in the exercise of their rights, and that they must not only obey the dictate of a foreign power, but that they must even cease discussing the questions involved.

Why should not this nation recognize the true principle of national defense? Why should not the elements of this problem receive the careful attention of the representatives of the people sitting in this assembly? Why should we not get the true principle and work out a scientific naval policy? The pages of history show that great sociological forces, when not properly counterbalanced by equilibrium of armed power, will bring on war as surely as to-morrow's sun is going to rise. By accepting seats in this House we have assumed great responsibilities. By its course this House is menacing the peace of the world, when we ought to be its chief preserver. We are rapidly putting our country in such a position that when differences do arise and a peaceable solution becomes impossible, humiliation will be inevitable — such humiliation as no Anglo-Saxon race has ever yet endured. Then out of the ashes of humiliation this policy of neglect would compel us to organize a mighty war of endurance and of exhaustion, out of which America would emerge victorious, because our resources are so boundless. But oh! at what a cost, not only to ourselves in men and money, but in the blow that we would strike at the future of free institutions, at the holy cause of peace. Because of our neglect to do our full duty as representatives of the American people we increase the danger of war, and we prolong the period when nations resort to the sword instead of to courts of justice for the settlement of their differences.

ON RAISING THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE"

FRANK M. NYE

Congressman from Minnesota

(Remarks on a bill to raise the wreck of the *Maine*, delivered in the House of Representatives, March 23, 1910.)

MATTERS of a material consideration have been ably discussed here, matters pertaining to the details of the work to be accomplished in the raising of the *Maine*, but it seems to me that over and above all questions of clearing the channel for the way of the world's commerce, and over and above the great question of how the ship was blown up, is the duty of the House to express its patriotic love for the memory of the men who went down on that fatal day. Some have said that this is pure sentiment, but it seems to me that national sentiment of such a character as this is highly worthy of a great people. The pure sentiment of the nation is, in its last analysis, that for which men fight and for which they die. Pure sentiment is the star toward which all civilization moves in the night of human contention and in the slow advance of man toward the light of a purer and nobler patriotism.

There is a beautiful legend of a Swiss village, a little village in the mountains, centuries ago, where in the chapel they had an organ that gave forth enchanting, elevating, soul-stirring tones that touched the hearts of the humble villagers. There came a time of national disturbance, when marauders invaded the region, and it was known that the village was to be overrun and sacked and its people perhaps murdered.

The villagers took from out the chapel this organ and carried it to a mountain lake and sank it. After peace had finally been restored the villagers returned, and for generations there was a legend that at a certain hour, I think at twilight, there came upon the breezes from the lake the same sweet music that had stirred the souls of their fathers before them. But there comes to us to-day no such music, but a rebuke from the noble dead, who sleep in that dark sepulcher of the sea, telling us that we have been recreant to a trust. The noblest thing we can do is to make haste now, late as it is, to rescue this ship with these poor bodies, and to inter in fitting manner the remains of those who went down in the ill-fated *Maine*, that liberty and justice and all that is noble and pure in civilization may be enthroned in a people's love and memory.

A FREE PRESS AND FREE PAPER

THOMAS P. GORE

United States Senator from Oklahoma

(Extract from a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States May 31, 1909.)

Mr. President: The fact that we compete in all the markets of the world, with all the countries of the world, and that we sometimes sell cheaper abroad than at home, takes away from the paper manufacturers every claim and title to tariff protection.

Moreover, I do not look upon this question as being on

an absolute level with other industrial and commercial questions which have been debated and decided pending this tariff revision. I think there are other and higher considerations. I know there are those who reduce every proposition to a common denominator of dollars and cents. They have no patience with any proposal which cannot be expressed with the dollar mark and a decimal. There are those who have deified the dollar and who have worshiped gold as their god. I know that considerations of humanity, of progress, and enlightenment do not appeal to those idolators. But it seems to me that this proposition to reduce the tariff on print paper rests upon the very highest considerations of patriotism and of public policy.

We expend \$343,000,000 every year in the common schools of the country for the education of the youths of the land, a larger sum, as I remember, than was ever raised in a single year by any tariff law ever enacted during the history of this country. We have seventeen million children enrolled and nearly half a million good men and women consecrated to the education of our children. Yet we impose a tax of from ten to twelve dollars a ton on the paper that is used in the manufacture of school-books for our children. We largely neutralize the benefits and blessings of this taxation dedicated as a sacred fund to the education of the coming men and the coming women of America, the men who must fight our battles in the future and the women who must mother the generations of unborn Americans. In my judgment a tax on print paper is a tax on intelligence. It is a fine on knowledge. It sets a premium upon ignorance and a penalty upon learning. A tax on print paper is a shade

on the lamp of enlightenment and a cloud over the sun of civilization.

It is as true as it is ancient that a free press is the palladium of liberty. Tyrants, sir, have never been able to thrive in that white light which a free press sheds upon the throne. It is the sacred duty of the press to speak truth to the king in the hearing of the people and to the people in the hearing of the king.

Mr. President, the first recorded utterance of the most high God was, "Let there be light." This has ever been the battle hymn of human progress. This has ever been and must ever be the watchword of advancing civilization. The nation that forgets this mandate must relapse into social chaos and intellectual night. There are kindreds among the sons of men who are still thrall'd to the power of darkness. There are senators who seem to prefer darkness rather than light. Notwithstanding the first fiat of Omnipotence was, "Let there be light," yet this Senate, in defiance of the decree, sets up its puny enactment, "Let there be night." But light, sir, whether physical, intellectual, or moral, is a blessing to be sought and not an evil to be shunned. I would not place a meter upon the eyelids of the people and charge them for the joyous sunbeams. I would not annul or defy the ordinance of the Almighty.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

JOHN D. LONG

Ex-Governor of Massachusetts

(The concluding part of a Fourth of July address at Springfield, Massachusetts, 1909.)

I WENT last year to the graduating exercises at the Hancock school for girls at the North End of Boston. It was once the aristocratic part of that city. Later our Irish people had filled it. But last year in the graduating class was neither a Yankee nor a Celt. They were all Russians, Jews, Poles, and especially Italians. Arrayed on the stage in their white dresses and neat shoes, singing with exquisite voices, showing in their written and spoken exercises the best scholarship, differing in appearance in no respect from a similar gathering in the most old-time Anglo-Saxon community in one of our rural villages, they sang "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." They declaimed of our country and our great names; they were full of the inspiration of American life. In short, they were American citizens.

And what responsibility is on this new cosmopolitan and American citizen which now each one of us is! The past is secure. But what of the future? What are you going to do, you, of all these races, now one? What are you going to do for religion, with whatever church you may be associated, — not the religion which finds its expression in mere formula and phrase, but in righteousness of life, in recognition of obligation to God, and in the effluence of beneficence to your fellowmen?

What are you going to do on this vital question of temperance, — not approaching it in any extravagant or intemperate way, but recognizing the inexpressible misery, crime, cost, disgrace, and social and political corruption which it entails, doing what you can by fitting word and influence, and especially by your own constant personal example, to help check this appalling source of evil?

What are you going to do in charity, — not merely the overflowing of your abundance upon the poor, the sick, the hungry, to supply their material needs, but in the more delicate charities in social life and communication, not as between those who have more and those who have less, but as between members of one great community, all sensitive to the slightest chill or neglect and all responsive to the lightest touch of human sympathy? These social problems are by no means easy. They are not to be cavalierly settled with a fine sentiment or a little moralizing. They involve our practical relations as Christians not only toward those who are not congenial in social life, but to criminals, whom we shut up and then shun.

What are you going to do for good politics, remembering that this is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and that you, and each of you, are the people and that that means a government of public opinion and that it is you who form that public opinion? Virtue, public and private, will become easy and popular when it is the badge and inspiration of the leaders; and good influences from the top will permeate through the whole body politic, as rain filters through the earth and freshens it with verdure and beauty and fertility. It is axiomatic that the educated and virtuous in a free state can

control it if they will, but only by constant vigilance and effort.

What are you going to do about these wider yawning rifts and bitternesses among the elements that make up the body politic, — the friction between capital and labor, the envy of classes? What are you going to do to bring them into Christian harmony and into that genuine democratic equality of rights and opportunities and enjoyment which is the fundamental principle of our political system?

What are you going to do with all these gathering and ominous and festering problems of the time? Will you shelter yourself from all responsibility of activity in their solution, or will you give them the help of your heart and hand and of the wealth and prosperity and education which are at high tide in your city of Springfield? These are large questions, but they are upon you and upon every one of you. You are citizens of no small country. What splendid perils and glories are before you! Already you hear the ringing cry, "Up and at them!"

SWOLLEN FORTUNES AND THE TAXATION OF INHERITANCES

JOSEPH M. DIXON

United States Senator from Montana

(Extract from a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, June 29, 1909.)

SOMEONE has said regarding an income tax, "Don't disturb the bee while he is gathering the honey." As to

an inheritance tax, I would carry the suggestion a little further, and suggest that when the bee has gathered the honey by his own laborious efforts through the season of a long and laborious life, before turning the accumulated hive of honey over to the drones to eat and fatten at the expense of him who gathered it, let the guardian of the hive, the Government, step in and take at least a small share as a recompense for the expense and care that was necessary in safeguarding the hive, without which care it would have been impossible for the bee to have accumulated his honey.

I have no envy for the multimillionaire or the great modern financial "captains of industry." To the man who enters the lists of the commercial and financial world, and by his brain and nerve and brawn fights the battle successfully, and wins by honorable means, I have nothing but sincere admiration and words of praise. But I do believe that in a democracy, where that which we all profess to believe the ideal condition of government is that which gives equal opportunity to all, the entailing or the handing down to posterity of these latter-day enormous fortunes may produce a condition in society that is fraught with great danger.

While the law of primogeniture is unknown in our national life, while the practise of entailing landed estates is prohibited by constitutional enactments, as a matter of cold fact the actual entailing of large estates to the second and third generation by their dead owners is rapidly becoming the custom with the owners of these latter-day swollen fortunes. Of recent years it is the almost universal custom of these multimillionaires to place their vast estates in a trusteeship by the terms of

which they can direct its course for a hundred years after they are dead and gone. The well-known case of the great estate of Marshall Field, of the estimated value of \$150,000,000, is now securely lodged in the management of trustees for the ultimate benefit and use of two boys of the third generation. The \$150,000,000 of American property for the protection of which this Government maintains its army and navy, its courts, its legislative and executive branches of government yields no direct service to its overlord, the Federal Government. In this and hundreds of other cases the "dead hand" is once more in direct evidence, in some degree directing and controlling the conditions under which men and women of this and succeeding generations must earn their living, and yet that "dead hand" gives little or nothing in return.

Whatever may be the remedy, if there be a remedy, it is apparent to us all that a condition of society that permits two of its members to absorb one hundred and fifty millions of the accumulated earnings of others by the mere accident of birth is an abnormal and dangerous condition for society and government. We may hold up our hands in holy horror at this assertion and say this is "rank socialism," but it is nevertheless true.

Even the *Wall Street Journal* as recently as October, 1906, in discussing the dangers from "swollen fortunes," said: "President Roosevelt isn't the only one who has discovered in great individual fortunes a possible peril to American liberties. As long ago as 1849 Horace Mann, one of the most patriotic and unselfish servants of the people this country has ever produced and to whom it owes in largest measure its present great system

of public-school education, said: 'Vast fortunes are misfortunes to the state. They confer irresponsible power; and human nature, except in the rarest instances, has proved incapable of wielding irresponsible power without abuse. The feudalism of capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of force. The millionaire of our day is no less dangerous to the welfare of the community than was the baronial lord of the middle ages.'"

THE LEGISLATOR AND THE POPULAR WILL

FRANK S. BLACK

Ex-Governor of New York

(Extract from a speech on "Forefathers' Day," delivered at the annual banquet of the New England Society, New York city, December 22, 1908.)

THIS is a representative government and the popular will should control. But the popular will itself may well be guided. The wind that carries your ships is the breath of commerce, and commerce is the seed of civilization. But the captain who does not try to breast the gale and temper its application is unfit to command a ship. *Vox populi vox Dei!* Perhaps so. But still upon grave questions I had rather trust the pulpit than the street. The popular will must prevail, but the populace is made up of units, and that still leaves the individual the right to speak. The popular will must be the last thing recorded, and in that fact lies the individual duty to so act and speak and exemplify that that last record

shall be written, not in the anger or greed or impulse of the moment, but in the calmness, the reason, and the fairness that spring from mutual instruction and forbearance. If you do not so act you are not yielding to the popular will; you are fleeing before the tempest. You are not a leader of public thought; you are a deserter in the face of a high public duty.

The relinquishment of power by public servants to the populace is wrong. The oath of office binds the man who takes it to be guided, not by the people's whims and humors which change from day to day, but by their Constitution which they have solemnly adopted. That Constitution was intended to protect the people against the mistakes of their own temper, as well as to guide and control their chosen representatives, and while it lasts it binds them both. The people are themselves the source of power, but not of all power. And when the power they have is once delegated, the servant who receives it is as much bound to discharge it in accordance with his conscience as the people were bound to delegate it in accordance with theirs. Once delegated, they have no right to resume it except upon the terms to which they agreed. They have no control over right and wrong, and the rules of good morals that govern a man govern the world. Morals are not changed as soon as a crowd gathers.

Sometimes I think we overlook these obvious truths and make too great haste to join the crowd. The greatest privilege is to be not with the most, but with the best. A man had better be right and alone than wrong with a million. He may have the whole world's approval, but he is nevertheless a wretch if he quails in front of his own mirror.

The grade of legislation and the standard of official performances would be vastly improved if men in public life would follow their own beliefs. What this country needs is public servants who are not afraid to retire to private life. A man had better give up his office and keep his self-respect than hold his office without the respect of anybody. A public official is a trustee for the general welfare, and if he follows every boisterous public fancy he is no more fit for his place than a lawyer who tries his case as his angry client tells him to, or a doctor who gives his patient what he wants.

We are going fast enough all the time and wrong enough part of the time, so that I feel that I am not straying far when I bring down from the garret, and speak a word in favor of, this dusty and unused quality of moderation.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD

HENRY VAN DYKE

*Professor of English Literature in Princeton University
Author, Lecturer, and Publicist*

(An extract taken, by permission, from "The Battle of Life," by Henry Van Dyke; copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1907.)

THE way to counteract and conquer evil in the world is to give our own hearts to the dominion of good, and work the works of God while it is day. The strongest of all obstacles to the advance of evil is a clean and generous man, doing his duty from day to day, and winning

others, by his cheerful fidelity, to serve the same Master. Diseases are not the only things that are contagious. Courage is contagious. Kindness is contagious. Manly integrity is contagious. All the positive virtues, with red blood in their veins, are contagious. The heaviest blow that you can strike at the kingdom of evil is just to follow the advice which the dying Sir Walter Scott gave to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "Be a good man."

Now take that thought of fighting evil with good and apply it to our world and to ourselves. Here are monstrous evils and vices in society. Let intemperance be the type of them all, because so many of the others are its children. Drunkenness ruins more homes and wrecks more lives than war. How shall we oppose it? I do not say that we shall not pass resolutions and make laws against it. But I do say that we can never really conquer the evil in this way. The stronghold of intemperance lies in the vacancy and despair of men's minds. The way to attack it is to make the sober life beautiful and happy and full of interest. Teach your boys how to work, how to read, how to play, you fathers, before you send them to college, if you want to guard them against the temptations of strong drink and the many shames and sorrows that go with it. Make the life of your community cheerful and pleasant and interesting, you reformers, provide men with recreation which will not harm them, if you want to take away the power of the gilded saloon and the grimy boozing-ken. Parks and playgrounds, libraries and music rooms, clean homes and cheerful churches, — these are the efficient foes of intemperance. And the same thing is true of gambling and lubricity and all the other vices which

drag men down by the lower side of their nature because the higher side has nothing to cling to, nothing to sustain it and hold it up.

What are you going to do, my brother men, for this higher side of human life? What contribution are you going to make of your strength, your time, your influence, your money, your self, to make a cleaner, fuller, happier, larger, nobler life possible for some of your fellowmen? I do not ask how you are going to do it. You may do it in business, in the law, in medicine, in the ministry, in teaching, in literature. But this is the question: What are you going to give personally to make the human life of the place where you do your work purer, stronger, brighter, better, and more worth living? That will be your best part in the warfare against vice and crime.

The positive method is the only efficient way to combat intellectual error and spiritual evil. False doctrines are never argued out of the world. They are pushed back by the incoming of the truth as the darkness is pushed back by the dawn.

Last summer I saw two streams emptying into the sea. One was a sluggish, niggardly rivulet, in a wide, fat, muddy bed; and every day the tide came in and drowned out that poor little stream, and filled it with bitter brine. The other was a vigorous, joyful, brimming mountain river, fed from unfailing springs among the hills; and all the time it swept the salt water back before it and kept itself pure and sweet; and when the tide came in, it only made the fresh water rise higher and gather new strength by the delay; and ever the living stream poured forth into the ocean its tribute of living water, — the symbol of that influence which

keeps the ocean of life from turning into a Dead Sea of wickedness.

My brother men, will you take that living stream as a type of your life in the world? The question for you is not what you are going to get out of the world, but what you are going to give to the world. The only way to meet and overcome the inflowing tide of evil is to roll against it the outflowing river of good.

THE TRUST AND THE CONSUMER

ROBERT L. HENRY

Congressman from Texas

(Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, January 8, 1910.)

PERMIT me here to present an indictment against the Payne-Aldrich sham. It is from the pen of Dr. De Witt Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, and should ring in the ears of every American voter:

"Our House of Lords is not made up of landlords, but of steel lords, woolen lords, cotton lords, lumber lords, and, as the latest creation, zinc lords. The amount of taxes and bounties on steel, woolen and cotton goods, lumber, and zinc is determined for us not by a responsible ministry as in England, but by these lords through the influence they can exert on the individual members of Congress; still more on the pressure they bring to bear on Senate and House committees; and most of all by their power to dictate terms to the committee on conference, which, subject to the votes of their colleagues and the presidential veto, practically determines what the tariff shall be."

The consumer is now robbed by the oil trust, the sugar trust, the tobacco trust, the glass trust, the wool trust,

the manufacturers of hats, shoes, harness, cotton goods, agricultural implements, and vast tribes of trust masters everywhere. Everything we eat, drink, and wear is augmented in price by this outrageous tax law. Bitter warfare will be waged till the hordes of trust barons are routed "horse, foot, and dragoon," and the forgotten man, the consumer, is reëstablished in his God-given right of equality before the law. A baptismal fire of patriotism will sweep through this republic when the true enormities of the special favors of the bill are manifest.

We have read a story that Napoleon and the King of Prussia were conversing one day. Napoleon boasted that the French soldiers were the most patriotic in all the world. The King of Prussia disputed it, whereupon Napoleon summoned one of the imperial guard into his presence and bade him leap from a window forty feet above the ground. Instantly the soldier saluted his great commander and leaped into eternity. The King of Prussia called one of his soldiers and ordered him to perform the same sacrifice. The soldier straightened himself up and asked, "Is it for you or for the fatherland?" The King of Prussia replied, "No; it is not for the fatherland, but for me." The soldier replied, "Then, if it is not for the fatherland, but for you, I will not do it." Both German and French soldiers were ready to die for their countries. And such patriotism should characterize us in this fateful hour while we struggle for our inalienable rights. For my part, I dedicate to my constituency and my country my best energies and intellect in waging this just warfare. And with the cherished principles of ancient Democracy hugged to our bosoms and the unspotted flag, typifying the faith of our fathers, flying

above us, we will press the contest against those despoiling our citizens and perverting our institutions. In this perilous hour of history —

“God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, strong hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.”

THE CHRISTIAN USE OF WEALTH

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE

President of Bowdoin College

(Extract from a series of addresses to college students.)

Do you realize how much of human life there is stored up in what we eat and wear and spend and use? Food and raiment, fire and light, shelter and rest are bought for us by the exposure of the lone shepherd on the mountainside, the weary weaver at her loom, the weather-beaten sailor before the mast, the engineer driving his train against the storm, the miner in the bowels of the earth, the woodsman in the depths of the forest, the fisherman off the foggy banks, the plowman in the monotonous furrow, the cook drudging in the kitchen, the washerwoman bending over the tub, and the countless host of artisans and teamsters and common laborers who

form the broad, firm base on which our civilization rests.

Because of this high human cost of material goods, all waste is wickedness, all ostentation is disgrace. The food or raiment that you waste is simply so much human toil and sacrifice which you by your wastefulness render null and void. The wealth and state you ostentatiously display simply show the world how much of the vitality of other men and women you burn up in order to keep your poor self going. To boast of riches, to take pride in luxury, is as though an engine should boast of the quantity of coal it could consume, regardless of work accomplished; as though a farm should be proud of the fertilizer spread upon it, regardless of the crop raised in return. What is the real nature of the idle rich? Precisely what do they amount to in the world? To eat the bread that other men have toiled to plant and reap and transport and cook and serve; to wear the silk and woolen that other women have spun and woven and cut and sewed; to lie in a couch that other hands have spread, and under a roof that other arms have reared; not that alone — for we all do as much — but to consume these things upon themselves with no sense of gratitude and fellowship toward the toiling men and women who bring these gifts; with no strenuous effort to give back to them something as valuable and precious as that which they have given to us, — that is the meanness and selfishness and sin and shame of wealth that is idle and irresponsible.

The rich Christian is God's finest masterpiece in the world to-day. The man whose office is a pivot around which revolve in integrity and beneficence the wheels of industry and commerce, affording employment and

subsistence to thousands of his fellows; the woman whose home is a center of generous hospitality, whence ceaseless streams of refinement and charity flow forth to bless the world; the person whose leisure and culture and wealth and influence are devoted to the direction of forces, the solution of problems, the organization of movements which require large expenditure of time and money — these men and women who are at the same time rich and Christian, these are the salt of our modern society; by such comes the redemption of the world; of such, no less than of the Christian poor, is the kingdom of heaven. No honest man grudges these Christian rich their wealth. It matters not whether their income is five hundred or fifty thousand a year. The question is whether the little or the much is made organic to the glory of God and the good of humanity.

LEADERSHIP IN A DEMOCRACY

HARRY PRATT JUDSON

President of the University of Chicago

(Condensed from an address delivered upon the occasion of conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on President Roosevelt, at the University of Chicago, April, 2, 1903.)

THERE can be no coherent policy in a democracy without continuous and strong leadership. Democracy, to live, must learn the lesson of discipline, the lesson to follow in constructive achievement as well as in turbulent revolt. Without wise leadership political democracy

tends to resolve society into its inorganic elements. It becomes an inert mass of helpless confusion — the easy prey of predatory activity within, and of exploitation by organized and skilfully directed force from without.

Leadership in a political democracy is not always the product of elections or the concomitant of official station. Natural environment, energy, circumstance — these mark the true leader. Buchanan was President, to be sure — as an energizing force he was a lump of clay. Lincoln was a directive power which struck disunion with the united energy of twenty million people. The political boss is not a mere malign accident. He is a born leader of men behind whom a multitude gather because he is the man who knows how, and the man who can do. He cannot be dislodged by elegant rhetoric or by a fusillade of righteous indignation. He may be supplanted by another man who also knows how, and who also can do, but in more abundant measure. In short, in politics, force must become incarnate in order to lead to achievement. "Peace on earth and good-will to men" would be but the platitude of philosophers were it not for the realization in the flesh of a personality which has constrained men for ages. Truth has won no battles, justice has created no social safety, righteousness is imbecile, except as one and all are incarnate in forceful men.

It is such men in whom lies the hope of political democracy. Their essence is simple and yet complex. Brains? Surely; there is no magnetism in a political cabbage. Courage? It is the elemental qualities which win the people — all men love a gallant fight against odds, and the man who dares, the man who believes in himself so thoroughly that he may be crushed, indeed, but never

yields, he is the man whom we all love. Lawrence, with his "Don't give up the ship"; Paul Jones, with his "I have just begun to fight"; Croghan, with his "Come and take me"; Old Hickory, with his toast at the nullification banquet, "The Federal Union: it must be preserved" — these are the men whose names thrill the American. Honesty? An elemental quality again — we love the fearless man, we trust the transparent soul — we know where to find it always. Lincoln won universal faith because he was honest to the core; the people believed that what he said that he meant, and were sure that he would do, within the limits of his power, exactly what he promised.

But even with these strong qualities one may still fail in that inexplicable something which determines the magnetic power of a true leader of the people — the something which makes a Jefferson, a Jackson, a Henry Clay, a Lincoln, a McKinley. There is a potency in persuasiveness, in practicability, which the more rugged fighter often lacks. The giant Antæus, son of earth, lost his strength and was easily crushed by Hercules when his feet left the ground. A popular leader who loses touch with the people is a mere dreamer of dreams. His voice no longer directs thought — he merely preaches to the air.

There was a day when the absolute monarch seemed the ideal of human greatness. The names of such are scattered throughout time — but their age has vanished. The masses below have surged to the surface — they will not be denied — the age before us is the age of the free and aspiring many. In such an age the strong man is the leader of thought. He wins following by the con-

straint of a powerful mind and a virile character. He appeals to reason and to the higher emotions. He looks far into the future, and his constructive imagination is a lens through which the people may see clearly things as they are and as they are to be. His qualities must be higher than those of a despot. The freely followed leader of a free people is greater far than emperor or king.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

Editor of "The Brooklyn Eagle"

(Extract from an address to the Young Men's Hebrew Association, New York city, October 17, 1909.)

THE open secret of good citizenship is the open secret of all other good. It is to do the thing nearest to you thoroughly and well. A reversal of the entire usage of our political estimates should be had. The most important officer to a citizen is the officer who can make life hard or easy, fair or unjust to him. That officer is neither President nor governor nor mayor. It is alderman or member of the municipal council or supervisor, no matter what the name of the functionary. And the officer next in importance and power in his ability to affect the life of the citizen is the police or civil justice. And after those who have been named is the mayor or municipal chief magistrate. Good citizenship should mean good government if it means anything. Good government must begin with good home government or

it will rarely get beyond it. Parties are men bunched. The citizen is the unit. The home is the basis of the state as well as of the Church. It is the heart of both, and out of the heart are the issues of life for good or ill. If our local governments are bad, our state governments will be good, if at all, by chance or accident.

If our city, our village, our county, or our township be badly governed, not only will our states be badly ruled, and our nation badly served, but our new colonies, of which the acquisition and the management entrance, while they appal, the imagination of our people, will be corruptly handled. Let it be understood that I am an expansionist because what I believe to be good for America I believe to be good for the world, and what I believe Americans have done and can do for themselves, that I believe they can do by, for, with, and through all other races. But because I am an expansionist, I am, if I may make the word, a localist likewise, and intensely so. Only as we make our communities and our countries what they should be shall we make our colonies, our provinces, or our dependencies what they ought to be. We shall be no better to ourselves than we are in ourselves. We shall be no better to others than we are to ourselves. The moral lights which throw on our own path will be the fire from which we shall kindle the light for the path which we carve out for others. As our communities and commonwealths are, so will our colonies be. And as we make ourselves, so will we make others.

Of this leavening Americanism I have strong hopes. Its essence and its impulse are in that good citizenship beginning in each man's case with himself and extending from him to neighbor and neighbor, and thence through

community, commonwealth, and republic. I foresee and I forefeel the time when, under good citizenship in the real sense, an Americanized continent shall contemplate and inspire an Americanized world. Not a world or continents under single or similar control, but with governments moralized and spiritualized with the principle of liberty, equality, justice, and opportunity, regulated by righteous law and inspired by a righteous people, loving right, hating evil, helping the weak, restraining the strong, and restoring humanity to the plane of human brotherhood whereon it shall walk hand in hand with the Divine Fatherhood. If this be an error, as I believe it is not, it is an error which I revere. If this be a delusion, as I think it is not, it is a delusion on which I hope my dying eyes may look with faith in the conviction that it shall yet enwrap the world within its angelic form.

THE NEW POLITICS

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

President of Cornell University

(From an address before the Religious Education Association, at Rochester, New York, February 7, 1907.)

For a long time political parties and bosses have intercepted the outgoings of patriotism by standing between patriotism and the commonwealth. To-day it is clear that the commonwealth and not the party is the end of patriotism, and patriotism has free scope to go out toward its own high object. If political parties are to regain

vigorous life — as I expect to see them regain it — it will be by recognizing themselves as instruments for the public good and not in themselves of any value as mere agencies to win elections.

This fundamental political awakening which I have described has for its platform the new or world-old principle of justice and the "square deal." It insists that all men shall be equal before the law. It claims equality of opportunity. It is at war with vested rights and favored classes. It protests against government as a partnership of the strong for the exploitation of the weak. It recognizes that evils, political as well as individual, have their root and abiding source in human nature. But it holds that the political ills from which we suffer may be remedied by laws impartially just and administration absolutely honest. It reveres the majesty of the law and pays homage to our courts of justice and the incorruptibility of their judges. But it is deeply persuaded that in the executive and legislative branches of our government power and wealth have had undue influence, often unconscious and unintentional rather than deliberate, but an influence nevertheless which works substantial hardship to large classes of our people. And it welcomes every measure of redress which, like recent federal legislation, tends to protect the people against monopolistic corporations which have it in their power to practise oppression.

Justice is the fundamental characteristic of the state. The realization of justice may be said to be the end of all legislation and all administration. And justice is the platform of the political movement I have described — justice in all things, to all parties, and in all circumstances.

The time is coming when not only trusts, but also the tariff and all other objects of legislation, will be reëxamined in the light of justice and fair play to all classes of citizens.

The new politics demands new leaders. Bosses are out of date. The need of to-day is not of mechanicians to run a machine, but of statesmen to voice the aspirations of a free and enlightened people and administrators to execute them with absolute honesty and devotion to public duty as soon as they have been enacted into law. It is an old saying that occasion breeds the men. This truth I find illustrated before our own eyes. If the public service of our day calls for men of clarity of vision, of sanity of judgment, of integrity of purpose, men of this type are not lacking. We have them in Folk at the capital in Missouri, in Bryan on his Nebraskan farm, in Hughes at the executive mansion in Albany, and, most illustrious of all, in Roosevelt at the White House in Washington. In all the years in which I have watched public affairs I have never known a time or a country in which the demands of the age and the expectations of the public challenged so potently all that is best and highest in the minds of young men who would serve the public.

DEMOCRACY

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

President of Columbia University

(From an address delivered at the University of California,
March 23, 1909.)

IN each of the progressive nations of the earth it is clearly recognized that the pressing questions of the moment are not so much political, in the narrow sense, as they are economic and social. In Germany, in France, in England, in Italy, in Japan, and in our own country parliaments and legislatures are busying themselves with these newer problems, the common characteristic of which is that they appear to involve in their solution a vast and rapid extension of the field in which men work collectively through their political agents, rather than individually through their own wills and hands.

We Americans approach these present-day problems in the spirit of democracy, and with more than a century of schooling in democracy behind us; but are we quite sure that we know what democracy means and implies? For there is a democracy false and a democracy true, and it is just when the economic or social problem presses hardest for solution that the sharp contrast between the two is lost sight of and the line which divides them is blurred.

Was Lord Byron right when he cried, "What is democracy? An aristocracy of blackguards!" or was the truth not with Mazzini, who defined democracy as "the progress of all through all, under the leadership of

the best and wisest"? Everything depends upon the answer.

The state is founded upon justice, and justice involves liberty, and liberty denies economic equality; because equality of ability, of efficiency, and even of physical force are unknown among men. To secure an equality which is other than the political equality incident to liberty, the more efficient must be shackled that they may not outrun the less efficient, for there is no known device by which the less efficient can be spurred on to equal the accomplishment of the more efficient. Objective conditions must, of course, be equalized, particularly those conditions which are created by the state. But this is true not because such an equality is an end in itself, but because it is essential to liberty. True democracy rejects the doctrine that mediocrity is a safeguard for liberty, and points to the fact that the only serious menace of liberty comes from the predominance of monopoly, of privilege, and of majorities. True democracy holds fast to the notion that fixed standards of right and wrong are necessary to its success and that no resting place is to be found in the verdict of authorities, of majorities, or of custom. It believes that nothing is settled until it is settled right, and that no fear of majorities and no threats of the powerful should for an instant be allowed to check the agitation to right a wrong or to remedy an abuse.

What Burke says of Parliament is equally true of the American Congress and of American state legislatures. Their one proper concern is the interest of the whole body politic, and the true democratic representative is not the cringing, fawning tool of the caucus or of the

mob, but he who, rising to the full stature of political manhood, does not take orders, but offers guidance.

Ever since the Civil War the Congress has steadily invaded the province of the President, and has long been arrogantly asserting control over his administrative acts. At the moment it is being urged to invade the prerogatives of the judiciary and to curtail and regulate the proceedings in equity of the United States courts — a field in which the Congress has the same right and authority that it has in Korea or in British India, no more and no less. This invasion of the executive and judicial powers by the legislature is accompanied by an effort to convince the people at large that the executive power is in some subtle way antagonistic to democracy, and, moreover, that the executive is invading or has invaded the province of the legislature. This latter cry, as insincere as it is false, is invariably raised whenever it is desired to distract public attention from an invasion of the executive by the legislature, or when some private or privileged interest wishes to ward off from itself the execution of the people's laws. As a matter of fact, if our American political experience proves anything, it proves that the executive branch of the Government is the most efficient representative and spokesman that the popular will has. So it was with Lincoln in the Civil War; so it was with Cleveland in the struggle for a sound monetary system; so it is with Roosevelt in the battle against privilege and greed.

OUR CONSTITUTIONAL SYSTEM

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN

Congressman from New York

(From a speech delivered at a banquet of the New England Society of the city of Brooklyn December 21, 1889.)

I HAVE been assigned the subject of "Our Constitutional System as Tested by a Century." What is this constitutional system? Does it consist of executive officers, clothed with extraordinary powers, beside which the meager prerogatives of constitutional monarchs shrink into insignificance? Does it consist of a judiciary armed with power over life, limb, and property? Does it consist of legislators, that they may be enabled and authorized to prefix the title "Honorable" to their names? Does it consist of the mere parchment upon which certain figures may be traced and certain words may be read? No! Our constitutional system consists of the application of the eternal principles of justice to the relations of men to each other under our social compact. In the provisions that no man can be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; that all men shall take an equal part in the affairs of government; that the privilege of *habeas corpus* shall never be denied; that no private property shall be taken for public uses without proper compensation, — you have the essence of our constitutional system, and you have the principles of justice made the birthright of the American citizen, beyond the disturbance from any source whatever. You have the rule of equity applied to your every-day exist-

ence. You have rights guaranteed to every citizen which the strongest may not invade, which the weakest is free to invoke for his own protection.

If we are asked what have been the practical effects of this constitutional system, we have but to tell our questioner to look around him. In the sight which will meet his eye will be found the answer to his question. On every hand we see liberty and order, prosperity and happiness. We see fields radiant with prosperity, homes on every hillside, where the fires of liberty are kept alive on the hearthstones; neither fortress nor arsenal casting its grim shadow across the highway; laws dictated by public opinion and obeyed by universal consent.

It may be that all things human are ephemeral; it may be that this Government, which we love so well and in whose future we believe so deeply, will be found at the dawn of some day to have disappeared. And yet I feel justified in believing that, as the principles of justice are eternal, the government which is founded upon them will last forever. Not as she stands to-day; I know that nothing in nature can remain inert; but I believe she will live to the end of time, forever progressive, ever freer, ever greater, ever stronger, ever more durable. I believe that with each successive force which is liberated from nature; with each new development of science; with each new element that may enter into the daily lives of men, creating vast additions to our wealth, annihilating space and multiplying the fields of industry, our constitutional system will be found elastic enough to include them, strong enough to regulate them; and that our American democracy will continue to maintain institutions which will stimulate patriotism,

strengthen virtue, and illuminate the world with the light of freedom, revealing liberty hand in hand with order and prosperity.

IRISH INFLUENCE IN AMERICA

WALLACE McCAMANT

Of the Portland, Oregon, Bar

(Extract from a speech delivered at a public meeting held in Portland, Oregon, July 24, 1904, in introducing Hon. Conor O'Kelley, Member of Parliament from Ireland.)

FOR two hundred years Ireland has been infusing her brain and brawn into the American body politic. There are far more men of Irish blood in America than in Ireland itself. The population of Ireland is only five million; in the United States there are not less than fifteen million of Irish birth or extraction.

In every crisis of American history men of Irish blood have wrought mightily for the upbuilding of the American commonwealth. Long prior to the battle of Lexington, years before the Declaration of Independence, we find men of Irish blood meeting in county after county of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas to hold up the hands of the patriot leaders; always in the van of public opinion, always bravely proclaiming the principles for which as free men they were ready to fight and die. Men of Irish blood proclaimed the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, defended the rail fence at Bunker Hill, made up the rank and file of the victorious armies which at King's Mountain and the Cowpens rolled back

the tide of invasion in the South. So predominant were they in the various regiments of the Pennsylvania line that "Light-Horse Harry" Lee said, "These detachments had better have been called the line of Ireland." It is significant of their trustworthiness and fidelity that when Washington was apprized of the treason of Benedict Arnold, when he knew not whom to trust, he at once sent for the Pennsylvania line, commanded by Anthony Wayne, the grandson of a Wicklow County Irishman, to occupy West Point. These troops were at Haverstraw, distant sixteen miles from West Point, and Washington's message reached them at one in the morning. By two o'clock they were on the march. At six A.M. they reached West Point, and Washington breathed freely in the confidence that the Gibraltar of the Hudson was safe.

Irish brawn has built the great railroads which bind the east to the west and the north to the south. Irish brain governs a majority of our municipalities. Men of Irish blood have been the dominant ethnic strain in that hardy race of pioneers who, throughout American history, have been found on the frontiers of civilization, with ax on one shoulder and rifle on the other, their faces turned steadily to the west. The development of the great West, with its harvest of benefit for the American people, has been made possible by a liberal system of land laws, which are chiefly the result of the consecrated statesmanship of that great leader of the Irish blood, Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri.

The great lesson of history is the beneficence of evil. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. The tortures of the Spanish inquisition are the birth pangs of the great Dutch republic. "Without shedding of blood

there is no remission of sins." The guilt of slavery was not to be washed away without the bloodshed of Bull Run, Shiloh, and Gettysburg. From the carnage and disorder of our great Civil War we have seen the American republic arise to higher ideals and enlarged usefulness.

May we not find in this thought a key to the divine plan in the history of Ireland? It was written in the eternal decrees that for two centuries men of Irish blood should turn their faces westward across the Atlantic; that their arms of brawn should carve homes out of the wilderness; that the principles of the Declaration of Independence should be burned in upon their souls, and that their hearts, burning with indignation at injustice in the Emerald Isle, should be true as steel to the great movements making for liberty and fraternity among the American people. Without absentee landlords, evictions, famine, pestilence, industrial and religious persecution, these things could not have been. Without this Irish immigration no King's Mountain, no New Orleans, no Anthony Wayne, no Andrew Jackson, no Phil Sheridan, no Ulysses S. Grant. Without this immigration who can tell how American history would read?

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

In His providence the woes of Ireland have been overruled for the advantage of the American people.

A MESSAGE FROM IRELAND

FRANK J. SULLIVAN

Of the San Francisco Bar

(The concluding part of an address on "The Influence of the Gaelic Tongue on the Common Law of England and America," delivered at San Francisco October 4, 1908, under the auspices of the Gaelic League of California.)

YOU remember when Patrick had fled from Ireland and was again a free man in his own dear native land his sleep was continually disturbed by innumerable messages from the Irish people. He fancied he heard the voices of those who were in the wood of Fochlut, which borders on the western sea, crying out: "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk among us." Tell me, brothers and sisters of the Gael, is there now no message from the hills and valleys of the green isle? Yes — every round tower and dismantled abbey, every ivy-grown castle, every cromlech and cairn, beg you and me to remember the glorious past of Erin.

Is there one among us who has not heard the sound of ancient Irish music from every dell in that fairy land? Even now the voices of our ancestors fall softly and sweetly on our ears. Even now the spirits of the mighty dead, whose steel has glittered on every battle-field of Europe and America, call on us to give back to Ireland her language and her freedom. Even now the great Irish apostles of Scotland and of England and of France, of Germany and Iceland rise from their graves to swell the diapason of the music of the Irish nation's heart.

Even now the streams and the rivulets of Erin mingle their silvery notes with the deep tones of the waves of great ocean to welcome the dawn of a new life for the ancient tongue of Ireland.

Ay, from all these we catch the murmurs of the chorus of the great amen! From Ireland's seas and clouds, from Ireland's sunshine, and from Ireland's storms comes the ceaseless prayer: Give us back the language of youthful Ireland, the island of saints and scholars; the island which alone preserved the arts and sciences and the Christian faith undefiled by the rude touch of armed barbarians. Give us back the Gaelic tongue which civilized Europe — that tongue of which an Irish monarch wrote sixteen centuries ago:

“Sweet tongue of our Druids, our bards of past ages;
Sweet tongue of our monarchs, our saints, and our sages;
Sweet tongue of our heroes and free-born sires —
When we cease to preserve thee our glory expires.”

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN

ANNA H. SHAW

President of the National Suffrage Association

(Extract from an address before the Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua, New York, August 25, 1909.)

If a democracy is a government by the people, and if a republic is a representative democracy, then there is no such thing in our country except in the four states where both men and women elect their representatives. In all the other states government is by an aristocracy

of sex, for there can be neither republic nor democracy where one fraction of the people governs another fraction.

The anti-suffragists assert that woman is virtually represented, but I believe with Adams and Otis that there can be no such thing as virtual representation in government; the people actually voting must be authorized to represent the others.

The opponents of suffrage urge that suffrage never will come because it has already been voted down many times. So it has been voted down, but so also would the ten commandments be voted down in the state of New York! The value of the movement does not depend upon whether it is voted up or voted down; its importance depends on whether it is fundamentally right or not, and the heart of the human race is bound to be ultimately fundamentally right.

To the frequent objection that women are not fitted for the suffrage, I answer that they are better fitted for it than any class of men in this country have been at the time that the suffrage was given to them. The negro, the laboring man, the Revolutionary soldiers at the time of their enfranchisement showed only a small proportion who could read and write.

It is often insisted that the reason why men vote is because they fight, yet the only men who are prohibited from voting are the men in the regular army!

Why should a feeble man vote because some other man can fight? The right should be given to the mother of the fighting man. A democracy does not rest on force. It never did and it never will. Rather does it rest on the education of its people for righteousness, which Carlyle declared was a democracy's only hope.

Democracy stands for three things: the right of every human being to earn an honest living, the right of the individual to reach his highest development, and the right of the individual to serve the community in citizenship. Woman should have her chance at each one of these aspects of democracy, and the ballot will gain the chance for her. If a thousand years without the ballot has made her only the "lovely, incapable" creature that she is declared to be, then by all means let us see what the ballot can do for her. Doing creates fitness.

Men and women have their respective duties of fatherhood and motherhood, but between the extremes they may meet in education, in social service, and in government for the help of both men and women.

The ideals of democracy of to-morrow will apply the principles of democracy of to-day, and to-morrow there is bound to come the true representative democracy wherein every member of society has his and her part.

WOMAN AND THE SUFFRAGE

LYMAN ABBOTT

(The concluding part of an address on "Motherhood," published in *The Outlook* of April 10, 1909.)

PERHAPS the argument which has been most effective to counterbalance the objection of women to assume the responsibilities of the suffrage has been the argument that they could vote for the abolition of the saloon. In the ancient legend St. George rescues the maiden from

the dragon. I confess that I have small sympathy with the spirit which calls on the maiden to fight the dragon and leaves St. George on the other side of the wall looking on to see how the conflict will terminate. The women who are affected by this argument, and perhaps the women who use it, forget that Hebrew history had a Jezebel as well as a Queen Esther, and European history a Lucretia Borgia and a Catherine de Medici as well as a Queen Victoria. Vice, ignorance, and superstition are not confined to either sex. Advocates of woman's suffrage aver improvement of conditions in woman suffrage states; opponents of woman's suffrage aver deteriorated conditions in woman suffrage states. Into the contention between these two classes of observers, each of whom probably see what they wish to see, I decline to enter. I accept instead the testimony of such impartial observers as the President of the United States, who has said: "I am unable to see that there has been any special improvement in the position of women in those states in the West that have adopted woman suffrage as compared with those states adjoining them that have not adopted it. I do not think that giving the women suffrage will produce any marked improvement in the condition of women." I accept the testimony of Mr. Root, in a published letter from him based on his certainly large opportunities for a study of this question: "I do not myself consider that the granting of suffrage to women would, under the existing conditions, be any improvement in our system of government. On the contrary, I think it would rather reduce than increase the electoral efficiency of our people." I accept the testimony of Mr. James Bryce, as disinterested, impartial, and sym-

pathetic an observer of American conditions as America has ever known: "No evidence has come in my way tending to show that politics either in Wyoming or in Washington are in any way purer than in the adjoining states and territories. The most that seems to be alleged is that they are no worse; or, as the Americans express it, 'Things are very much what they were before, only more so.'" This was published in 1888. It is safe to say that nothing has occurred within the last twenty years materially to change this judgment.

President Roosevelt, in his address before the Mothers' Meeting in Washington in 1905, said, "The primary duty of the husband is to be the home-maker, the breadwinner for his wife and children; the primary duty of the woman is to be the helpmeet, the housewife, and mother." In these words Mr. Roosevelt has gone to the heart of the woman question. The call to woman to leave her duty to take up man's duties is an impossible call. The call on man to impose on woman his duty, in addition to hers, is an unjust call. Fathers, husbands, brothers, speaking for the silent women, I claim for them the right to be exempt in the future from the burden from which they have been exempt in the past. Mothers, wives, sisters, I urge you not to allow yourselves to be enticed into assuming functions for which you have no inclination, by appeals to your spirit of self-sacrifice. Woman's instinct is the star that guides her to her divinely appointed life, and it guides to the manger where an infant is laid.

THE GIRL IN THE KITCHEN

JOHN H. VINCENT

Chancellor of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Association

(Condensed from an address before the Woman's Club, Chautauqua, New York, July 13, 1909.)

THERE are many fields of service in life. We call them trades, pursuits, professions, callings. These demand a variety of gifts and talents — and of processes preparatory. Some require head work, others dexterity, tact, genius. At the root of all attempt and achievement is manual labor — the house to be built, the ground cultivated, implements manufactured, food provided; and then come merchandizing, banking, civil and political devisings, and for all — education. It is a busy world. The measure of value is not alone in time spent nor physical energy expended. Much depends on faculty and quality of energy required, natural endowment, tact, ability, as when an artist paints a picture worth one thousand or ten thousand dollars, the canvas is not expensive, nor the pigments; the value is in the soul of the artist. Much also depends on the ruling motive which is really the measure of merit. One artist paints a picture that, by the money he gains for it, he may live in luxurious ease and sensual gratification. Here a servant girl earns money by hard toil to help her brother through college.

One of our most important modern contributors to civilization is the "girl in the kitchen." She may be a drudge or she may be a queen — all depends upon

her own keynote — her motive, her ideal, her ruling purpose.

The girl in the kitchen should be the domestic artist of the house, — a queen of domestic science, respecting herself because she follows a profession that contributes to the highest social conditions, to physical life, to the gratification of appetite, and really to the fine arts as well. She should be a lady in the highest sense of that title as applied to an honorable, sensible, genuine ambitious woman who is not ashamed to earn her own living in an honorable way. She should represent not a "social class, but a "profession," and take her social position according to the quality of her personality and not according to the effete distinctions of a social order — an order we ought by this time to have outgrown.

Let us train our girls and boys to love home, to honor industry, to put a true estimate on neatness and taste, on economy and common sense, to respect everybody who believes in self-support, to treat servants with courtesy and kindness, to honor a lady, whether dressed in satin or linsey-woolsey; whether seated at the table or serving those who are seated at it; and who remember the real measure of individual worth as God estimates it and as the common sense of society judges it. Jesus washed the feet of his disciples one day — to take down their false pride and lift the social ideals to higher levels for all the ages. Let our new civilization take a step forward, and value at her real worth the girl in the kitchen.

AMERICA'S UNCROWNED QUEEN

HOMER T. WILSON

A popular Southern lecturer now residing at San Antonio, Texas

(The conclusion of a lecture delivered many times from the lyceum platform.)

I ONCE looked upon England's Queen, as she passed through the beautiful park in front of Buckingham Palace. I bared my head and in silence contemplated that noble woman. On her brow there was a crown brighter and more dazzling than the crown of state. On her person there was a robe ornamented with the flowers of unfading beauty. All hail to England's Christian Queen! After the grand procession passed by, I stood beneath an ancient English oak, and my mind crossed the sea to my old Kentucky home so far away. It was even time. The evening lessons were finished. The wife and mother read a chapter from the story of redeeming love. The little ones bowed with her at the same altar. I heard her pray, "Father in heaven, watch over us while we slumber, and keep us from all harm." I heard her when she said, "O God, protect the absent one and bring him safely across the sea." The tears unbidden started down my cheek, and I said: "All hail to the queen of my own precious home! On your brow there is a crown of unfading beauty, on your person there is a robe ornamented with the flowers of unfading beauty. All hail to the queen of my home!"

If I could walk through the floral gardens of the world and pluck the flowers of rarest beauty and sweetest per-

fume, and then select from the crowns of kings and queens the rarest jewels that glisten there, I would fashion them into a more beauteous crown, and with the hand of love I would place that crown upon the brow of the mother — America's uncrowned queen.

EARNESTNESS AND THOROUGHNESS

LEON HARRISON

Rabbi of Temple Israel, St. Louis

(Extract from a discourse before Temple Israel, St. Louis, February 5, 1909.)

OUR besetting vice as a nation is superficiality. Our crying need is seriousness, thoroughness, earnestness. And this by no means implies melancholy, or severity, or sour renunciation. Indeed the really great humorists of the world have been the mighty thinkers, whose profound insight could see and grasp the many humors of men. The grim Carlyle was such a one; and Jean Paul Richter, and our Dickens and Thackeray, and George Eliot, and tender and exquisite Charles Lamb. In all of them the tears lay very near the surface, — close to the smiles. They all could see the sunbeams dance upon the waters, for they had sounded also the vast depths beneath.

I ask for earnestness where it fits, and where it counts. I invite attention to the fact that life is not a farce, or a sorry jest, but a drama of infinite moment, in which we, the players, are also the playwrights and the heroes. It is our first and last performance, without rehearsal or

correction or power to change a single word or act, and the verdict is final. It oppresses me, — this sense that we are spending not our interest but our capital, that our life is shrinking, visibly, tangibly, and we have not yet struck the blow that was worth while, we have not yet *lived*, perchance not a single vivid immortal moment. And we need to learn this supreme lesson at once, and practise it forthwith while we still may; and thereby we will gain the deepest and worthiest satisfaction in life — namely, that we have grown, that we have gone on from strength to strength, that our building was solid, four-square, and true.

For there are at bottom but two grand divisions of men: those whose life is a makeshift, a policy of drift, a sequence of accidents, beaded together a little by selfishness and greed and the struggle for existence — whose life is simply this and nothing more — and those whose life is a plan, a deliberate endeavor to reach a goal, though it means persistence, sacrifice, hardship, and long-continued and difficult effort; following a star too often against head winds, and a star cloud-covered, too, and invisible.

Now there are various fruitful applications of this central thought, in its different aspects, to the entire range of human activity.

How it helps us, in the first place, to solve the problem of the method and the chief end of education. What is that method and chief end? Is it not that men may learn to think in earnest, to study in earnest? And what that implies is very obvious. It implies an intellectual conscience, as it were; a seriousness of purpose and of method. It demands above all a quality that is far from

being cultivated in America, at our institutions of learning, as it should be; it demands thoroughness.

There are many young men, aye and older men too, who do not know what working in dead earnest means. They complain of being under a cloud; but they are darkened by their own shadow. They work with their eyes on the clock. They are afraid to work too long, or too much, or too well. They are afraid that they will earn more than their salaries. But the ten-dollar-a-week clerk who is afraid of earning more than that sum will always be a ten-dollar-a-week clerk. For your work can mark your growth and make your growth; it can become a strength-giving and a pride. Nay, it may become your game and sport in its increasing excellence. For in a fine and worthy sense, the greatest game of all is this tense struggle with self and with rivals for superiority, for supremacy. Were this not graciously true, we would all be slaves in a bondage cruelly perennial and ubiquitous.

Let us not "go out of the world in the world's debt, consuming much and producing nothing; nor sit down at the feast of life and go away without paying the reckoning."

You will at least be yourself. You will be true to yourself, whether wreathed with laurels or with thorns.

"They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee;
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged, — and fell at last.

"Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall."

THE "INSURGENT" REPUBLICANS: A REPLY
TO SPEAKER CANNON

ALBERT B. CUMMINS

United States Senator from Iowa

(Extract from a speech delivered before the Marquette Club,
at Chicago, November 9, 1909.)

A MONTH ago a distinguished son of Illinois came to Iowa obviously angry and therefore in one of his hysterical moods. He made a speech ostensibly in defense of the rules of the House of Representatives, but which was, in fact, an assault upon those who had opposed the Republican majority in Congress upon the tariff measure. Not content with burning us at the stake, he scattered our ashes to the four winds in order to make sure that we would be lost to the Republican party forever and ever. Warming to his work, he made another speech a few days ago at Elgin, in which he repeated in all the colors of his rainbow phraseology the denunciation of those who committed the horrid crime of voting against the tariff bill, and again consigned them to the lowest depths of Democratic perdition; and then to completely satisfy his lust for blood he assigned to Senator La Follette and myself a superheated chamber in this region of the damned. With all these imprecations, expulsions, and exterminations still ringing in my ears, I feel like a member of the fated brigade of which the poet sang:

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them
Volleyed and thundered."

It may be, however, that I can summon enough composure and calm my shattered nerves sufficiently to lay before you some suggestions which appear to me to be pertinent upon the issue which has thus been raised. Let it be understood, once for all, that we accept the challenge and are ready for the fight.

It will not avail Mr. Cannon and his associates anything to declare that we have joined hands with the Democratic party, for every intelligent man knows that this is simply an appeal to a blind passion and a senseless prejudice. The insurgents believe that the Republican party is the best instrumentality to secure and maintain good government. They are proud of its history, they love its traditions, and I venture the prediction that in the campaign of next year their voices will be heard high above all others defending its doctrines and sustaining its candidates. Their struggle will be within the lines, but they will not hide the truth as they see it; for they know that if the Republican party is to be permanently successful, it must be faithful to its platforms, and must meet courageously and justly the new age of commerce and business with its new problems and questions. It cannot any longer be progressive in its platform and stand pat in its Congress.

The crusade which I intend to strengthen with all my power is a crusade for a tariff commission — a permanent, dignified, and independent tariff commission; a tariff commission that will gather together the facts as to cost of production and lay them before Congress and the country. There are millions of Republicans who believe that tariff duties should not substantially exceed the difference between the cost of producing things here

and elsewhere with a fair profit added. I believe they constitute a large majority of the party; but if they do not, they will in the near future. They will never quit the fight until they win the victory, and I warn the men who are so vociferous in their decrees of expulsion that they had better conserve their strength for self-defense. They will need all they have, and more.

AGAINST THE PAYNE-ALDRICH TARIFF BILL 1907

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

Late United States Senator from Iowa

(Extract from speeches delivered in the Senate, 1909.)

If anybody will look at the statistics he will be satisfied that this tariff bill shows an increase of rates over those of the Dingley schedules. We have now four witnesses — the importer, the manufacturer, the statesman, and the statistician — and they unite in saying that the duties have been raised. But even with those four witnesses I would not dare to approach this subject on the floor of the Senate, owing to my want of confidence in various kinds of information, without going through the mill of the custom-house and applying these rates to the actual goods and merchandise. The science of logic must have reached a very unhappy state when that is regarded as a light form of evidence as to what this bill does to cotton goods.

The Senator from Wisconsin took five samples of imported merchandise, all of the ordinary character of

ladies' dress goods, to the custom-house in New York and had them assessed for duty, exactly as they would be assessed if introduced for the first time from a foreign country; and he stood on this floor, with the goods in his hand, and the Finance Committee in full retreat, and asked anybody to say whether that was not conclusive evidence of what the effect of this bill was upon actual cotton goods brought into this country.

Some people laugh at that kind of an argument. They say it is the average we ought to look at. The average has nothing to do with it. Suppose there were three of us standing upon the street corner. I have had three square meals that day. You have had nothing to eat. Some cheerful statistician connected with the Department of Commerce and Labor or the Finance Committee of the Senate comes up with a pencil and undertakes to prove that we have had an average of one meal apiece. That situation has no sense in it, and it has no sense in it when, to a man complaining about duties being raised, it is said, "Oh, no; that is the average of 1907." Yet that is the exact sort of logic with which we were presented not only the other day, but last night, with the galleries looking for light.

I beg you, gentlemen, especially you young men, who will have to fight the battles of the Republican party in the next twenty years, after a good many of the authorities of to-day have disappeared from our affairs, not to degrade the Senate of the United States, a great deliberative body, able to cope with practical questions, to the level of an uneasy congregation of intellectual come-ons.

Mr. President, I speak for a state that has never failed in its allegiance to the Republican party. When

Massachusetts was electing Benjamin F. Butler governor upon the Greenback ticket, the state of Iowa was firm in the Republican faith. When the state of New York cast its electoral vote for Horatio Seymour against Ulysses S. Grant on a platform repudiating the public debt, the state of Iowa was firm in the Republican faith. When the state of Pennsylvania put into her platform a demand for fifty dollars per capita of paper money manufactured by machinery, the state of Iowa was firm in the Republican faith. And I do not propose to have the official organs of those who, out of the Senate Chamber, are writing these schedules and perpetuating them from one generation to another weaken the force of what I have tried to speak in behalf of the American people by false witness against the great community which has given me its confidence and its commission.

I cannot support this measure because I am opposed to the methods by which it has been prepared. A distinguished leader of the Senate in the course of the debate took occasion to say that nobody ought to speak disrespectfully of the wool tariff, of Schedule K, because it was the "citadel of protection." I deny it. The citadel of protection is in the judgment and good sense of the American people from one ocean to the other. The citadel of protection is the right, which every American producer who invests his labor or his money in an industrial enterprise has, of living without being disturbed either in his employment or in his reasonable profit by the competition flowing into our market-place from other lands. That is the citadel of protection, which I shall defend in the future, as I have in all the years of my life, against all its enemies. The "citadel of protection," of which

the senator from Rhode Island has so often spoken, is a fortress of cards. It will not be possible to perpetuate the protective-tariff system in the United States if local interests, favored by experienced leaders, are permitted to say, "This is the citadel," and from it call out to everybody in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, "If you desire your constituents taken care of, make your terms with us."

We have seen in this Congress a spectacle that has discouraged my heart, the spectacle of men being compelled to bargain with the authorities which control the Senate for the protection of the interests of their own people.

TRIBUTE TO GOVERNOR JOHN A. JOHNSON

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

*Former Governor of New York; now a member of the
United States Supreme Court*

(Extract from an address delivered in New York city, November 28, 1909, at a memorial service in honor of John A. Johnson, late Governor of Minnesota, — "a eulogy," according to the *New York Tribune*, "in which the speaker varied warm personal tribute with mention of the great public lessons of the Western statesman's career, holding an audience which packed the Broadway Tabernacle so intent that at its close they forgot, apparently, that they were in a church, and burst out in a storm of applause.")

THERE is a vision before me of a gay party coming down from the lakes and the clouds at Lake Louis, in the Puget Sound country. The last in that party, the Governor of Minnesota, as I passed him on the way up the

trail, said the last good-by. And I remember saying to myself as I left him, "There is a fine man — one of the finest men I have ever known." In respect and esteem for his character and services everyone united, without regard to social, racial, or political division.

The revelation of his progress from lowliness and obscurity to a place of high public distinction is a benediction to the entire country. Once more we realize that our resources, our true resources of strength and of greatness, are not to be sought for in mine or field, but reside in man. When we take account of these resources we find once more impressing upon us that we are not to look exclusively to the favored home of exceptional opportunity; to sheltered childhood, to youth blessed with extraordinary advantages; to those upon whom fortune has smiled and who are led along the paths of life with constant counsel and ready inspiration. But we must take all America within our view — the homes of the poor, the unfortunate, those who seem thrust aside from the fair avenues of opportunity, those upon whom it would seem a blight had rested at the very beginning of their career.

Probably to-day in some lowly home, where there is the hardest work to achieve even a decent support, where some little lad is looking out on life apparently without a chance, is the future leader of the great people of this nation. And because we recognize this is a land of opportunity, and rejoice that once more there has been furnished such a splendid example of American opportunity, we find impressed upon us with special force the lesson of Governor Johnson's life.

Everybody likes to see a poor boy attain success by

industry and perseverance, but in Governor Johnson's life there was more than the deprivation of poverty, more than the mere lack of opportunities which many enjoy. It would seem that at the outset there was everything to discourage him, to depress him, to make him feel that he was without a chance. And so it is not simply that we admire his career. We think to-day of the inspiration that it gives. Every poor mother to-day is helped, as she seeks to care for her boy, in the thought of what Governor Johnson did. Every young man who thinks that the odds are somewhat against him is encouraged when he thinks of what Governor Johnson became.

Governor Johnson was a great public man. He had the shrewdness to pierce sham and to detect reality, and his strength came not because he had come from obscurity by hard work alone, but because in the coming he had continued morally sound and democratically just and sympathetic, traits and ideals which many young men in a similar struggle lose sight of.

And we rejoice that Governor Johnson won his way to the front with his sympathetic and his kindly disposition, without losing the integrity of his character; which only shows the more, the greater the area of his influence and the higher the position that he attained. And therefore it was that he was a public man of strength. Therefore it was that he had such a strong hold upon the hearts of the people. They admired him for the labors he had gone through and the victories he had achieved in his own individual career. But he got their trust and confidence in Minnesota because in that voyage he had not jettisoned his self-respect or his personal honor; and they could trust him as a genuine leader of the people.

He was a man who took a statesmanlike view of his duty. He was sympathetic with popular demands, but at the same time critical and cautious. People learned to trust him more the better they knew him. His repeated victories in a state the majority of whose voters were apparently of another political faith showed what a strong hold he had, not simply upon the affectionate regard of the people, but upon the judgment of the people; for Governor Johnson could not have carried Minnesota merely out of sentiment. He carried Minnesota again and again because the sentiment was supplemented by sincere respect and by affection.

It falls to my lot to come here to-day to say a word in tribute to his memory. You are thinking, and all the people are thinking, of what a loss has been sustained by this country that we love in removing a man so well fitted for eminent service from the councils of the state and of the nation. That loss many may regard as irreparable, but let us not forget that the very fact of that appreciation of loss has emphasized the lessons of his career, and, taken away at the height of his power and in the very zenith of his strength, he will remain forever an inspiration to American youth, an aid to every honest public officer, a security to American public life, a shining exemplar of a true man of the people, whose life was for the people.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE-NASSAU: THE GREAT MODERATE MAN IN HISTORY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

Author and Lecturer, of Ithaca, New York

(Extract from a discourse before the European and American delegates at the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, New York city, September 21, 1909.)

BEHOLD him in history, this son of Juliana of Stolberg — William of Orange-Nassau, who in later tradition, but not by his contemporaries, is called *Den Zwijger* — William the Silent. Whatever else he be — stadholder of Imperial Majesty, signer of the proclamation of the Nobles' League, unsheather of the sword of revolt, head of the beggars who shout "*Oranje Boven*," leader of armies, rescuer of beleaguered Leyden, piercer of the dykes, diplomatist unmatched for skill and craft, the Father of the Fatherland, the idol of a grateful people, the penman of one of the grandest vindications of personal character known either to literature or history, name him by any title that patriotism, gratitude, or admiration can summon forth from the vocabulary of earth's choicest tongues — we salute him, and we ask you to honor with us William, son of Juliana, THE GREAT MODERATE MAN OF HISTORY. He it was, the first pioneer in modern times of spiritual freedom, who believed that "where persecution begins, Christianity ends." Before Roger Williams was born, or Milton wrote, or William Penn began his holy experiment, or American freedom of religion was fixed immutably both in our state consti-

tution and in that matchless national instrument of 1787 — which, under God, has dictated the reconstruction of almost every constitutional government in the world, and which ushered in the era of the written constitutions of the world — he wrote in 1577 to the magistrates of Middelburg, thereby laying, in his own words hewn out of the Rock of Ages, the corner-stones first of the Dutch and then of the American republics:

“We declare to you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of anyone, so long as he has done nothing that works injury to another person or a public scandal.”

In other words, the grandest of all the gifts made by mighty William and sealed by his life's blood at Delft, when he forgave his fanatic murderer, was the spirit which he bequeathed to the Dutch republic. It was not the spirit of war, but of peace. His was not the animus of authority based on force, but the spirit of the religion of the Prince of Peace; and this spirit was quickly and richly manifested during that bloom of the republic, when the United Netherlands was at the van of the world's progress — so that we to-day, looking across the perspective of three centuries, behold the rock whence we were hewn, the hole of the pit whence our treasures were digged; for in that republic we see freedom of conscience and of the press, with liberty for all who would not abuse that liberty. And these things we, who are of English blood and descent, see with true historical perspective, in The Netherlands; yes, even before Milton had lifted up his seraph voice for the freedom of printing, long before the free churches of England were able to come out of the catacombs into the glorious light of day, after the Revolution of 1688 of glorious memory.

Throughout the whole career of William the Silent we note the spirit of a man who felt, every moment of his life, his conscious dependence upon God:

"Himself from God he could not free,
He builded better than he knew."

First, by birth and inheritance, a Roman Catholic; then, when still a youth, by decision of his parents and as one in the family, a Lutheran; and finally, by study, meditation, and profound personal conviction, a Calvinist, he was henceforth ever "tranquil amid the waves." Yet unlike many of his contemporaries, even not a few of saintly name, like Marnix St. Aldegonde, William believed that conscience should be free; and, in sympathy with and first of the large cities of the world to follow William's glorious example and to build that principle as foundation and corner-stone of its history, was the city of the three silver crosses, the mother city of our Manhattan city — Amsterdam.

There on the Amstel and the IJ was the municipality in which every man of good behavior who believed in the ten commandments and the everlasting and unchangeable principles of good neighborliness, of humanity and decency, in a word, of justice and mercy — whatever might be his way of "walking humbly with God" — found welcome and a home. What might be their inner way of conceiving truth or their outward way of expressing it in ritual was not inquired into. It was no part of national or municipal business in the Dutch republic to define dogmas or to settle the ultimate question as to the being and nature of God. Within and behind the walls of the synagogue, meeting-house, mosque, or church edifice, men might define their own doctrines and prac-

tise each his own ritual; but on the streets, in public, only the Golden Rule was known and enforced. On the market, in trade, and wherever differing sorts of men met together, they lived in a peace that fulfilled again the picture of the lion and the lamb lying together and the weaned child playing on the cockatrice's den. Jew, Anabaptist, Catholic, Protestant, Muscovite, Ottoman, the refugees from southern Europe or even those men escaping from the iron hand of the savage and cruel conformists of England were welcomed. Last and most wonderful to relate—even they, who, because they believed in applying democracy to religion, were considered as anarchists and destroyers of peace and order, those Independents, now called Congregationalists, found a home in free Amsterdam. More eloquent, thrilling, inspiring than Rembrandt's miracles in art is the old bas-relief I saw on a Hebrew's house, which showed the hunted bird escaping the hawk; and the refuge was named "Amsterdam."

ENGLAND'S "GRAND OLD MAN"

SAMUEL PARKES CADMAN

Pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn

(Extract from a pulpit discourse, February 6, 1910, on "Lessons from Gladstone's Life.")

IN Gladstone's library at Hawarden Castle stood four desks. On one would be found a copy and a translation from Homer. On another rested a budget, the effects of which shaped the financial policies of many nations.

On the third was heaped a correspondence which connected him with all parts of the world. On the fourth one could discover his masters in theology and the latest volumes treating on the divine science. He moved from one desk to another, spending on an average two hours at each. Labor was rest, change made his recreation in the midst of toil. When his body demanded a course of training, he sallied out and felled a tree. In this wise combination he found his ability to go the second mile that always counts. He did not suffer from the delusion of the gifted that his grand abilities excused him from application. And when a difficult task confronted him, he bent his mighty strength to the business like Ulysses bending his bow. Economical of time, prodigal of effort, delivered from monotony, resurgent in vim, with religion as his chief concern, Gladstone made a brilliant and concrete example of the life that we, as preachers, are always telling you young folks you ought to live.

Criticise him as you please, in politics, but have no doubt about his majesty as a man. The sanction of his maker rested on his well-ordered pilgrimage. His quenchless zeal for the oppressed and the afflicted sprang out of this religion.

"Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.
Hence, eyes that ne'er beheld thee now are dim,
And alien men on alien shores lament."

And never was that eloquence used to better ends than when, in the autumn of 1895, he arose in his old age to make his last great appeal in behalf of the persecuted Armenians. Let me quote a description of the scene:

"See the old man with slow and dragging steps advancing from the door behind the platform to his seat before that sea of eager faces. The figure is shrunken. The eyelids droop. The cheeks are as parchment. Now that he sits, his hands lean heavily upon his staff. We think, 'Ah! it is too late; the fire has flickered out; the speech will be but the dead echo of bygone glories.' But lo! he rises. The color mantles to his face. He stands erect, alert. The great eyes open full upon his countrymen. Yes, the first notes are somewhat feeble, somewhat painful; but a few minutes pass, and the noble voice falls as the solemn music of an organ on the throng. The eloquent arms seem to weave a mystic garment for his oratory. The involved sentences unfold themselves with a perfect lucidity. The whole man dilates. The soul breaks out through the marvelous lips. Age? Not so! This is eternal youth. He is pleading for mercy to an outraged people, for fidelity to a national obligation, for courage and for conscience in a tremendous crisis. And the words from the revised version of the Psalm seem to print themselves on the listener's heart: 'Thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor.'"

This was perhaps the last grand outburst of one who offered his daily prayers to God, who insisted upon attendance at church as the duty of every good citizen, who never missed a season of holy communion, who read the Scriptures, not only privately, but in the public worship of his village church, and whose eyes closed in death while nations waited for the last message from the chamber whence he entered into rest. "You have so lived," said one who wrote him after he was laid aside

by mortal sickness, "that you have kept the soul of England alive."

Young men, this story is England's imperishable heritage to be added to her enrichment of us all by reason of such children as Alfred the Great, John Milton, John Hampden, William Pitt, and Alfred Tennyson. But it also belongs to you and to every man and woman who seeks in any calling to live a pure and noble life. His gifts were his own. Our problems are not his. New occasions teach new duties, but so long as our race can produce so Godlike a man as Gladstone is its candlestick in the divine presence and its light shining clear on the path that lies before us.

SHAKESPEARE THE UNAPPROACHABLE

EDWARD H. RANDOLPH

Of the Shreveport, Louisiana, Bar

(Condensed from the concluding part of an address delivered before the Shakespeare Society of New York city, December 22, 1905.)

WE know something of the influences operating upon Shakespeare, but for the rest we must consult his immortal creations, endless in their variety: for what phase of life has he not touched, what passions has he not explored, and are not his characters more real than living beings themselves? What temple of fame holds so noble a collection as the endless gallery of his portraits? What is there in the domain of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life,

that he has not taught us? What chords has he not touched from the deepest tragic to the lightest lyric: he has equality of power in tragedy, farce, narrative, and love songs, and this power of transmitting the inmost truth of things into music and verse is what makes him not only the greatest poet, but it makes him the representative poet. This is his supreme difference from other poets: no idiosyncrasy, no mannerisms, no egotisms creep into his poetry. There is no exaggeration, no self-assertion, no false relations, nothing forced, all as easy and natural as the mountains slope up from the plains, as the rose unfolds from the bud, as the setting sun sinks into the sea. His supreme greatness is simply in transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse. We feel it in his lines:

“Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.”

We feel the association of truth and music when he speaks of the sea as

“The murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes.”

So we come to the supreme reason why we should study and explore all the workings of this master mind. First, because in it is found the largest and richest expression of poetic thought; and more and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Second, because Shakespeare is “the king of poetic strength and style as well as the king of the realm of thought, and has given us the most varied, the most harmonious verse

that has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." Not only has he shaped and colored the Anglo-Saxon thought, but he has taken possession of the English language, as Wordsworth in one of his sonnets sings:

"In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke."

Beyond this he is not only the great Anglo-Saxon poet, but in his favor has gone the definitive judgment of the international amphictyonic court of final appeal.

Among his contemporaries, his greatness hardly guessed at: with the march of ages his grandeur reveals itself more and more; but what moved within the great brain and the great heart of Shakespeare, more wise and deep, perhaps, than all his tragedies and comedies, we shall never know; it was a matter for himself, and he kept his secret with the taciturnity of nature:

"Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling place,
Spares but the cloudy borders of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality:
And thou who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at — better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow
Find their sole speech in thy victorious brow."

TRIBUTE TO JOHN B. ALLEN

THOMAS BURKE

*Of the Seattle, Washington, Bar; formerly Chief Justice of the
Supreme Court of Washington Territory*

(An excerpt from an address on the "Life and Character of John B. Allen," delivered before the State Bar Association of the State of Washington, 1903.)

I AM called upon to-day to perform a duty of mingled sadness and pleasure: of sadness when I recall that the one who is at this moment in all our thoughts was but yesterday, as it were, in the full flush of manhood, in the full maturity of all his powers, and that to-day he has disappeared from our view forever; of pleasure when I consider the clear and honorable record, both in private and public life, which he has left behind him as an imperishable heritage to his family and to the state — for such a record is that of John B. Allen, late United States Senator from the State of Washington.

In order to attain distinction in life two things must conspire. First, there must be the opportunity, and next, there must be the ability to perceive and improve it. A man, for example, might have unsurpassed talent for the law, and yet if he dwelt in a country like that ruled by Peter the Great, where the only law was the ruler's will, his talent would perish with him unknown. A man might have a genius for war equal to that of Cæsar or Napoleon, yet if his lot were cast in a peaceful age and in a small, unwarlike country, he might never be heard of as a warrior. If the great War of the Rebellion had been delayed twenty-five years, Grant, or Sherman, or Sheridan might never have been known as soldiers

outside of the army register. And I am of the opinion that if it had been Allen's fortune to have lived his professional life in New York city rather than in Olympia, Walla Walla, or Seattle, he would have risen to a place in the front rank of the ablest lawyers in the country. He had the ability, and only wanted the opportunity which the larger field in the East would have afforded him.

Mr. Allen had a kind and sympathetic nature. He had both wit and humor, which he used with telling effect at the bar and in his political contests. But he never used either to inflict a wound even on his bitterest adversary. He was indeed one

"Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade."

He was especially kind and considerate to young men, as scores throughout the state to-day will testify.

His private life was a worthy background to his professional and public career. I knew him intimately for more than a quarter of a century, and my acquaintance with him is one of the purest and most elevating treasures in my memory of the past. A more wholesome moral nature I never knew. His mind had the purity of that of a good woman. Yet he was no weakling. He did not belong to the insipidly moral class. He was in every sense a manly man. It is one of the misfortunes of humankind that we never value such men at their true worth until we have lost them forever.

"For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we reck the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours."

Now that he is gone, we begin to realize our loss; and to the state he served so well by precept, by patriotic work, and by example, to the bar of the state whose history he has enriched by a professional career so full of honor and distinction, to his family to whom he has left the most precious of all inheritances, the memory of a good man's life — his loss is indeed irreparable.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

WHITELAW REID

American Ambassador to England

(Condensed from an address before the Authors' Club, upon the occasion of the celebration of the Poe Centenary, at London, England, March 1, 1909.)

A HUNDRED years ago Edgar Allan Poe entered upon his troubled life. Now, long after his unhappy death, and long after English and French literary tribunals have accepted him as one of the immortals, his countrymen yet wait, even beyond the century, still hesitating to place him with their other literary figures, some surely far smaller, in their Hall of Fame. His genius, so promptly and generously recognized abroad, is of course no longer questioned. But we take pains to remember that it ran within certain narrow and sharply defined channels; that it frequently failed to reach the highest and best human emotions; that it was often morbid and sometimes repulsive.

Yet, with all abatements, Poe's place was surely in the front rank, if not at the very head, among the world's

tellers of short stories. Who has since given us, in such perfect English, the indefinable mystery and the shuddering sense of implacable fate, pervading air, earth and sky, lake and forest, house and people, which we all recall whenever we think of "The Fall of the House of Usher"? Where has the fiendish perfection of revenge been presented more powerfully, or more briefly, or with more artistic reserve than in "The Cask of Amontillado"? Who was the legitimate and inspired forerunner of the immortal Sherlock Holmes himself, if not the author of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"? And who pointed the way to "Treasure Island," if not the author of "The Gold-Bug"? Where, indeed, are the "Tales of the Arabesque and the Grotesque" to be surpassed in their own field in the literature of America, or of England, or of France, or of the world?

But I am not able to think Poe's place in poetry so high or so secure as his place in the telling of short stories. I admit, at once, the incomparable rhythm, the mastery of the wonderful music that may be married to English verse, the sad, haunting tenderness, melody, and mystery. The technique of Poe's poetry is perfection. Yet, perfect as his poems are of their kind, they still seem to me to lack the highest poetic merit — the soul is not in them. How could it be? Here is a man of rare genius who enters the poetical field with the avowed and serious belief that a long poem cannot exist; that the epic is a mania, and the didactic a heresy; that the truth has no sympathy with the myrtles; that, in fact, poetry must be solely and exclusively the rhythmical creation of beauty: that with the intellect or conscience it has only collateral relations, and no concern whatever either with

duty or with truth. Do not think I am misrepresenting him. These are his own expressions, not from some mad extravaganza of his unhappier hours, but from his soberest and most deliberate effort to define the nature of the poetic art. On such a conception how could the uttermost heights be attained?

Finally, let us never forget Poe's hard fate in his own choice of a literary executor and biographer. Not till this generation did he get bare justice at home — and then best, perhaps, in the definitive edition of his works and biography issued a few years ago by two associates, Professor Woodberry of Columbia and the prominent and lately mourned man of letters whom New Yorkers loved to call their banker-poet. It was a pathetic story which these editors had to deal with and we have to remember to-night. I am not going to dwell on it; I am only going to protest against Griswold's version of it. Poe was not a bad man; in many ways he was tender and lovable and loyal. Certainly he was not wicked as he was painted; only pitifully weak. Let those who are perfect cast stones.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND JOHN CALVIN

HENRY M. MACCRACKEN

Chancellor of the University of the City of New York

(Extract from a lecture on "John Calvin," delivered before the Tappan Hall Association, Ann Arbor, Michigan, November 25, 1888.)

EVEN as the lofty Alps rise above all other European mountains, so in history the race of the Latins rises

above its sister races. And, as among the Alps there are two peaks, and two only, that transcend by thousands of feet their fellows: the one looking to the south, over sunny Italy; the other looking toward the north, over fair France — the so-called Rose Mountain and the White Mountain; so from the whole multitude of the race of the Latins there rise just two men, far transcending all other Latins; one looking toward the south, the other looking toward the north; one belonging to ancient days, the other to modern: Julius Cæsar and John Calvin.

Come with me to look upon the two as they enter each his final field of effort, at the youthful age of twenty-seven.

Yonder, Julius Cæsar, thin, tall, sallow, and not a very well-to-do young lawyer, is entering, after long absence, the city of Rome. Here, John Calvin, thin, tall, sallow, and a not very well-to-do young lawyer, preacher also, and author, is entering a hotel in Geneva.

Yon Cæsar, when a wanderer, had it said of him by Sulla, the chief of the Roman oligarchy: "This youth will one day overthrow our aristocracy. In this young Cæsar there is many a Marius." This Calvin, when a wanderer, had it said of him by Erasmus, the chief scholar in the pay of the Roman hierarchy: "I see there [in Calvin] a great plague in the Church, ready to break out against the Church."

Yon Cæsar, entering Rome at twenty-seven years of age, has not been an idler during his seven years of travel, but has studied well — studied books in Greece and military arts in Asia — and has done some battling already at his own vocation, with pirates and Parthians, his favorite motto being, "There is nothing that can stand

against Cæsar!" This Calvin, entering Geneva at twenty-seven years of age, has not been an idler during his five years of travel, but has studied well — studied books in south France, on the Rhine, and in Italy, and has done some warring already, at his own vocation, with papists and pagans, his frequent text, used over and over, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

At fifty-five years died the great Latin of ancient days, stricken by the hands of men, such as Brutus, whom he had cherished! Cæsar died thus because he had lived upon so low a level of regard for his fellowmen. And when Cæsar was dead, his shrewd adherent, Antony, by artful appeals, stirred the populace to mourn his dying, and, in their fury, to even devote the forum and its furniture to a funeral pile, on which was burned all that was left of Cæsar! So Cæsar went down, like the sun on the sand of the Sahara, scorching and blackening.

How different Calvin, who also died at fifty-five! Finishing his work in the same number of years as Cæsar, Calvin lay upon his couch, and the rulers of the republic came and asked his last counsels, and listened reverently to his last testimony, and took leave with clasped hands, tears streaming down their cheeks, as like children these grave magistrates parted from Calvin as their father! So, also, his fellow pastors took their leave. And then, as the deep anguish quenched his life, the whole republic — rulers and clergy, university and people — bore him to the cemetery, and laid him, as he had requested, under the level sod, not to be vexed with stone or other monument. There, as of Moses' sepulcher, no man knoweth of Calvin's sepulcher until this day.

So John Calvin's sun set on this world as the sun goes down on the verdure of Switzerland's meadows, warming and cheering, to rise again on each new to-morrow, cheering and warming the earth still, and as long as sun and moon shall endure, throughout all generations.

THE GREATNESS OF JOHN MARSHALL

RICHARD OLNEY

Secretary of State during Cleveland's second administration

(Extract from an oration delivered in Boston, 1901, the occasion being the centenary celebration of the installation of Marshall as first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.)

It is not obvious what most of us are born for, nor why almost anyone might as well not have been born at all. Occasionally, however, it is plain that a man is sent into the world with a particular work to perform. If the man is commonly, though not always, unconscious of this mission, his contemporaries are as a rule equally blind, and it remains for after generations to discover that a man has lived and died for whom was set an appointed task, who has attempted and achieved it, and who has made the whole course of history different from what it would have been without him.

John Marshall had a mission of that sort to whose success intellect and learning of the highest order, as well as special legal ability and training, might well have proved inadequate. The work Marshall was destined to undertake can be estimated only by considering

its inherent character. All minor features being disregarded, there are two of capital importance. In the first place, here was a ship of state just launched which was to be run rigidly by chart — by sailing directions laid down in advance and not to be departed from, whatever the winds or the waves or the surprises or perils of the voyage — in accordance with grants and limitations of power set forth in writing and not to be violated or ignored except at the risk and cost of revolution and civil war. The experiment thus inaugurated was unique in the history of civilized peoples and believed to be of immense consequence both to the American people and to the human race. But there were also wheels within wheels, and the experiment of government according to a written text entailed yet another; namely, that of a judicial branch designed to keep all other branches within their prescribed spheres. To that end it was not enough to make the judicial branch independent of the legislative and executive branches. It was necessary to make it the final judge not only of the powers of those other departments, but of its own powers as well.

It was a national judiciary of this sort of which John Marshall became the head one hundred years ago. That he dominated his court on all constitutional questions is indubitable. That he exercised his mastery with marvelous sagacity and tact, that he manifested a profound comprehension of the principles of our constitutional government and declared them in terms unrivaled for their combination of simplicity and exactness, that he justified his judgments by reasoning impregnable in point of logic and irresistible in point of persuasiveness — has not all this been universally conceded for the two generations

since his death and will it not be found to have been universally voiced to-day wherever throughout the land this centenary has been observed? "All wrong," said John Randolph of one of Marshall's opinions, "all wrong — but no man in the United States can tell why or wherein he is wrong."

EULOGY OF WILLIAM B. ALLISON

JOHN W. DANIEL

Late United States Senator from Virginia

(Extract from a memorial address on William B. Allison, late United States Senator from Iowa, delivered in the Senate of the United States February 21, 1909.)

A GUIDE, a counselor, and a leader — so to speak, a father in Israel — has left us in the vanished form of William B. Allison, to whom we had become so accustomed that his presence seems to abide. He was a great senator, even as he was a good citizen and a noble American. He gave his first fruits and the best fruits of his life to his people and his country. He left no enemies here. We looked upon him with friendship, and everyone found in him a friend. He was born at Perry, Ohio, March 2, 1829. He died at his home in Dubuque, Iowa, on the fourth day of August, 1908, in the eightieth year of his age.

Senator Allison was a man of peace and a great peacemaker. He instinctively observed the wise admonition of Allen G. Thurman to "keep a civil tongue in his mouth."

He avoided the sharp and bitter angles of speech as well as of practical affairs in life. It was axiomatic with the ancients that the middle way is the safe way. It is the wise way, the way that least tires the traveler, and the way that least breaks axles and harness and wheels. The most experienced and best lawyers have always settled their cases, when they could, out of court, not in it. It was laughingly said of a certain statesman that he was so prone to compromise that if a claimant demanded both the Capitol and Library, he would compound by saying, "Well, take the Library and leave us the Capitol." Allison was not that kind or any other kind of a weakling. When he stood for a principle to which he was devoted, he was as firm as a rock and believed that God Almighty hates a quitter.

Moderation and patience were his masterful virtues. They are not the swiftest coursers in the chariot-race, but they are the surest footed, the strongest, and the most dependable in the vast majority of the affairs of nations and of men. Neither the individual nor the social body can find verifiable progress without them. They wreck no trains; they cut down no trees to get at the fruit. They do not break banks nor burn candles at both ends; they join no "get-rich-quick" societies. They bury no armies in Russian snows, they bring on no revolutions, and they stir no schisms. They excite no hatred, but always allay it. They may not shine in the meteoric splendor that departs as it illumines, but they do the great and wholesome business of man's existence. They spread the ample board; they provide food and raiment; they store the fuel that makes summer by the hearthstone of the winter time. Like the sun, again, you may

not see it move, but it is moving all the same, and when the day is done it has done its work of vitality and cheer over the wide landscape.

These be virtues, the signal virtues, moderation and patience, which are most of all things to be commended and cultivated in a great republic, for the republic, of all forms of government, is the most quickly affected by the transient gusts of public opinion. In such wise, and in such wise alone, can we best serve America that her fair form

“Shall rise and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Putting to shame with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.”

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

Former United States Ambassador to Great Britain

(Extract from his inaugural address as President of the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh, March 19, 1904.)

REVOLUTIONARY periods produce, if they do not create, men of genius whom the exigencies of the times demand. Whether they are bred out of the conditions which create the revolution, or always exist in every community, waiting for the supreme summons to call them forth, seems little to the purpose to inquire. The appointed hour strikes and the man appears.

Napoleon, the most consummate individual force in modern history, evolved out of years of terror and anarchy

to rescue a great nation from chaos, will occur to every one as the most striking example. Lincoln, of happier destiny, rising above the bloody carnage of civil war to save his divided country, by striking the shackles from four millions of slaves, and so converting the doubtful war for empire into a sublime and triumphant contest for freedom, seems to have been providentially created for that awful crisis. Going back to the very beginning of our young republic, when, after all hope of conciliation with the mother country was abandoned, the Continental Congress appointed Washington as the commander-in-chief of the American army, to withstand the overwhelming power of the mightiest of nations, and, by his matchless patience, skill, and valor, to achieve the independence of the colonies, they appear to have found and selected the one man in all history best qualified for that most critical task.

In the subsequent making of the new nation, which the success of Washington and his companions-in-arms at last rendered possible, there appeared a considerable body of statesmen, trained in political discussion, tried by seven years of war, aroused by the four years of anarchy that succeeded, whose combined wisdom and foresight framed the Constitution of the United States, and set in motion the government which it called into being, in a way that to-day challenges the admiration and approval of all thinking men. Foremost among these in intellectual brilliancy, individual force, constructive capacity, and personal influence was Alexander Hamilton.

Not that Hamilton was a man without spot or blemish. He had many glaring faults, but they were mostly the

result of that passionate and impetuous nature which was a striking feature of his personality. This involved him in personal quarrels which sadly interfered with the plans and the policy of the Federalists, and one of which directly led to their overthrow. But his commanding talents and weight of character were so transcendent, his genius for public service so unfailing, his political vision so clear, and his devotion to public duty so constant, that even these great faults have hardly diminished the luster of his fame, or the gratitude of his countrymen for his matchless services in laying the foundations of the republic. He scorned all mercenary ideas and motives, all low ambitions, and his integrity was so absolute, and his patriotism so unselfish and exalted, that his name and career are a cherished national treasure.

The tragical death of Hamilton has done much to embalm his name in the memory of his countrymen. Great as he was, he was not great enough to rise above the barbarous and brutal theory and practise of that age, which sanctioned and compelled a resort to the duel as the honorable mode of settling personal disputes, but to which the cruel sacrifice of his precious life put an end, at least in the northern states. Two years before, he had followed to the grave his eldest son, a victim to the same senseless code of honor, and now, still in the very prime of his own life, at the age of forty-seven, in the midst of a great career of usefulness, crowned with all the laurels which his grateful country could bestow, he was called to meet his own untimely fate. He accepted the challenge, forced upon him by his most dangerous and unscrupulous political adversary, with

whom he had had many bitter contests, and who was at last determined to be rid of him. One glorious July morning, on the heights of Weehawken, overlooking the Hudson and in sight of his own happy home in New York — whose idol he had been — they met for the last and mortal combat. Hamilton fell fatally wounded at the first shot of his adversary, having fired his own pistol in the air, and so unhappily and unworthily ended the life of one of the noblest, manliest, and most useful men of whom we have any record — the trusted friend and companion of Washington — and one of the best gifts of God to the nation which they labored together to found.

“LEE’S OLD WAR HORSE”: LIEUTENANT-
GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT

Editor of “The Georgian”

(Extract from an address delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Georgia, June 16, 1908.)

BEFORE the bar of public opinion I am here to-day to plead the cause of an old soldier who sleeps mantled in the Confederate gray; who, with honest convictions, took an unpopular course during the days of Reconstruction; who, refusing to recant, died unwept and unforgiven; but who, in the long reach of the reconciling years, will yet find, I am sure, the reversal of judgment which will convert obloquy into honor.

No better soldier was there in Lee's army than this grim warrior from Georgia, and well did he merit the title of "Lee's Old War Horse." Following the war he engaged in the cotton brokerage business in New Orleans, and just at that time he was asked to give his opinion of the political crisis. In view of the utter helplessness of the South he felt that the best way to accomplish the removal of the incubus of Reconstruction lay in the patient acceptance of the situation. Consequently he advised the South to submit. He lined himself squarely with the Reconstructionists; and facing the hostile elements, he seemed to say in the words of Seneca's pilot, "O Neptune, you can sink me or you can save me, but whatever may be my fate, I shall hold the rudder true."

It was an unpopular course which was taken by Lee's Old War Horse. I know where I would have stood and what I would have done, for my sympathies have ever been with those who hurled the indignant protest of the Anglo-Saxon. But the course was one which honest convictions compelled him to take; one which subsequent developments in large measure served to justify; one which Governor Brown took with like results; one which Mr. Stephens advocated without leaving the Democratic party; and one which General Lee himself is said to have counseled and approved. Never can I forget the speech of vindication which Governor Brown delivered in Atlanta on the event of his election to the United States Senate. I was only a lad, and Governor Brown was not an orator to stir the youthful imagination. But the echoes of the old governor's speech could not have been more lingering if they had come from the bugle horns of Elfland. He argued that the logic of

events had established the wisdom of his course during the days of Reconstruction; and then, to cap the climax, he drew from his pocket an old letter to show what another Confederate soldier thought of his Appomattox parole. It was written from Lexington, Virginia. In no uncertain words it commended the policy of acquiescence as the one which was best in keeping with the terms of surrender and the one which was most likely to mitigate the evils of Reconstruction. "That letter," said the old governor, as he held it up before the breathless audience, "was penned by the hand and dictated by the heart of that immortal hero, Robert E. Lee."

Georgia's war governor was sent to the United States Senate, but there was no melting of the ice for Longstreet.

Georgia has now recalled her Brown to sit side by side with her Hill in the American Senate; but not yet has she recalled her Longstreet to ride side by side with her Gordon upon the pavements of her capitol. In one sense it is too late to undo the past, for it lies not in the voice of her honor to provoke the silent dust nor in the tongue of flattery to soothe the dull, cold ear of death; but ere many suns have risen and set upon Georgia another silent figure on horseback will be found guarding the portals of her Capitol. Gordon's statue faces the north, and it tells how Gordon faced the north whether in wrestling for victory or in pleading for peace. Longstreet's statue must face the south, not only in confident appeal, but with expectant look for the vindication which is sure to come at last. Until it comes the tattered old flag will droop for shame from her memorial arches. Until it comes the legend upon her coat of arms will be meaningless mockery. Until it comes the scales of

justice which hang in her supreme court-room will flash into her face the mystic symbols upon the walls of Babylon; and, though prosperity may belt her like the bands of Saturn, it will only wrap her in the guilty splendors of Belshazzar's feast. But come it will. So start the procession to the quarry; bring forth the granite; summon the sculptor; and prepare the chisel; for the old commonwealth at last, from Chickamauga's dust to Tybee's light, is waking from her sleep. She intends to revoke the unjust sentence which has rested all too long upon the old knight whom Lee loved; and in the zeal of her anxiety to render due homage to the name of Longstreet she will want to proclaim the amended verdict in colors so bright and in letters so large that, standing upon the battlements of Yonah Mountain, she will have to snatch the pencil of the dawn and write it on the bosom of the stars.

EULOGY OF DAVID A. DEARMOND

WILLIAM P. BORLAND

Congressman from Missouri

(Extract from an address delivered in the House of Representatives April 9, 1910, in commemoration of the life and services of David A. DeArmond, late a congressman from Missouri. Mr. DeArmond was burned to death at his home in Missouri while attempting to rescue his grandchild from the flames.)

THE tragic death of David DeArmond removed suddenly from the national stage one of the strong leaders of his party and one upon whom the most weighty responsi-

bilities rested. No man could have foreseen the inscrutable providence by which such a brilliant career, so well rounded, so tempered by the ripeness of experience, so firmly founded upon the enduring respect and esteem of a great constituency, so full of promise of immediate and continual usefulness, should be brought to such an untimely end.

The American Congress is full of strong men, men who by their personality, native ability, and force of character have made themselves conspicuous among the thousands of their fellow citizens who constitute a great congressional district. Among such strong men of strong personalities this little giant of the sixth Missouri district towered to a conspicuous place. It was the force of his intellect? Yes, to a certain extent. It was the force of his industry and conscientious devotion to duty? That also is true, but was no less true of many other men. The thing which made DeArmond great was his greatness of soul, which made his associates realize his inflexible fidelity to the American principle of equal rights. To him equal rights meant no less the vigorous assertion of his own proper claims and those of the people of his district than a just and kindly consideration of the rights of all people and all districts. He would no more encroach upon the rights of others than he would permit the invasion of his own. He was scrupulously exact in refusing any especial advantage to himself. He would not stultify himself by seeking undue advantages or accepting undue favors, which he knew were not consistent with the justice which he owed to others. This trait of his character was familiar to his associates and shines like a brilliant fixed star, in what is sometimes

regarded by the pessimistic as a black midnight of political corruption, special privilege, and graft. If more public servants had the high courage of their convictions to refuse unearned favors and special privileges to themselves, there would be no note of pessimism in American politics. It is the acceptance of favors not deserved and of special privileges without adequate public compensation that constitutes the first step out of the straight and narrow path of honest self-government toward the bottomless pit of corruption and graft. No man saw this more clearly or lived it more truly than David A. DeArmond. His life is a lesson to all young legislators and his example should be heralded to the world as proof of the eternal vitality of the principles of self-government.

And now he is gone, leaving the indelible impress of his example upon our national political life, and having written another brilliant page in the rich and varied history of the great commonwealth of Missouri. We cherish his memory and add it to our common heritage of great traditions, which underlie like a broad foundation the splendid edifice of the perpetuity of our republic.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

EULOGY OF ANSELM J. McLAURIN

WILLIAM A. DICKSON

Congressman from Mississippi

(Extract from an address delivered in the House of Representatives April 10, 1910, in commemoration of the life and services of Anselm J. McLaurin, late United States Senator from Mississippi.)

SOMEWHERE I have read that in the beginning the Great Designer, conceiving the making of man, called into council those attendant ministers about the throne of Omnipotence — Justice, Truth, and Mercy — and, laying bare to them the designs of Deity, he asked counsel. In answer, Justice first replied, "O God of Justice, make not man, for he will trample Thy law beneath his feet and make of Justice a mockery on earth." Truth, next summoned, said, "Make not man, O God of Truth, for he will pervert Thine own word, Thou God of Truth, and make of verity a mockery in the land." But Mercy, next in turn summoned, meekly came and said, "Make him, O Thou God of Mercy, and give him into my keeping, and I will guide his footsteps and guard his walk on earth." And He made him and said, "Go, thou child of Mercy, and minister to thy fellows." Obedient to that inspiration, God-given and God-felt, Anselm McLaurin lived, acted, and died. By the God of truth, in the light of justice, and by the measure of mercy, is he rewarded.

Senator McLaurin occupied almost all stations official in the catalogue of the public service of Mississippi. Loyalty characterized the attachment of those who followed his personal and political fortunes. Friendship

was his talisman and the unvarying majority attending his every political contest serves as an eloquent eulogium of his hold upon the hearts of his people. He was a warrior without defeat, a victor without disdain. No sun ever set upon that field of strife, whereon he was a contestant, that marked the trailing of his banner in the wake of the conquered.

His last years were his most illustrious, in that he lived a life that was a lesson, luminous and illustrative of the best. The majestic Christian walked hand in hand with the accomplished statesman.

To him who speaks it was permitted to see him last of all who here with him served. Two days after the Thanksgiving of the nation I met him. It was after something of a taxing journey. The salutations passed, he said, "Will, I am tired. The doctor says the valve of my heart is leaking." It was too true. Through that greatest of his parts, his splendid soul was finding an ebbing place. As came the Christmas tide, the recurring season, remindful of the Master's birth, in the heart of his family, saying, "I feel better to-day," after a season of depression, his majestic soul took its flight, without further warning.

Just a day after, in the little city of Brandon, off to one side in God's chosen acre, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," they laid him in the gentle bosom of his mother. There at last in his windowless tenement he rests. The "dead Douglas" has won the field; and in this his last triumph we see his greatest victory. He conquered self, but bent to none but God, and lived as one who might say of the irrevocable past:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the goal,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

THE PILGRIM FAITH

CHARLES F. AKED

Pastor of the First Avenue Baptist Church of New York City

(Extract from a sermon preached on Forefathers' Sunday, December 20, 1908.)

It was in the university city of Leyden, in Holland, nearly three hundred years ago. The congregation was English. The preacher was a man of fine presence, rare intellectual and spiritual culture, and moving eloquence. One who knew him in his English home spoke of him as "a man utterly revered in all the city for the grace of God in him." Strong men were shaken by their emotions as by a tempest. Tears flowed down the cheeks of women. It was a strange and wonderful service, as the preacher spoke from this strange text: "Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river Ahava, that we might humble ourselves before our God, to seek of Him a straight way, for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." The remainder of that day was spent "in pouring out prayers to the Lord with

great fervency, mixed with abundance of tears," and the next in the sadness of farewells. On the following day, some on foot, some in wagons, more by canal-boat, the people made their way to Delfshaven, where the *Speedwell* swung at her anchor, and there embarked for an English port, only to trust themselves again to the western billows, in search of a new and nobler England over seas.

The men of the seventeenth century and all the numberless unknown heroes who shared their sacrifice and toil fought for liberty that they might safeguard and spread spirituality upon the earth. In a single phrase, that is the entire story of their struggle against bigot, priest, and king. They were very sure that spirituality could not walk in fetters, and they sought a free state in order that they might build a free church. Your fathers settled that question for you and settled it right, and under the Constitution it is settled forever. Ours, therefore, is a different task. We have to serve and save the spirituality of the nation lest the liberties of the land decay. For the forms of democracy are precisely those through which corruption most readily works if the spirit of democracy be dead. "Where there is no vision the people perish." And this country without ideals, without spiritual vision, without a living faith, without God, were lost indeed. So that the question which I address to you: Do you still believe in the God of your fathers? Is their faith yours? means, in its last analysis, no less than this: Must this nation be torn by the demon of anarchy or possessed by the genius of liberty? Shall we frankly confess our materialism and live by the world's base motto, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," or, by this

higher motto, "Every man for his brother and God for us all"?

You have seen the monument to the forefathers which a grateful posterity has erected to their memory in Plymouth not far from the spot where first their brave feet trod. Aloft on the huge central pedestal is Faith. In her left hand she holds a Bible, with the right she points to heaven. On the broad base beneath her Morality sits enthroned, looking upward to Faith and drawing her inspiration from her, for, as Mr. Birrell has pointed out, "Faith is ever your best manufacturer of good works, and when her furnaces are blown out Morality suffers." On another side of the base is the figure of Law, supported by Justice and Mercy. On a third side is Education, flanked by Wisdom, ripe with years, and Youth, led by the hand of Experience. On the remaining side is the figure of Freedom; with one hand she shelters Peace, by the other Tyranny is overthrown. These figures stand for the granite principles on which the fathers of New England founded the greatness of the commonwealth.

Standing beneath their shadow I saw again their glorious fight for freedom. But standing on Burial Hill, beneath which the ashes of the heroes rest, I saw a grander sight. I saw right across this continent, from the Atlantic billows westward to the Pacific main, from the frozen north to the glowing south, over mountain and prairie and teeming city where free men live. And I saw, or thought I saw, further still. I saw right across the Atlantic Ocean, over three thousand miles of tempestuous sea, right back to old England, to the village of Scrooby, and to Brewster's farm, and to a number of hunted men gathered there, and John Robinson breaking to them the

bread of life. And I saw — oh! I saw it by the eye of faith which alone sees right — I saw this great nation, with its wealth and its culture and its power, visibly growing up before my eyes out of the spiritual ministry of John Robinson to those daring souls and their immovable fidelity to conscience and to God.

THE PERMANENCE OF PURITAN PRINCIPLES

STEWART L. WOODFORD

Former Ambassador to Spain

(From a speech delivered at a banquet of the New England Society, New York city, December, 1907.)

IN 1607 Captain John Smith and his associates landed at Jamestown. In July, 1609, Champlain came down, from Canada and mapped out the shores of the lake still bearing his name. In September, 1609, the *Half Moon*, a Dutch vessel, chartered by the Holland or Dutch East Indian Company and commanded by Henry Hudson, an Englishman, came into the harbor of New York. In 1620 the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock. Those who landed at Jamestown were of the gentry of England, and found fertile fields where they might make great plantations and lay the beginning of the southern development of the nation. Champlain located in a strategic point, strategic because it reached Canada and the north through a natural waterway, and yet connected naturally with the Great Lakes at the west. The Dutchmen who landed here did not need to come for conscience; they

did not need to come for free thought; they did not need to come for free religion. They had all these in Holland, and they came for the development of a commercial purpose, and by a singular coincidence or good fortune they struck the only point that was to control the ultimate commercial supremacy of this entire continent. The New Englander came for conscience. He came for liberty in religion. He came for liberty in government, and under divine guidance he struck that spot where these things could best fructify. He struck the hard soil. He struck a hard climate. He struck hard conditions and land where there could only be small farms, and land where there must be suffering, where there must be thrift, where there must be industry; he struck on the Atlantic coast, where conscience and ideals and purposes were to breathe and bring forth and develop into their just and best ultimate. Jamestown is now a pleasant little spot in an almost forgotten place on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. Lake Champlain is visited by tourists, but is no center of things that are done for the continent. New York stands the center of the commercial supremacy of the nation, but New England has had the fortunate gift, the fortunate opportunity of being the land where ideals were bred, where purposes were nurtured, and from which has gone the influence that has controlled, does control, and will control this continent for centuries.

Gentlemen, we are justly proud of our past; we are justly hopeful of our future. There are, there will be hard hours. Tide is not always high; seas are not always smooth; skies are not always blue; tempest and storm must come. The old New England faith and the old

New England purpose and the old New England energy will lead in the struggle of the future and will bear our flag higher and further than it has ever gone, if we are only true to the old New England ideas. May God give us strength, and our children strength, to work. Work is honorable. May He give us strength to save; frugality is honorable; may He give us wise guidance, for wisdom is necessary. But through all, through stress and through prosperity, bear this thought before us: The republic will win along the old line of thrift, of industry, of brain, of conscience, or it will not win at all.

PURITAN AND CAVALIER

DUDLEY G. WOOTEN

Of the Seattle, Washington, Bar; former Congressman from Texas

(From a commencement address at Baylor University, June 11, 1900.)

THERE have been at various epochs in American history two prevailing types of manhood, and they have usually been considered as representing distinctly opposite types of personal, social, and political principles and habits of thought and action. As a matter of fact, the essential basis in the character of both types has been the same stern, stoical, unbending devotion to duty and principle for their own sakes as duty and principle appeared to each. The Puritan and the Cavalier, — how unlike and yet how intrinsically similar in the fundamental qualities that gave consistency to their characters!

The psalm-singing saints of the time of Cromwell, with their names out of the genealogical tables of the old Bible, their pious cant, self-righteous airs, shaven pates, and rude scorn of all the graces and courtesies of life, were caricatures of that stalwart Puritanism that saved England from the licentiousness, tyranny, and corrupt materialism of the Stuart kings and courts. The Puritan faced a scoffing world with the calmness of his convictions, and he threw down the bloody head of a king as the token of his relentless courage.

On the other hand, the rollicking, roystering Cavalier, with his perfumed laces and flowing curls, his loose virtue and reckless daring, "all for drinking, dicing, love, and fighting," was the extravagant travesty of that resplendent knighthood whose loftiest aspirations were ennobled by the life of a Raleigh and whose tenderest chivalry was glorified on the death-bed of a Sydney. Beneath the gaudy trappings and frivolous affectation of those essenced Cavaliers of the olden time there beat the hearts of heroes and breathed the souls of martyrs.

The golden age of America's devotion to principle for principle's sake was made golden and glorious by the same qualities that illuminate the lives of the Roundheads and Cavaliers of England's stormy period of revolution and reform. The men whose names shine brightest and whose memories smell sweetest on the roll of the South's buried heroes were those who added to the Puritan's faith and constancy the Cavalier's courage and chivalric devotion to duty. The heart swells and the eyes fill as we think of that gay and gallant host that rode down to death from the plains and valleys of this beauteous land, at the call of their country's peril, in

that dire crisis now nearly forty years ago; and it may be truthfully said of them all, living and dead, that they faced the carnage of battle and bore the burden of disaster and defeat with all the stoical calm of the Puritan martyr in his mightiest moments of consecrated zeal, and with all the debonair courage and dauntless devotion of knighthood in the knightliest age of chivalry.

And then, when we come to contemplate the two mighty leaders who led those fiery spirits to deeds of imperishable valor and fame, we behold the very incarnation of every virtue that may adorn both types of manhood in their highest exhibitions of moral grandeur.

Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee — the Castor and Pollux of the Southern Confederacy — the twin divinities of courage and constancy in that mightiest struggle in the crimson calendar of war since jarring discord shook the battlements of heaven — whose colossal figures loom with larger majesty through the gathering mists of time and distance, and on whose brows the shadows of the tomb have only heightened the halo of heroic splendor. It is difficult to know which was most to be admired, the consecrated zeal and simple sincerity of the one, or the lion-hearted bravery and gentle dignity of the other; but taken together they represent the blended virtue and vigor of humanity in its sublimest moods of power and of Christianity in its serenest triumphs of charity and patience. When I consider the career of these two men in the zenith of their mature manhood and martial glory, I always think of the Wise Man's description of his Beloved, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." With the splendid fortitude of the ancient crusader they

combined the fierce faith of the English Puritan and the lofty spirit of the typical Cavalier, while around them hovered the tender and reverent dignity of a cause that enshrined the indestructible ideals of a great-hearted people willing to do and die for its sacred beliefs. Is it any wonder that such chieftains were the idols of those invincible hosts they marshaled to the fearful music of the battle psalm and the charge, of whom it can be confidently affirmed that the world has seen no such warriors since Cromwell's "Ironsides" swept the bloody fields of Naseby and Marston Moor, and Havelock's "Saints" rode to victory 'neath the walls of Lucknow.

PURITAN AND CATHOLIC

WILLIAM HENRY O'CONNELL

Catholic Archbishop of Boston

(From an address at the centennial celebration of the founding of the Diocese of Massachusetts, October 28, 1908.)

THE New England Puritan, narrow of mind and limited in education, was not entirely to blame if he accepted the current and seemingly plausible view of the Catholics of that time. What the Catholic seemed in the mind of the Puritan was somewhat natural, and, seeing him as he did, he closed his heart to him and his kindred. He was to be exiled first, if caught, and upon returning he was to be hanged.

The Puritan has passed; the Catholic remains. The city where a century ago he came unwanted he has made

his own. A century has materialized a prosperity and a growth undreamed of by his fathers. The little church of Boston has grown and expanded into one of the most prosperous and numerous provinces of the Christian world. The seed planted in trial and watered with tears has grown into a mighty tree. The virtue, the strength, the beauty were all in the seed — the faith of Christ never fails to flourish when there is air and light enough and liberty to grow. Persecution but impedes it only for a while — and even while it impedes its blossoming, only strengthens the roots and invigorates the sap. The first pastor of Boston well knew this when he gave to his little church the name of Holy Cross. One hundred years have multiplied one little church into one thousand, two priests into two thousand, one bishop into eight, and the hundred faithful, courageous souls into nearly three millions.

We of to-day must prove our titles by prizing them at their true value. We must fear no enmity and create none. No effort to misinterpret our labors for harmony must cool our ardor. No obstacles of ignorance of our faith nor antipathy to race must discourage us. The sign of the holy cross gleams high before us Catholics of Boston and New England as it did upon the banners of Constantine when the Church came forth from the catacombs to take her rightful place of glory and triumph among all tribes and peoples. The procession has started — the march toward our duty here, not merely to ourselves, but to our surroundings, must proceed. God wills it — our country demands it. "Let the dead past bury its dead"; but not all the past is dead.

The courage, the self-sacrifice, the heroism of our

prelates and priests and ancestors will never die. When this city has grown ancient, when, mayhap, many other races from other lands, mingling with your children's children, gather around these altars centuries hence, as we do to-day, to get courage for the future by meditating upon what has been, the names of Boston's four great bishops, the pioneer priests, and the earliest Catholics will still be glorified in the history of this land and held in eternal benediction by all who love the blessings of peace and law. The glory of court and battle-field is but a gilded bauble compared to the eternal glory which true moral greatness, begot of faith, weaves for those who in obscurity and hardship serve faithfully God and country, as did the patriarchs and people of the Catholic Church of New England one hundred years ago, when still all here was in the beginning.

NORTH DAKOTA AND INLAND WATERWAYS

JOHN BURKE

Governor of North Dakota

(Extract from a speech delivered for a meeting of the Deep Waterways Commission, at Memphis, Tennessee, 1907.)

UP in North Dakota where I live, the northwest is 'way up in Canada, and 'way up in Canada North Dakota is 'way down south. I was in a customs office on the border between North Dakota and Manitoba some time ago when a gentleman, reporting in, remarked to the customs official, "I have traveled around a great deal,

but this is the farthestest south I have ever been in my life before." He returned the following day. Possibly he feared that he could not endure the heat of our winters.

I mention this simply to call your attention to what Governor Cummins said last night in his speech about the great Mississippi valley being the richest grain country in the entire world. I mention this to call your attention to the fact that north and west of us lies a great agricultural country with which we are now competing in the markets of the world. I do not know just where the northwest begins from Memphis, so I hardly know where to commence talking about the northwest; but if that term includes the great state of Iowa, bounded upon one side by the Mississippi and upon the other by the mighty Missouri, surely no argument is necessary to convince anyone of the advantages it would be to her commercially to have those rivers navigated. And then, again, another difficulty might be solved, because if improvement on the Missouri River was such as to keep the old Missouri in bounds, then the electors on election day would know on its boundary whether they were in Iowa voting for Cummins or in Nebraska voting for Bryan. Why, we have in North Dakota one river that flows down from Canada some sixty or seventy miles and then, apparently disgusted with the neglect and the indifference of the American people, it turns around and flows back into Canada.

Now, my friends, is it not true that every governor who has appeared before you, that every speaker who has appeared before you, even the President of the United States, has told you that the railroads of this country could not longer handle the business of the country?

The reason is plain: Our growth and our development, our commercial, our agricultural and commercial industries, have developed faster than the railroads. What are we to do in the premises? Which one of you is willing to see the great commercial industries of this country stand still until the railroads catch up? We have been growing and developing so fast in our state that we have had little time for considering projects of this kind. But you, my Missouri friends, do you think that the Missourians who have come to North Dakota — you, my friends — do you think that the men from Illinois and Iowa and from Kansas and Nebraska, who have come alone upon our prairies with no friends but their hands and no capital but their labor, have made it to blossom as the rose, do you believe that those men are willing that the great industries of the state shall stand still until railroad development overtakes the developments in other lines? No, my friends, I do not believe that the patriotic people of this country, when they thoroughly understand what this movement means, will stand in the way of the accomplishment of your designs. I believe that Yankee genius and Yankee push will solve the problem, and I believe that the patriotism of the American people will give them the opportunity.

PEARY AND THE POLE

SIMEON FORD

*Proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel, New York City, and a
favorite after-dinner speaker*

(Remarks as toast-master at a dinner of hotel keepers, New York city, 1909.)

THE two chief happenings of the year, viewed from a scientific standpoint, were the finding of the North Pole by Commander Peary and the loss of a set of fine old vintage whiskers by the gifted orator who is now addressing you. Peary found his Pole way up at the highest spot in the world except the Claremont restaurant. I found my pole on the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-first Street, and it had red and white stripes around it.

I was greatly interested in Peary's achievement because he lived at the Grand Union for two years before sailing and always paid his board promptly. He trained there. He told me on the eve of his departure that after what he had endured at our place no hardships could daunt him; that after the cold deal we gave him the Pole would seem sultry.

I contributed in my humble way toward the discovery. I gave Peary my best wishes and a copy of that great work which contains the cream of my after-dinner speeches. Peary used to read it to the Eskimos during the long arctic night, and when the spring came they were willing and anxious to go out and risk their lives on the ice-floe providing Peary would shut off his flow.

Just before Peary got there a Brooklyn gentleman

named Cook discovered the Pole from a distance of several hundred miles. His eyesight had been trained, down at Bradley's, watching the little ivory ball drop into the wrong compartment.

Scientists have demonstrated that at the time Cook discovered the Pole he was headed for Palm Beach and going strong, but chancing to glance over his shoulder — his left shoulder — he thought he saw something which smelled like a Pole. I do not care to take sides in this controversy, but would advise Dr. Cook to take out a liberal accident policy before hobnobbing with Commander Peary. Peary is a man of great physical strength and undaunted courage. I have seen him go right into a restaurant and take a table by a window without even asking the head waiter. A man who does not quail before a head waiter is a bird.

THE ASSIMILATED DUTCHMAN

HORACE PORTER

Former United States Ambassador to France

(From a speech before the Holland Society of New York October 3, 1893.)

I HAVE great admiration for Dutchmen; they always get to the front. When they appear in New York, they are always invited to seats on the roof; and when they go into an orchestra, they are always given one of the big fiddles to play; and when they march in a procession, they are always sure to get a little ahead of the band.

This society differs materially from other so-called foreign societies. When we meet the English, we invariably refer to the common stock from which we sprang, but in the Dutch Society the stock is always preferred! And when a Dutchman dies, why, his funeral is like that funeral of Abel, who was killed by his brother Cain — no one is allowed to attend unless he belongs to a first family.

And it is well in this material age, when we are dwelling so much upon posterity, not to be altogether oblivious to pedigree. It has been well said that he who does not respect his ancestors will never be likely to achieve anything for which his descendants will respect him. Man learns very little in this world from precept; he learns something from experience; he learns much from example, and the "best teachers of humanity are the lives of worthy men."

The men from whom you sprang were well calculated to carry on the great work undertaken by them. In the first place, in that good old land they had educated the conscience. The conscience never lost its hold upon the man. He stood as firm in his convictions as the rock to its base. His religion was a religion of the soul, and not of the senses. He might have broken the tables of stone upon which the laws were written; he never would have broken those laws themselves. He turned neither to the past with regret nor to the future with apprehension. He was a man inured to trials; practised in self-abnegation; educated in the severe school of adversity; and that little band which set out from Holland to take up its career in the new world was well calculated to undertake the work which Providence had

marked out for them. Those men had had breathed into their nostrils at their very birth the true spirit of liberty, — that spirit of liberty which does not mean unbridled license of the individual, but that spirit of liberty which can turn blind submission into rational obedience; that spirit of liberty which Hall says stifles the voices of kings, dissipates the mists of superstition, kindles the flames of art, and pours happiness into the laps of the people. Those men started out boldly upon the ocean; they paused not until they dipped the fringes of their banners in the waters of the western seas.

If we may judge the future progress of this land by its progress in the past, it does not require that one should be endowed with prophetic vision to predict that in the near future this young but giant republic will dominate the policy of the world. America was not born amidst the mysteries of barbaric ages; and it is about the only nation which knows its own birthday. Woven of the stoutest fibers of other lands, nurtured by the commingling of the best blood of other races, America has now cast off the swaddling clothes of infancy, and stands forth erect, clothed in robes of majesty and power, in which the God who made her intends that she shall henceforth tread the earth; and to-day she may be seen moving down the great highways of history, teaching by example; moving at the head of the procession of the world's events; marching in the van of civilized and Christianized liberty, her manifest destiny to light the torch of liberty till it illumines the entire pathway of the world, and till human freedom and human rights become the common heritage of mankind.

AT THREESCORE AND TEN

MARK TWAIN

UPON the occasion of the celebration of his seventieth birthday, at a dinner given in New York city, Mark Twain spoke as follows:

"The seventieth birthday. It is the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity. You can tell the world how you got there. I have been anxious to explain my own system this long time. I have achieved my seventy in the usual way — by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else. I will offer here as a sound maxim this: that we can't reach old age by another man's road.

"I will now teach, offering my way of life to whomsoever desires to commit suicide by the scheme which has enabled me to beat the doctor and the hangman for seventy years. In the matter of diet I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which didn't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got the best of it myself. But last spring I stopped frolicking with mince pie after midnight; up to then I had always believed it wasn't loaded. I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. As an example to others, and not that I care for moderation myself, it has always been my rule not to smoke when asleep and never refrain when awake. It is all of sixty years since I began to smoke the limit. I have never bought cigars with life belts around them. I early found that these were too expensive for

me. I have always bought cheap cigars — reasonably cheap, at any rate. Sixty years ago they cost me four dollars a barrel, but my taste latterly improved, and I pay seven dollars now.

“As for drinking, I have no rule about that. When others drink I like to keep up; otherwise I remain dry by habit and preference. Since I was seven I have seldom taken a dose of medicine and have still seldomer needed one. But up to seven I lived exclusively on allopathic medicines. Not that I needed them; it was for economy. My father and I took a drug store for a debt, and it made cod liver oil cheaper than the other breakfast foods. We had nine barrels, and it lasted me seven years. Then I was weaned. I was the first Standard Oil trust: I had it all. By the time the drug store was exhausted my health was established. I have never taken any exercise except sleeping and resting, and I never intend to take any. Exercise is loathsome, and it cannot be any benefit when you are tired. I was always tired.

“I have lived a severely moral life. But it would be a mistake for other people to try that. Morals are like an acquirement — like music — no man is born with them. I wasn't myself; I started poor. I hadn't a single moral. I can remember the first one I ever got. It was an old second-hand moral, all out of repair, and didn't fit anyway. But if you are careful with a thing and keep it in a dry place and disinfect it now and then and give it a fresh coat of whitewash once in a while, you will be surprised to see how well it will last and how long it will keep sweet and inoffensive.

“Threescore and ten! It is the Scriptural statute of

limitations. After that you owe no active duties; for you the strenuous life is over. You are a time-expired man, to use Kipling's phrase. The previous engagement plea—which in forty years has cost you so many twinges—you can lay aside forever; on this side of the grave you will never need it again. If you shrink at thought of night and winter and the late home-coming from the banquet, you need only reply, 'Your invitation honors me and pleases me, because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy and would nestle in the chimney-corner and smoke my pipe and read my books and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection and that, when you in your turn shall arrive at Pier 70, you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart.'"

TEXAS AND HER FOUNDERS

CHAMP CLARK

Congressman from Missouri

(Condensed from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives February 25, 1905.)

Mr. Speaker: I shall attempt no panegyric upon Texas or upon Texans. They need none. Even if they did, her representatives here are amply qualified and always willing to sound her praises, which no tongue or pen can exhaust. The intense state pride which was erstwhile characteristic in an extraordinary degree of Vir-

ginians, South Carolinians, and Massachusetts people is eclipsed by that of the citizens of the Lone Star State. They are fully justified in that laudable feeling, for state pride is patriotism. Here, is a fine *mot* by Henry Ward Beecher: "When I see a man who has nothing good to say of the place he came from, I want to know what mean thing he did there." Most assuredly the great preacher would have had no occasion to complain of a Texan on that score, for he is as thoroughly enamored of his state as is any youth of his sweetheart or any man of his wife. In his eyes she is perfection itself. His passion for her approximates idolatry. And who shall blame him for his towering pride in and his undying affection for that mammoth commonwealth? With a most glorious past, with a most prosperous present, Texas faces a future to which none but the greatest of the major prophets and the sublimest of the epic poets could do justice. It makes even a hard-headed, unimaginative outside admirer and friend dizzy to contemplate by the eye of faith the Texas that is to be. So I reluctantly leave Texas to the Texans on this occasion, though no orator could desire a nobler theme.

The law gives to each state the right to erect in Statuary Hall the statues of two, and only two, of her distinguished citizens; Texas to-day presents the statue of Stephen Fuller Austin, to stand forever as one of her chosen representatives in that group of renowned historic characters. As his companion in perpetual glory she dedicates General Sam Houston, statesman, soldier, orator, "the liberator of Texas," than whom even good Sir Walter himself never drew a more fascinating, a more romantic, or a braver figure.

There is no chapter in the annals of mankind more thrilling than the story of how Texans won their freedom. Dull must be the brain, cold must be the heart, of him who can think of the heroism at Goliad, at the Alamo, and at San Jacinto, and not rejoice at being kindred in blood, in faith, in aspiration, and in the sacred love of liberty to the unconquerable men who fought and bled and died upon those bloody fields. From the ground which they immortalized and glorified by their sufferings and their valor Texas sprang full armed, as Minerva from the brain of Jove. So long as courage and fortitude are prized among men, so long as the hope of freedom endures, the names of Houston, Austin, Bowie, Travis, Burleson, Mirabeau B. Lamar, Sidney Sherman, Deaf Smith, and Davy Crockett will be cherished as household words.

I love to think of the bold, adventurous men who blazed the pathway of civilization across the continent to the shores of the peaceful ocean. They, and not the politicians of this era, made this a world power. We owe them a debt of gratitude which we can never repay except by being model citizens. They had none of the ordinary incentives to high endeavor. They acted their parts in a rude age, upon an obscure stage, far from the teeming centers of population and publicity, with no Boswell to follow at their heels to record their words, with no newspaper correspondents to blazon their deeds. No trumpet of fame sounded in their ears, cheering them on in their onerous, hazardous, self-appointed task; but they wrought nobly for their country and their kind.

THE BATTLE-SHIP "TEXAS"

CHARLES A. CULBERSON

Senior United States Senator from Texas

(A speech made in the presentation of a silver service, secured through voluntary subscriptions by the people of Texas, to the battle-ship *Texas*, February 21, 1897.)

IN every period of historic time sailors have won imperishable renown, elevated the standard of patriotism, and helped to mark the boundaries of empires. At Salamis, nearly five centuries before the Christian era, Grecian civilization moved onward through the most important naval battle of ancient times. Actium gave to Octavius the mastery of the world, and that epoch became immortal with the birth of the Roman empire. From then through successive centuries naval engagements are woven deeply into the annals of nations and of civilization, and since the middle ages no country has exerted a more powerful influence upon the human race than England, whose naval history is a continuous path of glory. Nelson, with the battle-cry of "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" was a greater genius than Marlborough or Wellington, and the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar in commanding consequences take rank with Blenheim and Waterloo. In the American Revolution and the War of 1812, none surpassed the sailors in intrepidity and devotion to liberty in battles where Jones, Decatur, and Perry wrought undying fame. Our great Civil War, largely confined to land operations and surpassingly rich in the valor of its soldiery, yet gave

opportunity for gallant and conspicuous naval service. Farragut added unfading luster to American arms, and Raphael Semmes will be remembered as long as genius and heroism shall inspire mankind. Mindful of this mighty influence upon history, we are proud that the name of Texas is linked with the naval power of the republic. This power is symbolic of the strength and the majesty of the Government, and is one of those great forces that in times of national peril would preserve liberty and perpetuate the Union. Loving peace with its multiplied blessings, yet prepared for war, it would proclaim the inviolability of American citizenship on every sea, constitute the flag its safeguard, and resist every character of foreign aggression as the highest assurance that republican institutions shall not perish from the earth.

We commit to you and American sailors the name of Texas, a name yet unsullied and stainless, a name unspeakably precious to us, a name which passed almost in eclipse at San Antonio and Goliad, emerged from gloom and darkness at Concepcion, shone with effulgence at San Jacinto, and now lights with steady splendor the destiny of a great people.

TEXAS — UNDIVIDED AND INDIVISIBLE

JOSEPH W. BAILEY

United States Senator from Texas

(From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, January, 1906.)

THROUGHOUT this discussion we have heard many and varied comments upon the magnitude of Texas. Some senators have expressed a friendly solicitude that we would some day avail ourselves of the privilege accorded us by the resolutions under which we entered the Union, and divide our state into five states.

Mr. President, if Texas had contained a population in 1845 sufficient to have justified her admission as five states, it is my opinion that she would have been so admitted. I will even go further than that; I will say that if Texas were now five states, there would not be five men in either state who would seriously propose the consolidation into one. But, sir, Texas is not divided now, and under the providence of God she will not be divided until the end of time. Her position is exceptional, and excites in the minds of all her citizens a just and natural pride. She is now the greatest of all the states in area, and certain to become the greatest of all in population, wealth, and influence. With such a primacy assured her, she could not be expected to surrender it, even to obtain increased representation in this body.

But, Mr. President, while from her proud eminence to-day Texas looks upon a future as bright with promise

as ever beckoned a people to follow where fate and fortune lead, it is not so much the promise of the future as it is the memory of the glorious past which appeals to her against division. She could partition her fertile valleys and broad prairies, she could apportion her thriving towns and growing cities, she could distribute her splendid population and wonderful resources, but she could not divide the fadeless glory of those days that are past and gone. To which of her daughters, sir, could she assign, without irreparable injustice to all the others, the priceless inheritance of the Alamo, Goliad, and San Jacinto? To which could she bequeath the name of Houston, Austin, Fannin, Bowie, and Crockett? Sir, the fame of these men, and their less illustrious but not less worthy comrades, cannot be severed. Their names are written upon the tablets of her grateful memory, so that all time shall not efface them. The story of their mighty deeds, which rescued Texas from the condition of a despised and oppressed Mexican province and made her a free and independent republic, still rouses the blood of her men like the sound of a trumpet, and we would not forfeit the right to repeat it to our children for many additional seats in this august assembly.

The world has never seen a sublimer courage or a more unselfish patriotism than that which illuminates almost every page in the early history of Texas. Students may know more about other battle-fields, but none is consecrated with the blood of braver men than those who fell at Goliad. Historians may not record it as one of the decisive battles of the world, but the victory of the Texans at San Jacinto is destined to exert a greater influence upon the happiness of the human race than all

the conflicts that established or subverted the petty kingdoms of the ancient world. Poets have not yet immortalized it with their enduring verse, but the Alamo is more resplendent with her heroic sacrifice than was Thermopylæ itself, because while "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none."

Mr. President, if I may be permitted to borrow Webster's well-known apostrophe to Liberty and Union, I would say of Texas: She is one and inseparable, now and forever.

PATRIOTISM AND THE SOUTH

JAMES B. CLARK

Late Proctor of the University of Texas

(The concluding part of a Fourth of July address, delivered at Pace's Spring, Texas, 1877.)

I HOLD that patriotism is but the manifestation of a broad and generous selfishness. It begins at the hearth-stone, thence it extends to our neighbor whom we know — widens through the country — embraces the state — and pauses not till the far-circling wave of affection touches the uttermost limits of that land which we call "our country." We love it because it is our fatherland, as the Germans beautifully and fitly express it; because we make its laws and elect its rulers; because the honored dust of our forefathers lies beneath its sod; because it is ours, to have and to hold unto us and our heirs forever!

After a long and weary voyage, his good ship now

assailed by the tempest and anon becalmed in pestilential seas, the sailor casts anchor in the safe and placid waters of his chosen harbor. As he gazes upon broken bulwark, tattered sail, and severed mast, he thanks God that the storm has rolled away, that peaceful breezes blow, and cloudless skies once more bend above him. Nor does he mar the present hour with vain regrets or hopeless repinings. To-day is his, the future lies before, and with manly courage he turns to meet the duties which confront him then and there.

Disorganized and distorted by a tremendous conflict, the fair form of republican government was for a time but the wreck of its nobler self. But to-day the chains are stricken from long-fettered limbs, the invincible principles of free government have triumphed at last, and the Blue and the Gray alike are ready to do honor to that flag upon whose folds now shines with equal luster every star in the constellation of the states. A new era dawns before us. Old issues are dead and buried out of sight, and none are strong enough, even if any were mad enough, to revive them. We will build monuments, if you please, above them to hold the record of what part they once played in the drama of our national life. Ever and anon memory may revisit the scene, scattering flowers over lonely mounds or twining garlands around the monumental shaft; yet it is the present with its duties which we must confront. There is work enough for brain and heart. We stand but upon the threshold of vast possibilities in science, art, education, agriculture, intellectual, moral, and physical development. Watch the grand procession of the states. With steady tramp and equal step it moves. Only one hundred and one years

old, yet abreast with nations that were hoary with age before the sturdy colonist fired that first shot "heard round the world." Forward, then, in the great work. As Texans, we should be no laggards in the race. We build for the future; and, however humble the individual part, it is full of honor and proud results. And so, assembled here beneath the green arches of this forest cathedral whose choir is the song of birds, the murmur of the breeze, and the roar of the storm, "heart within, and God o'erhead," let us pledge ourselves anew to the preservation of those principles and the use of those agencies through which alone we may remain a free and happy people.

TRIBUTE TO JAMES B. CLARK

GEORGE PIERCE GARRISON

Late Professor of History in the University of Texas

(Condensed from an address delivered at the University of Texas April 12, 1909.)

No other man has ever so completely won the hearts of the faculty and students of this University, nor is it likely that any other will ever reach the same preëminence in their affectionate regard as James B. Clark.

Judge Clark was a splendid example of the old type of the Southern gentleman. With him, hospitality, courtliness, and integrity were so natural that they seemed to be the result of instinct rather than of training.

A graduate of Harvard, alert-minded, traveled, and widely read, he acquired an unusual degree of culture, and his power to charm by conversation was almost without limit. Following the lead of his convictions, he joined the Confederate army in 1861, and bore himself throughout the Civil War like a man and a soldier; but, while he cherished the memories of the great conflict, he always thought of it as ended at Appomattox. He had learned too much of the men of the North to suppose that they were by nature either better or worse than others; and perhaps the most memorable and enjoyable occasion of his later years was that of the reunion of his class at Harvard, in 1905, on the fiftieth anniversary of its graduation.

One secret of Judge Clark's hold on the students was that they believed he always understood them. He passed threescore and ten, and the external marks of age showed themselves upon him in many ways; but he never grew old enough to lose the students' point of view. Courageous yet modest, tender yet manly, sympathetic yet unobtrusive, plain-spoken yet never offensive, he knew how to reach every heart, to serve all, and to bring some good into every life whose lines crossed those of his own. How many a student there was in whom he quickened the dead sense of duty and of aspiration, how many he stimulated to stronger efforts with nobler aims, it would be impossible to tell.

Though teaching was not included by name among his duties, Judge Clark was one of the foremost teachers that have ever held a place in this University. The great lesson he taught to faculty and students alike, and to all who had eyes to see and ears to hear, was how

to live. Realizing fully the seriousness of life, and thoroughly awake to all its duties and responsibilities, he still never allowed it to become a burden. With no vain regrets for the mistake or the misfortune of yesterday, and no paralyzing forecast of evil for to-morrow, by doing faithfully the work of the moment, he lived in constant preparation for the best or the worst that fate might bring.

There was never a happier choice than that which brought Judge Clark to the service of the University. This, however, must be understood in a larger sense than could have been fully appreciated at the time of his election. Some other person might perhaps have discharged as well, or even better, the various duties of detailed routine which were assigned to him; but that is a matter of relatively small consequence. It is sufficient to say that he attended to them conscientiously and satisfactorily. The essential thing is that he entered, as probably no one else could have done, into the life of the University as an uplifting force at a time when it needed ideals and inspiration more than perfect clerical machinery. It is by this that we shall remember him, and for this that the hearts of ten thousand men and women who are the better because he was here have been drawn to him in loving gratitude.

Fitly he lived and fitly did he die. Here in the University auditorium, where many an annually recurring commencement had left him dear and tender memories, and where the marble tablets on the wall speak mutely of his beloved associates gone before, he fell and breathed his last. Even the King of Shadows loved him, and laid him painlessly to rest. Thank God for his life and

for the gracious gentleness of his death. Further we are not troubled; for we believe that, having crossed the bar, he sees the Pilot "face to face."

THE UNIVERSITY — A SACRED TRUST

THOMAS ULVAN TAYLOR

Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Texas

(From an address delivered at the University of Texas March 2, 1910.)

TO-DAY we celebrate the independence of Texas, but let us not forget the fact that the day of the independence of her University is yet to be celebrated. It has had its trials in the past, and will have them in the future. But we must remember that for three-fourths of a century the University in its broad sense has triumphed over many obstacles; that it survived through times that changed principalities and powers, and yet it lived to celebrate one year ago its silver union to the hearts of the people. It triumphed over those that would have taken the young child's life, and to-day its feet are planted solidly on its native soil. If it falls now, it will not fall by the dart hurled by the hand of its would-be assassin, but on account of the dart withheld from its defense by the hands of its friends. Waterloo was lost by the non-arrival of a friend. Remember that the blood of Milam and of that host of deathless dead was shed that you might live in a better state and under a more peaceful sky. And I would have the nine thousand ex-students of the University remember that they, too, belong to the army

of the loyal. It is the duty of every loyal son and daughter of the orange and white to render filial service, not with the blind fanaticism of the follower of a fetish, but with an enlightened and firm and absolute conviction that the University is one of the greatest agents of good that the state maintains.

It was founded to help promote, foster, and perfect the ideal conditions of government and life — that of pure democracy. It would seem strange if the very institution for which men gave up so much in the belief that it would be influential in establishing these conditions should fail in its exalted mission. Fellow comrades of the rank and file, let us examine ourselves to-day and ask if we are keeping the faith of the fathers. Remember that you are the children of the state, that the fathers left you a legacy and a heritage that you might be a better man and a better woman and that we might have a better country. It was to no order of nobility to which you succeeded, but to a democracy of the people inside and outside of the University. I trust that the day will never come when a man in this University does not take his rank according to his individual merit and deserts. This nation stands among the nations of the world as a beacon light of democracy set on a hill, and the University of its largest state should have a democracy so pure that snobbery cannot lift its polluting head. If the University makes its students feel that they are superior to their fellows; if it makes them imagine that they are anointed to a holier sphere than the less fortunate, then God save the commonwealth and God save the University, for the faith of the fathers has been betrayed.

"Our fathers' faith
May you keep till death;
Their fame in its cloudless splendor,
As men who stand for their fatherland,
And die — but never surrender."

The fathers left you a birthright — sell it not for a mess of pottage. Train yourselves to be the citizens of the state, and to render her your filial service and ever be ready to respond to the call of your *alma mater*. The call may come, and when it does every loyal son and daughter should rush to the ranks. Israel lay prostrate at the foot of the conqueror — her institutions and laws despised, and her flag trailing in the dust. The angel of the Lord took a live coal of fire from the altar itself, flew to the abode of the great prophet, and applying it to his lips, called him to the leadership of his country. The prophet, seeing his country bleeding and sore, replied, "Here am I, Lord, send me." If the cause of your *alma mater* or your state ever becomes desperate, may the spirits of Lamar and Houston, of Roberts and Gould, of Leslie Waggener and James B. Clark act as a live coal of fire upon your lips, and may your reply be that of the prophet, "Here am I, send me."

INVASION OF THE NORTH BY THE SOUTH

JACOB M. DICKINSON

Secretary of War

(Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the New York Southern Society, New York city, December 8, 1909.)

PRESIDENT TAFT in a recent speech at Columbus, Mississippi, said, "In order to understand the Southern

people, especially with respect to issues of the war and what grew out of it, in order to understand their present position, one must know that your hearts and emotions are broad enough to entertain entire loyalty to the issues of the past, which you fought so nobly to sustain, and entire loyalty to our present Government, for which you would be willing to lay down your life if occasion required it."

Therefore I trust that I shall cause no disappointment if I do not make the eagle scream in ecstasy by the fervor of my patriotic utterances as a Southerner, and if I seem to decline upon a lower plane in asking your attention to some thoughts suggested by the invasion of the North by the South. Do not take alarm and suppose that I am going to fight over the campaigns of Lee. I have in mind an invasion entirely peaceable, and conquests that are civic.

Hard upon the reestablishment of peace following the Civil War, began the invasion of the North by Southerners. These men had no endowments but ability, hope, courage, the discipline of the beneficent school of poverty, and the high ideals of manly bearing and personal honor that were their birthright. They had been schooled in misfortune, but were untrained in humility. This is well illustrated by the joint debate between two negro politicians, one a Republican and the other — as rare as a black swan — a Democrat. The Republican champion excoriated the Southern Democrats for their aggressions upon the Republican preserves of political domination, and denounced them as arrogant rebels. The Democratic orator reproached him for his revengeful spirit and said that he might have learned a lesson in forgiveness from the story of the prodigal son who had

left his father's house and "wasted his substance in riotous living." His father upon his return did not reproach him, but killed in his honor "the fatted calf." The other retorted, "Yes, fellow citizens, but how did that prodigal act? He was ashamed and stood afar off and had to be persuaded; but these Southern fellows walk right in and say, 'Whar is that veal?'"

However they went about it, the men of the South have been plenteously supplied in the North with veal and all other good things, and this would have been impossible but for the generous sympathy, help, and confidence extended to them by the people with whom they had cast their fortunes.

It is generally accepted that the Civil War was a contest between people of Northern blood on the one side and those of Southern blood on the other. This is a great error. We are slow to look beyond generalities to the essential truth. All now with tardy justice declare that Hancock was right when he said the tariff was a local question. The Civil War was a war between the states, but as to the participants, it was mainly a local question. Senator Daniel summed up the case of most of them when he said, "I knew that my people were in a row and I went in to help them." There were seventeen brigadier-generals, four major-generals, and one lieutenant-general in the Southern army who were born in Northern states. Of these, seven were born in the state of New York. Hotchkiss, the engineer who made the battle-sketches for Stonewall Jackson, was a New Englander. Eighty of the graduates of West Point who entered the Confederate army were born in non-seceding states.

But there was reciprocity on our part. Kentucky brought forth the central figure of the epoch, Abraham Lincoln. Virginia gave birth to Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and Tennessee produced Farragut, the greatest of the admirals. Early in the war the commanding general of the Northern army was a Virginian and the ranking officer of the Confederate army was a New Yorker.

Americans have a common and equal heritage. The various sections can best show forth their worth and sustain a patent to superior citizenship, not by vauntings nor by reproaches as to the past, but by excelling in generous rivalry in serving our country, illustrating the highest qualities of patriotism and striving to secure and perpetuate personal freedom — not the freedom of license — but freedom of thought, opinion, and action, regulated by general law; maintain “justice, the perfected law of truth, through courts with impartial judges and juries open to all alike, where weakness and poverty are as potent as power and wealth,” and keeping our republic in a career that will conserve for the longest time the rich blessings which it is now showering upon humanity.

THE "SOLID SOUTH"

CHARLES W. DABNEY

President of the University of Cincinnati

(Extract from an address at the commencement of the University of Alabama, and repeated by request at the commencement of the Central University of Kentucky, 1909.)

Is it not clear that the times are ripe for a new political alignment in the South? Certainly the hour has struck for the independent man, the man who will think, to decide and act for himself. To such independent thinking and acting, not to the support of any political party, I call these young men. From such as these and their fellows all over the South will again arise leaders, who will take over into the national consciousness the best virtues, if not all the doctrines, of the old South. For it is not creeds, but character, not doctrines, but deeds that count in this world. And first of all those virtues is the virtue of loyalty.

What, then, is the mission of the independent voter in the South to-day? Shall he, for example, use his vote to break the "Solid South"? He will not feel justified in doing this merely to put an end to political isolation, stagnation, and intolerance, serious though these evils be. He might not see his way clear to do so merely to permit freer political action, give a chance for a second political party, and so secure more progressive state legislation, and prevent corruption, important as all these things are. He would scarcely be willing to do so, merely to get into the national game and give our young

men a vent for their political energy, and a share in the nation's thought and progress, desirable as this undoubtedly is. I do not think the sincere patriot would be satisfied with any one, or perhaps all, of these reasons. The "Solid South" stood for principles far more important, much deeper than the considerations here named. The earnest man, not an opportunist, will want to see ultimate ends of more vital importance than these before he will break with these old traditions. To all such I commend the historic testimony of the South as a cause fully worthy of their devotion. What better can the sincere Southerner do than continue to help maintain the testimony of the fathers since they landed on this continent, the testimony of the Anglo-Saxon race since the beginning of its history — this testimony for the freedom of the individual to govern himself, his family, his town, and his state? Forgetting the wild economic theories of recent years, forgetting secession and slavery, too, let our young men never forget that the original "Solid South" stood for the rights of the state, for the right of self-government everywhere as opposed to centralization and imperialism. Just as our fathers in the Revolution were fighting the battles of Englishmen everywhere, as all Englishmen cordially acknowledge now, so our fathers in the war between the states were fighting the battle of state governments everywhere.

Young gentlemen of Alabama and the South, I have sought to show you how, through a long historical process, every step of which was characterized by pathetic and yet glorious loyalty to what seemed for forty years a lost national cause, your fathers preserved for us the ideals of free government for which their fathers, grand-

fathers, and great-grandfathers gave their lives. Few chapters of history reveal more clearly than this sad story of the South the glorifying discipline of defeat, and the divine philosophy which commands that the truth must be crucified to draw all men unto it. Failure to win visible success idealized and glorified this cause for your faithful fathers, and inspired them to work for its realization in the far-off future. In the providence of the great God, who overrules all things in this world, you are now called upon to take up the task where your fathers laid it down. You are called to carry on the struggle in order that their glorious ideals of free government may be realized, not merely in our beloved South, but in this whole nation.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

ROBERT L. TAYLOR

United States Senator from Tennessee

(Extract from an address prepared for delivery at a banquet held at Evansville, Indiana, October 10, 1899, the occasion being a reunion of the Blue and the Gray. This selection is taken, by permission, from "Love Letters to the Public," copyrighted by John F. Draughon.)

A PATRIOT is a citizen who loves his country, whether he lives in the North or in the South; therefore every man who honorably wore the blue, and every man who honestly wore the gray, in that struggle which tried the soul of men, was a patriot.

The Blue visited the South once uninvited, and the

Gray showed them some of our Southern mineral resources in the shape of muskets and cannon. The Gray now invites the Blue to come hither and see our mountains of crude metal which we are manufacturing into pig iron to be converted into plowshares and reapers instead of muskets and bayonets. What we want now is not the blood of the Blue, but their money. The South panteth after their pocketbooks even "as the hart panteth after the water brooks." The Gray boys once swapped the Blue boys tobacco for coffee; they are now anxious to exchange coal and iron and timber lands for cash. They once built forts; they now want factories. They stand among the tombstones of their comrades, true to their dead for what they were, yet loyal to the Union for what it is. They kneel among their monuments to kiss the Stars and Bars in their devotion to the glorious past; they rise to salute the Stars and Stripes and to pledge their devotion to the Union through all the glorious future. The hands that once wielded the sword and the musket have built a new civilization on the ashes of the old. I do not mean to say that there is a new South; it is the grand old South rejuvenated by its own matchless courage and industry. Where once the angry columns met and clinched and rolled together in the bloody mire, new cities have sprung up, like beautiful flowers blossoming in the huge footprints of war. Where once curled the white smoke of hostile guns in phantom towers and columns, high above the dead and dying heroes of the Blue and the Gray, now the gay cotton fields wave their white handkerchiefs of peace in flirtation with the bashful fields of corn; and the big ripe ears grin among the fodder blades and sigh, "Oh shucks!"

My ideal of a Southern patriot is the man who bravely wore the gray until his flag went down in tears and blood at Appomattox, and then accepted the decision of war in good faith and went home to become a loyal American citizen and to rebuild his desolated country; my ideal of a Northern patriot is the man who bravely wore the blue until the struggle was over, and then laid aside the paraphernalia of war and went home to help restore not only the Union of the states, but the fraternal relations of the sections; my ideal of American patriotism is the reunion of the Blue and the Gray for the purpose of cementing all sections of our common country together forever.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

President of the University of Virginia

(The concluding part of a Charter Day address at the University of California, March 23, 1906.)

THE South has changed the emphasis of its thought from personality to social and industrial progress. It has made the change that every country makes that passes from the patriarchal to more complex forms of life. Its insistence is to be upon community effort, upon civic progress, upon general well-being rather than upon individualism. It has entered for good or ill upon its probation as a member of the modern world.

It is still conservative and idealistic. It still believes in God, reads Walter Scott, and votes the Democratic

ticket, a trinity of somewhat unequal virtues, I must confess; and it does this without fear of punishment — or hope of reward. It is still fortunate in the raw material of its citizenship, whether it issues out of old stocks, sobered and dignified by endurance and suffering, or out of the ranks of the plain people who inherit the English consciousness. Its cry is for men to help realize its highest self in life and law in the spirit of the modern world.

The Southern boy of this generation has found himself at last in American life, and made himself at home at the moment when the republic has most need of his tempered strength. He is a fine, hopeful figure, this Southern boy whom I know so well, of strong, high political instincts, facing tardily a fierce industrialism and a new democracy with its grandeurs and temptations, his ambitions and dreams moving about them and yet holding fast through the conservatism in his blood to the noble concepts of public probity and scorn of dishonor.

There may be something parochial, but there is also something fine and impressive in the almost Hebraic feeling of the people of the Southern states that their section has something high and precious and distinctive in manhood and leadership to contribute to American civilization. It cannot be mere boasting, so runs their dream, that it is the logical right of their land to bring forth out of her travail and her agony something fair and good of her own likeness and pattern, the old refined gold which disaster and defeat could not tarnish, beaten by fiercer, freer civic forces into finer and subtler form.

The spirit of his fathers, brave and steadfast men who held firm and did not compromise, ought to be in him

and shall be in him. Sordidness and commercialism will not wholly submerge him and wear away his fineness. He will love honor more than life, and loyalty more than gold. A worldly modern, a clear-eyed man breathing the breath of freedom, he will reach men's hearts and he will control men's wills not by machinery, but by the strength of integrity and sincerity and their faith in his words. And so when the age of moral warfare shall succeed to the age of passionate gain getting; when blind social forces have wrought some tangle of inequality and injustice, of hatred and suspicion; when calculation and combination can only weave the web more fiercely; when the whole people in some hour of national peril shall seek for the man of heart and faith, who will not falter nor fail, in the sweet justice of God, hither they shall turn for succor as they once turned to a simple Virginia planter to free them from a stupid king and a stubborn parliament across the seas.

THE CIVIL WAR — AND AFTER

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

Orator and Educator of Richmond, Virginia

(Extract from a speech on "Puritan and Cavalier," delivered at a banquet of the New England Society December 22, 1899.)

FOR years after our Civil War — those dreadful years of Reconstruction, when all our Southern land, that for four long years had been girdled with steel and fire, still lay prostrate in what old Isaiah fitly terms the "dim-

ness of anguish" — press, pulpit, and political rostrum, North and West, persistently demanded of us a thing impossible to men in whose veins coursed the blood of the old champions of freedom, and who had been nurtured in those principles that, since the days of Runnymede, have been the common heritage of all English-speaking folk — that we must *prove* the sincerity of our acceptance by confessing the unrighteousness of our contention and by expressing humble contrition for our misdeeds.

This the South steadily refused to do with an unshaken resolution, worthy to touch a responsive chord in the breast of the sturdiest Puritan ever born under the shadow of Plymouth Rock. It *did* touch such a chord in the hearts of some of your bravest and best, who in those dark days of doubt and suspicion, when it required no mean courage to do so, stood up, and with that antique Puritan fearlessness that has ever scorned "to sell the truth to serve the hour," proclaimed their belief that the word of brave men of their own blood should be trusted fully by the nation.

The first plea for genuine reconciliation, the first expression of absolute confidence in our plighted word, came from New England; fitly enough, from Lexington, on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the nation, and fell from the lips of a Puritan of the Puritans, yet withal as knightly in his gentle courtesy and splendid daring as any cavalier who ever rode at the bridle-rein of Rupert of the Rhine — Francis Bartlett, of Massachusetts, who never forgot that disastrous day to the Federal arms at Port Hudson, when, riding in at the head of his men — he the only mounted officer

in the assaulting column—he distinctly heard the Confederate officer commanding in his immediate front, touched with generous admiration of his foeman's reckless daring, shouting to his men, "For God's sake, men, don't shoot as brave a chap as that," and so for a time this Puritan-Cavalier rode unharmed into that hell of fire.

But it needed, I think, the splendid object-lessons given by Southern men in the Spanish-American War to silence forever the cavils and doubtings of many austere patriots who for thirty years and more had proved themselves "as invincible in peace as they had been invisible in war." Above the first fierce mutterings of the coming storm rose high and clear, yonder at Havana, the voice of Fitzhugh Lee, grandson of "Light-Horse Harry," demanding with soldierly directness prompt Spanish recognition of the sanctity of American citizenship. Then, when the die was cast, and the *Olympia*, on that memorable May morning, stood into Manila Bay, on the bridge close alongside of George Dewey, of Vermont, stood "Tom" Brumby, of Georgia (God rest his noble soul!)—and so, when the American flag was first unfurled to the breeze over the first American possession in the eastern world, the son of an old Confederate colonel stood at the hal-liards. Ten days later, at Cardenas, the first crimson libation of the war was poured out on the altar of Cuban liberty, and the brave young blood of that gallant lad, Worth Bagley, of the Old North state, son, too, of an old Confederate soldier, cemented forever the reconciliation between North and South. And as in quick succession the names of Hobson and Blue and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler blazed in official despatches, the thunderous

shouts of a reunited people drowned even the "iron-throated plaudits of the guns."

As Marshal Ney said when he saw the beardless young French conscripts rushing in all the joyous valor of their youth upon the Russian guns at Weissenfels, "C'est dans le sang! C'est dans le sang." It's in the blood! It's in the blood!

THE CIVIL WAR IN RETROSPECT

ROBERT W. McLAUGHLIN

Pastor of the Park Slope Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York

(The concluding part of a sermon on "The Relation of Grant to Lincoln," first delivered on Memorial Sunday, 1909, and by request repeated in 1910.)

As I review in retrospect the days of Lincoln and Grant and Lee, two thoughts come to me. The first is, these battle-fields in the Southland are the priceless heritage of the nation. The defeats of the one and the victories of the other are blended. Lee and Grant are but types, huge and heroic to be sure, of a devotion unsurpassed in the annals of the race. Behind them marched two millions of the bravest men that ever trod the earth. The blue and the gray of their uniforms have merged again into the red, white, and blue of our flag. They wrote the epic poems of the nation. The breast of nature was the parchment. The young blood of their veins was the ink. The cold, cruel steel of battle was the stylus. And what epic poems they are! I see Corse on Kenesaw Mountain writing one as he signals Sherman: "I am short

a cheek bone and one ear, but I can whip all hell yet." I see Pickett's brigade at Gettysburg write one, as with terrible precision they sweep across the valley in that sultry July day, only to be cut down as hay is mown in the field. I see the soldiers on the banks of the Rapidan write one, as they creep through the tangled underbrush to certain death in the early morning, and, waiting for the battle to begin, pin bits of paper on their blouses with their names written thereon. I see the beaten but defiant "Johnnies" at Franklin write one, as, being called upon to surrender, they shout back, "There are enough left for another killing." I see the army of the Cumberland write one, as in the late afternoon it sweeps up Missionary Ridge like the rolling billows of the in-coming tide, and dashes itself over the mountain top like the foam of the billows tossed above the rocks on the shore. Yes, great, noble epic poems, that will never die while the flag floats.

But there is another thought. Why these deeds of daring? Why did the war, with its awful sacrifice, continue through four long years and end only at Appomattox? Some answer must be given big enough to match the bigness of the question. Perhaps the answer is that God had a sublime and terrible epic poem that He would write. It may be that the battle-fields are the letters that spell out His poem. It is possible that the sun shines in the heavens in the daytime, and the stars twinkle in the sky in the night time, to throw a light upon this fair land of ours that all may read the poem. It is not difficult to believe that God has spoken in Lincoln and Grant and Lee and Sherman and Johnston and Thomas, and the brave men that followed them, and that through them he has said: "Righteousness exalteth a nation,"

"Truth is the strength of a people," "Freedom is the priceless heritage of every man," "Love is the mightiest power of civilization." These men who bore the brunt of battle thought so. We of this generation and of generations yet unborn must think so.

APPOMATTOX AND THE AGE

SAMUEL C. MITCHELL

President of the University of South Carolina

(Condensed from an address delivered at Richmond College, Virginia, April 9, 1906.)

THIS ninth day of April is the anniversary of Appomattox, and the mind naturally dwells upon the meaning of that event. How shall we account for the disaster which there overtook us? A review of the times and tendencies of that day may throw some light upon the circumstances that led up to our calamity.

In the Atlantic Ocean there is only one gulf current, but in the nineteenth century there were three gulf currents. These three streams of tendency are as traceable, as measurable, and as potent in their influence as that resistless river in the sea. These three tendencies in the nineteenth century were: (1) a *liberal* tendency; (2) a *national* tendency, and (3) an *industrial* tendency.

Circumstances — cruel circumstances that bring tears at the thought — had shut the South out of a share in these three mighty influences of that century. Destiny seemed to have arrayed her against them, in spite of the

fact that in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century Virginia's own sons were pioneers in the advocacy of national and liberal measures. Such is the pathos and irony of the civil tragedy. Madison, as the father of the Constitution; Washington, putting his strong stamp upon the Federal executive; Marshall, giving force to the Federal judiciary; and Jefferson, drafting the Ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory — these men and measures appeared prophetic of a destiny for the South the reverse of what ensued. The shift in the scene was made by Eli Whitney in his invention, in 1793, of the cotton-gin, which rendered slavery profitable in the raising of cotton, a product so well suited to the climate and soil of the South.

As a result, the South found itself at variance with the rapid changes which had swept over the world during the first half of the nineteenth century. The South was led by this train of circumstances: (1) to hold on to slavery in opposition to the liberal tendency of the age; (2) to insist upon state rights in opposition to nationality; (3) to content herself with agriculture alone, instead of embracing the rising industrialism.

It was an instance of arrested development. The facts do not permit us to escape this conclusion, notwithstanding that there was so much of nobility, chivalry, and beautiful life in the old South to love and admire. It was these historic forces — the liberal, national, and industrial — that won at Appomattox over the South, in spite of the genius of Lee, the heroism of her sons, and the sacrifices of her daughters.

If this be the interpretation of the confused forces in that time that tried men's souls, then certain duties

become clear as to the South of our day. These are: (1) to liberalize it in thought; (2) to nationalize it in politics; and (3) to industrialize it in production. Grati-
fyingly are these new forces at work, forces which are to recreate the commonwealths of the South in all that makes for progress and power. Education is a present ferment; industrialism, especially in cotton and iron mills, is making vast strides; the Panama canal will put us on the pathway of the world. May we not look forward to the time when the resources of our mines, forests, and pastures will be turned by the skill of the artisan into finished products bringing to us untold riches? Would we make cotton king? Let us aspire to spin every fiber of our exhaustless fields. By such alignments with this wondrous mother-age we shall enable the South to take her rightful part in determining the national destiny.

OLD IDEALS AND THE OLD SOUTH

HENRY LOUIS SMITH

President of Davidson College

(Extract from an address delivered before the University College of Medicine, Richmond, Virginia, May 12, 1904.)

I WISH to reaffirm what the old South believed in the time of her greatest glory, and what the shades of her mighty dead still teach from storied urn and monumental granite—that the foundation of all true greatness, whether of an individual or a nation, is *moral*, not material. Our possessions, our houses and lands, our railroads and

factories, our cannon and battle-ships are but dirt — among them national *character* rises like a marble shaft amid piles of rubbish. The question of deepest moment is not what we *have*, but what we *are*. National wealth may come and go, national power may wax and wane; the passing centuries are changing national customs in dress, manners, architecture, and modes of government — but the great moral judgments of the world, moral standards, moral laws, moral ideals — these stand unchanged from age to age. They are like some granite cliff overlooking a stormy sea. [At its base the tide ebbs and flows, the sea ripples in music or roars in anger; its summit is covered alternately with summer's flowers or winter's snow, against its rocky face the sun shines and the tempests beat — yet earthquake and storm but settle it more firmly on its eternal base, and when each short-lived tumult has subsided, it still looks out unchanged over land and sea.] No transient splendor of accumulated wealth can make a nation truly rich or truly great. Its invisible assets must be counted up — civic honor and purity, height of national ideals, capacity for heroism and self-sacrifice, commercial honesty and domestic virtue, diffused moral culture, treasures of manhood and womanhood — these cannot be measured by long lists of industrial enterprises, by so many dollars per capita of manufactured products, nor even by percentages of literacy and illiteracy.

Prosperity is a severer test of a people's true character than adversity. Will the new South stand the tropic sunshine as their fathers did the storm? Vegetables, we know, grow best in sunshine and balmy air; the finer growths of manhood, alas, are often blighted by the

sun and wither away under a cloudless sky. If the old spiritual and moral ideals of our people are to be replaced by cold, shrewd, tireless, triumphant commercialism; if liberal culture, ethical standards, and true moral greatness are to be sacrificed on the altar of mammon; if growing wealth and luxury are to culminate in gross materialism, then God pity the land of Washington and Jefferson, of Lee and Jackson. In that case, though our air is vibrant with humming spindles, and our land gridironed with busy railroads, and every hill crowned with the palace of a millionaire, yet the true glory of the South will be in her glorious past.

THE CONTACT OF MINDS

WOODROW WILSON

President of Princeton University

(From a speech delivered at a banquet following the inauguration of Ernest F. Nichols as President of Dartmouth College, October 14, 1909.)

THE only lasting stuff for friendship is community of conviction; the only lasting basis is that moral basis in which all true intellectual life has its rootage and sustenance, and those are the rootages of character, not the rootages of knowledge. // Knowledge is merely, in its uses, the evidence of character, it does not produce character. Some of the most learned of men have been among the meanest of men, and some of the noblest of men have been illiterate, but have nevertheless shown their nobility by using such powers as they had for high purposes.

We never shall succeed in creating this organic passion, this great use of the mind, which is fundamental, until we have made real communities of our colleges and have utterly destroyed the practise of a merely formal contact, however intimate, between the teacher and the pupil. Until we live together in a common community and expose each other to the general infection, there will be no infection. You cannot make learned men of undergraduates by associating them intimately with each other, because they are too young to be learned men yet themselves; but you can create the infection of learning by associating undergraduates with men who are learned.

How much do you know of the character of the average college professor whom you have heard lecture? Of some professors, if you had known more you would have believed less of what they said; of some professors, if you had known more you would have believed more of what they said. One of the driest lecturers on American history I ever heard in my life was also a man more learned than any other man I ever knew in American history, and out of the class room, in conversation, one of the juiciest, most delightful, most informing, most stimulating men I ever had the pleasure of associating with. The man in the class room was useless, out of the class room he fertilized every mind that he touched. And most of us are really found out in the informal contacts of life. If you want to know what I know about a subject, don't set me up to make a speech about it, because I have the floor and you cannot interrupt me, and I can leave out the things I want to leave out and bring in the things I want to bring in. If you really want to know what I

know, sit down and ask me questions, interrupt me, contradict me, and see how I hold my ground. If that method were followed, the undergraduate might make a consoling discovery of how ignorant his professor was, as well as many a stimulating discovery of how well informed he was.

I suppose a great many dull men must try to teach, and if dull men have to teach, they have to teach by method that dull men can follow. But they never teach anybody anything. It is merely that the university, in order to have a large corps, must go through the motions; but the real vital processes are in spots, in such circumstances, and only in spots, and you must hope that the spots will spread.

THE UNIVERSITY AND PETTY POLITICS

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

President of the University of California

(Extract from an address delivered upon the occasion of the inauguration of David F. Houston as President of the University of Texas, at Austin, Texas, April 19, 1906.)

UNLESS the university in all its working and being can rise, like a lighthouse, high and clean above the surging and dashing of the transient and the sordid, unless it can lay hold with its foundations upon something more solid than the shifting sands of opinion and prejudice, unless it can look down calm and undismayed in its anchorage of truth upon the battling waves around it,

conscious that their fury cannot reach it, there might as well be no university. Its light will be no good. It will fail when needed most. It will deceive those who trust it.

I am warning here not alone about the common brew of party politics, but about the meaner brew that is stirred in the name of private pull: the influential citizen who wants his wife's cousin appointed to an instructorship; the editor who wages a grudge because a friend who was an incompetent instructor lost his place; the assemblyman whose brother's boy must not be expelled lest appropriations in the next legislature suffer; the professor whose salary had better be raised because it will be acceptable to certain important people with whom he goes camping in summer; the janitor who, though he toils not neither does he spin, is girt with the breastplate of membership in some order that must not be offended, or has rendered service in the primaries; the builder and contractor who skimps the mortar of cement, but is related to a prominent politician; the man who has always been a warm supporter of the university, and has shown this by sending three of his children to enjoy its free education, and who now feels that the professor of chemistry ought to find the right ingredients in the oil from his well; the man who wants a position to teach French, and, though he cannot speak French himself, belongs to an influential family and had an uncle who once played the French horn. All this business is full of backhanded blackmail and backhanded stealing, but is tolerated and often promoted by otherwise well-intentioned citizens of sluggish public conscience, who dazedly conform to the vulgate notion that some way or other

public money cannot be expected to have as much value as other money. A public official, whether president or regent of the university, or member of a school board, or mayor of a city, or governor of a state, or keeper of the dog pound, who uses his position to secure public office and pay for a man inferior to the available best, because of personal and private relations or obligations to that man, has used public money wherewith to settle private accounts; he has treated a public trust as a private possession; he has stolen public money; he is a thief. The man who urges an official to do such a thing has incited to theft, and is partaker in the crime. If there is any doubt about it, wherein does the doubt lie?

OUR COUNTRY'S NEED OF EDUCATED MEN

WILLIAM F. WEBSTER

Principal of the East High School of Minneapolis

(Extract from an address before the Minnesota Educational Association, 1909.)

WHAT a need there is for educated men! Keeping abreast of the times, we are all fast learning that true greatness is measured by large service. And the men that look beyond their dinners and their playthings and hear the harsh creaking of the great industrial machine, the men that are conducting the large enterprises for the amelioration of the hard conditions of life are clear-visioned, warm-hearted men of education. The men that have made two blades of wheat to grow where before

there was but one, and so have increased the value of farm products in our state tens of millions each year; the men that have gathered the snows from the mountains, and from them sent sparkling water coursing through the deserts of the West until now they breathe sweet incense and bring forth rich fruits in their season; the men that in fancy saw in the filthy purlieu of Mulberry Bend a beautiful opening where little children could drink in life and joy, and look up into the deep, blue sky, and behold the big, bright sun; that have set in the midst of naked poverty, starving want, and ignorant immorality, sweet homes of refuge, to which the children of crime and despair may flee, and from which sweetness and light radiate to the darkest alleys of the human heart; the men that are working for an international peace, for the day when the horrid demons of war shall be slain, and the labor of man shall be for the "healing of the nations"; in every department of the world's work, the men that are doing the things worth while are educated men. It was the universities that were the fountain which poured the flood that overwhelmed the Czar, and wrested from that autocrat a partial recognition of the rights of a great people; and in Turkey to-day the men that so wisely have managed a difficult situation and have rid that nation of the century's foulest blot are educated men. In the last century, who were the great statesmen that shaped the politics of the world? "Cavour, whose monument is united Italy, — one from the Alps to Tarentum, from the lagoons of Venice to the Gulf of Salerno; Bismarck, the iron chancellor, who raised the German empire from a name to a fact; Gladstone, but yesterday the incarnate

heart and conscience of England"; Everett, Sumner, and Phillips — those giants of oratory, hurling winged words of truth, tipped with fire from Liberty's altar, which roused the sleeping eyes of a nation to behold the awful crime of slavery: all, all scholars. When the scholar lifts his wand, the Titans of modern industry, Steam and Electricity, throw his shuttles, forge his steel, lift and carry, and run his errands. At his bidding, springing arches leap the mountain torrent; the filmy tissues of fancy grow into palaces more wonderful than Cæsar's golden house that crowned the Palatine. Penniless himself, the scholar cries, "Open, sesame," and the dark caves of glittering treasure fly open, while the grim guardians stand back and bid him take and use. He is prophet and seer; in the darkest hour of the night, he catches the first dim streaks of the purpling dawn. He beholds the new day when there shall be no more pain and sorrow, when the nations of the earth shall dwell together in peace, when every man shall receive the full reward of his labor, and each shall lift up his heart to God, his Father, and reach out his hand to man, his brother. In every age, the new heaven and the new earth have been seen first by the prophetic eye of the scholar.

THREE TESTS OF EDUCATION

E. ERLE SPARKS

President of Pennsylvania State College

(Condensed from an address before the Chautauqua Assembly, July 1, 1909.)

THE three great tests of effective education are service, usefulness, and obedience.

The word "servant," along with the words "man" and "woman," has almost disappeared from our American vocabulary. As we are all "ladies" and "gents" now, so we are employees, not servants. Young men will sit pale and hollow-chested at a desk rather than work on a farm because they do not propose to be anybody's servant; and young women will work as clerks rather than enter clean, bright, wholesome kitchens as "servants"; and young high school graduates nowadays are willing to begin at the top. Young men are not willing to serve their time, nor their apprenticeship. Horace Greeley served an apprenticeship of six years at forty dollars a year, and then, when being asked the best way to make an editor out of a boy, replied, "You must feed him on printer's ink."

The second test of education is usefulness. A young man should be worth something when he has gotten through school. As an example to be avoided, take the son of the farmer who, being asked, "Did your boy take French?" replied, "No, he says he never took it, though he was exposed to it." Another man sent his son to

college because he did not want him to have to work as hard as he had had to work. But he should work all the harder. Toil laid the foundation of American character. When Abraham Lincoln's mother died there was not a physician within thirty-five miles, and when Abraham went to bed he crawled up into a garret and slept on the hay and fodder. Toil must be taught in the home and in the school. The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* or some other ladylike man may write an editorial telling you that you are working the pupils too hard, but for every boy who has broken down from overstudy there are half a dozen who have broken down from "over tobacco." And for every girl who has broken down through overstudy there are a half dozen who have broken down through over society, overdress, and late hours — trying to be women before they are through being girls.

The third test, obedience, is another unpopular test. However, the most dangerous spot in American life to-day is the lack of respect for authority. Roosevelt spent seven years trying to make the people in high places obey the law, and he contended that what we need is not more laws, but the better enforcement of the laws which we have.

Obedience and respect for authority must be taught in the home to become a habit. This is illustrated by the story of the two football captains of the Harvard and West Point teams who, being asked by the official at the beginning of a game, "Are you ready?" the one replied, "Let her go," and the second, "We are ready, sir"; and also by the story of Bill Anthony, who reported to Captain Sigsbee of the *Maine*, "I have to report, sir, that

the vessel is blown up and is sinking." Obedience can never be taught at school unless it has been first taught at home.

EDUCATION AND SERVICE

JAMES H. BAKER

President of the University of Colorado

(Extract from the baccalaureate address at the University of Colorado June, 1908.)

YOU remember the vision of Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* as he stands in a winter midnight on an open plateau in the firwood under the shadow of the mountain and facing the fiord and distant range, and recalls lovingly the early ambitions of a now broken life. Using in part the poet's phrases: He sees the smoke of great steamships on the fiord that weave a network of fellowship all round the world; he hears the hum of factories with wheels whirling and bands flashing day and night; he sees in the mountain ranges the buried millions, the veins of metal stretching out their winding, branching, luring arms to him begging to be liberated, to be free, unborn treasures yearning for the light; and all these seem a shining train of power and glory, all his kingdom to be conquered. Ibsen's hero made a false god of his ambition and a metal hand finally gripped him by the heart. But the picture may represent worthy visions of men who, in an age when the sword has been beaten into marvelous implements of industry, execute enterprises that would challenge the organizing power of a Cæsar or Napoleon — men who have not felt the chill

blast, whose hearts have not been clutched by the ice-hand. Goethe's *Faust* has the vision of power over nature's forces:

"This world means something to the capable,
Make grandly visible my daring plan!"

But it is by the light of an inner revelation that he sees his work should help men, and, when the purpose to leave a permanent blessing to his fellows arises, the supreme moment of happiness which he would fain prolong has come, the happiness which he has so long and deviously pursued. The German education everywhere looks toward service to state and society, and this is properly one of its chief functions; our education must train men to meet the increasing extent, complexness, and refinements of modern activities. To-day religion and ethics and poetry and philosophy and science and all knowledge must be realized in practical life. The philosophy is not, "Hitch your wagon to a star," but Hitch your star to a wagon. From bricklaying to lawmaking too many are unskilled, and, what is worse, they don't care; and the schools have to weigh this fact. Huxley's enormous longing for the highest and best in all shapes should reach every practical occupation as well as the world of so-called culture interests. Moreover, the idea of service must be infused into labor and enterprise. We rail not at commerce, but at the commercial spirit. If formal education cannot give special skill, it should at least develop will and pride in accomplishment and above all the ideals that make men responsible and mutually helpful. In the long eight years of high school and college some part may well be reorganized to lead

to more definite ends or at least to give the power and desire to do thoroughly and well a part of the world's work. Training should end in concentration, not diffusion, and should bear flower and fruit.

EDUCATION AND RESPONSIBILITY

HARRY NOBLE WILSON

Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of St. Paul, Minnesota

(Extract from a commencement address at the University of Colorado June, 1908.)

IN the magnificent Capitol building of the state of Minnesota, as one enters the Senate Chamber he sees in letters of gold, which extend around the great room, these pregnant words of Daniel Webster, "Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also in our day and generation may not perform something worthy to be remembered." To have this sense of obligation, to understand its nature, to have the glorious consciousness of the weight of responsibility upon our shoulders, to achieve things that really are worth while, this transforms life and ennobles it.

Poorly have the educated caught the meaning of their years of special training, if they cannot fully agree with Hurlburt that the distinctive idea of education is, not to increase what one knows, but to augment what one is. It is the true glory of living to realize that we are not merely cogs in a great machine, drops in an infinite

ocean, but that each one of us is a living, sentient, thinking, loving human being. For right equipment for highest service, the need is to realize just that: to gain a clear, plain, and definite conviction of one's personality, of one's own selfhood; to be able to say, "Here I am, created by God for a definite purpose; set down amid a billion and a half of other men and women, exactly like none other of all the fifteen hundred millions swarming upon the globe to-day, therefore will I have the self-respect that is the corner-stone of all virtues, therefore will I make the best possible use of the peculiar faculties which are mine, therefore will I develop my capabilities and all the faculties of mind and body to the utmost, therefore will I consecrate them all to the service of humanity."

Mrs. Humphry Ward makes one of her characters go out into the night and look up at the stars and wonder whether he, only one among millions on earth, and earth but one of countless worlds, can be the object of any special thought and care on the part of God. Then he remembers that he himself is greater than the world he stands upon, greater than the gleaming stars, because stars and worlds are unthinking masses of matter at the best, and he can think.

Wise old Seneca said, "When thou hast profited so much that thou respectest thyself, thou mayest let go thy tutor." It is this equipment that enables the man who has seen the basis and nature of his responsibility to rise in some degree to the repayment of all the toil and thought and suffering and prayer the race has expended upon his upbringing.

A sculptor once asked Michael Angelo to come and see

his statue of St. George intended for a church in Florence. In admiration and surprise the great master gazed at the marble form. Every limb was perfect, every line true, the face was lighted with thought, determination, and courage. The brow was uplifted, the foot forward as if it would step into life. Anxiously the sculptor waited for the verdict of the great critic. Looking earnestly upon the statue, Angelo lifted his hand and said, "Now march!" It was grander than any encomium he could speak.

God has given you great abilities. He has given you powers for use and service untold. He has placed you amid wonderful surroundings. He sends you out into touch with the needy, helpless world. And as I stand facing you this morning, realizing that, I say with Angelo, "Now march!"

AMERICAN AND EDUCATIONAL EXPANSION

GEORGE EDWIN MACLEAN

President of the State University of Iowa

(Extract from a commencement address delivered at Syracuse University June, 1909.)

AMERICAN is a word that thrills us, and harnessed to expansion, it stirs us as the word *empire* stirs a Briton, of which Rosebery says: "It represents to us our history, our tradition, our race. It is a matter of peace, of commerce, of civilization, above all, a question of faith." The use of the term makes it necessary for us to guard

against bombast, braggadocio, and chauvinism. We smile complacently at the spirit and mixed metaphor of the undergraduate in the Oxford Union who declared in the heat of the debate that the British lion, whether he roamed in the jungles of India, or climbed the pines in Canada, never retreated into his shell or drew in his horns! We Americans are prone to forget that spread-eagleism is still our besetting sin, less modified in behavior than in speech.

The plain meaning of *American* needs to be taught to many of us. *American* stands for something more than territory, descent, society, wealth, and accomplishments. It represents a spirit; to the old world it means the new, and as their remarks upon our institutions and their readings in our literature show, it is too often merely the novel. *American* signifies the fresh, but not necessarily the freaky. Let us try to define. *American* means the best for all and all for the best. That is, equal opportunity for all and all inspired with ideals for the best. The birthright of humanity is opportunity and the possible attainment of the best. In the breadth of our common democracy, with full recognition of the varying powers of persons, there will be an elevating aristocracy, the aristocracy of service, and where touched by Christianity, of sacrifice. Rising from the cross, the American eagle may have healing in his wings for the nations. For real expansion means to open out, to unfold. It is a growth from within, and while it may appropriate what is beyond, it is only to assimilate and elevate. Like all movements of note, it is mighty and beyond man.

The responsibilities of American expansion are stupendous. Our safeguard is to be found in part in educational

expansion which has gone hand in hand with American expansion. Rosebery has said, "In the last resolve, the efficiency of a nation rests in its education." The highest promise and the fullest potency of educational efficiency and unity are in the recognition of the personal and the ethical in education. Church, state, and private institutions, with antagonisms disappearing, are swinging into their orbits in a national galaxy about the full orb'd character — education. In this day of our entrance as a world power in a twentieth-century ethical era, educational efficiency and expansion must be our saving salt at home and abroad.

May it not be permitted to the American educator as patriot, in view of the potency of American and educational expansion, to sing James Whitcomb Riley's song, the "Messiah of Nations":

"High o'erlooking sea and land,
America!
Trustfully with outheld hand,
America!
Thou dost welcome all in quest
Of thy freedom, peace, and rest —
Every exile is thy guest —
America! America!

"Thine a universal love,
America!
Thine the cross and crown thereof,
America!
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth;
God hath builded from thy birth,
The first Nation of the Earth —
America! America!"

THE MUCK-RAKER

JULIUS KAHN

Congressman from California

(Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives
March 26, 1910.)

ON the 14th of April, 1906, upon the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new office building of the House of Representatives, President Roosevelt said:

In "Pilgrim's Progress" the man with the muck-rake is set forth as the example of him whose vision is fixed on carnal instead of on spiritual things. Yet he also typifies the man who, in this life, consistently refuses to see aught that is lofty and fixes his eyes with solemn intentness only on that which is vile and debasing. . . . The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than most thieves. It puts a premium on knavery untruthfully to attack an honest man, or even with hysterical exaggeration to assail a bad man with untruth.

In this connection I am reminded of an incident that occurred in the city of Sacramento, in 1895, during a session of the California legislature. Major Frank McLaughlin, a well-known citizen of our state, was at the capital attending to some matters pending before the legislature. One morning there appeared in one of the San Francisco newspapers an article which reflected somewhat upon the good name and character of an estimable citizen of Oakland, California, wherein it was charged that he was gathering a corruption fund in order that he might be able to go to the Capitol and defeat certain bills that were then being considered by

the committees of the legislature. Indignant at the attack, this citizen wired to Major McLaughlin as follows:

Brand the article in this morning's paper false as hell! Such tactics will act as a boomerang. I am coming up this evening.

Whereupon Major McLaughlin promptly wired back:

I have looked all over Sacramento, but I cannot find a "false as hell" branding iron. I would like to help you propel the boomerang, but I do not know just in which direction to throw it. Keep frappé, old man! To-day's newspapers are lost in starting to-morrow's fires.

"You may fool all of the people some of the time; you may fool some of the people all of the time; but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

The immortal Lincoln! What a world of emotion that name conjures up! No wonder all of his biographers speak of the sad expression of his countenance. Was ever mortal man so vilified, so abused, so traduced, so defamed as he was in his lifetime? He was ridiculed, reviled, and lampooned as no other man in our country's history. Gibes and jeers and sneers were his daily portion in the newspapers of this country, and even in some that were published abroad, during the whole Civil War. "The baboon at the other end of the avenue" and "That damned idiot in the White House" were some of the expletives applied to him by the muck-rakers of his day.

Mr. Lincoln was so outraged by the obloquies, so stung by the disparagements, his existence was rendered so unhappy, that his life became almost a burden to him. Lamon, his lifelong friend, says that one day he went to the President's office and found him lying on the sofa, greatly distressed. Jumping to his feet, he said:

You know, Lamon, better than any living man that from boyhood up my ambition was to be President; but look at me. I wish I had never been born! I had rather be dead than as President be thus abused in the house of my friends.

One delegate at Chicago declared that for less offenses than Mr. Lincoln had been guilty of the English people had chopped off the head of the first Charles. Another arose and asserted that

Ever since that usurper, traitor, and tyrant has occupied the presidential chair the party has shouted, "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt!" Blood has flowed in torrents, and yet the thirst of the old monster is not quenched. His cry is for more blood.

But why continue the recital of the calumnies, the insinuations, the half-truths, and the downright lies that were printed in abuse of the Great Emancipator? The muck-rakers who made his life miserable are nearly all rotting in forgotten graves. But the name of Lincoln will shine resplendent through all the ages. As long as the universe shall endure he will tower, giant-like, above the mere pygmies that hurled their scurrility at him, and the story of his life will prove an inspiration to millions of Americans in the generations yet to come.

Mr. Chairman, I could speak at great length of the abusive attacks that have appeared in the newspapers and the magazines of this country against Grant, and Garfield, and Cleveland, and McKinley, aye, and against Theodore Roosevelt. They had their detractors, their defamers. But their fame rests secure in the hearts of their countrymen. And while they all undoubtedly felt the injustice of the poignant shafts of abuse that were hurled against them by the muck-rakers of their respective periods, who to-day cares or even half-way remembers

what was the nature or the character of the malicious onslaughts?

And so, my colleagues, we, too, can draw this moral from the lessons taught us by that fact: "To-day's newspapers are lost in starting to-morrow's fires."

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICANISM

MILES POINDEXTER

Congressman from the State of Washington

(Condensed from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives June, 1909.)

PROGRESSIVE Republicanism stands for the conservation of the natural resources of the Federal domain as opposed to the stand-pat policy of parceling out to private interests, without restriction and without adequate compensation, these vast possessions of the people. It favors the extension of the forest reserve system into the mountain regions of the East. It stands for strong and effective Government control of railroads, and the regulation of rates thereon, as opposed to the reactionary policy of non-interference. It stands for competition in trade as against the machine policy of monopoly.

We are in favor of the sane and wholesome policy, so successfully inaugurated by ex-President Roosevelt, of dealing with wealthy criminals the same as with poor ones; and that land frauds, rebates, conspiracies to defraud the customs should be vigorously prosecuted, and that the principals, as well as the tools and dummies, should be punished, regardless of great wealth or station.

Progressive Republicanism favors a liberal and business-like policy of internal waterway improvement. It advocates a permanent tariff commission, with full power to investigate and report all facts necessary to an enlightened tariff schedule, rather than the grab and barter system of Aldrich and Cannon.

We advocate a reorganization of the United States Senate so that the interests and the sections which have so long entirely controlled it shall share their influence with the entire country. We are for a more independent spirit in the Senate, in the place of a spirit of subserviency to one or two dictators.

Progressive Republicanism, especially, stands for a reorganization of the House of Representatives, so that that branch of Congress, at least, shall be, as it was intended to be, responsive to public opinion. As it is controlled to-day by the patronage and power of the Speaker, it is wholly unrepresentative.

Progressive Republicans contend and know that the main purpose of government is the protection of the weak against the strong, and that, while all interests should be treated with justice, the central principle of all legislation should be the public good and not private aggrandizement.

We have come to a point when the doctrine of liberty has been construed as license not more by some of the lowest elements of society than by some of the so-called highest. We have come to a point when some private interests vested with Government franchises have become more of a menace to individual rights than the Government ever was, and the peculiar spectacle is witnessed of a people, jealous of its liberty, seeking to enlarge the

powers of the central government as a matter of self-protection. It is the only recourse, and unless that Government in all its branches is kept perfectly free from the control of the great powers which it is sought to regulate and restrain, there is no redress at all.

AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT

BRAND WHITLOCK

Mayor of Toledo, Ohio

(Extract from an address before the Chautauqua Assembly, New York, July 27, 1909.)

THE American city is completely under the yoke of a powerful trio of despots: the rural legislator, the political machine, and the public-utility corporation.

The country man, who dominates most of our legislatures, is incompetent to legislate for the city because he is ignorant of the conditions for which he is making laws. Many of the men passing laws regarding street-cars in our legislatures would be scared to death if they tried to get on one. As a result of this ignorance the country man distrusts the city. There is a feeling, as old as history, that for some reason the city man is less moral, less able to know what is good for him than the country man. As a result there has been a great mass of sumptuary legislation in our state legislatures. The laws applying to cities have been confined to legislation intended to make the city good without thought of the differences in the habits and modes of occupation which are inevitable. They have passed laws governing the personal

conduct of the residents in the city, and have entirely ignored the real problems which confront it.

The notorious misgovernment of American cities is brought about, in large measure, by the politicians. But there is no use in blaming the political boss. We made him. He is a product of yours and mine. If we are to eliminate him we must separate along local lines and not along the imaginary national lines which now separate the parties. The parties are supposed to represent principles. I am not certain just what these principles are, and I don't think anyone else is. We vote for them because our grandfather voted for them. Grandfather is the most influential man dead, and he is a great deal more influential dead than he was alive. It is this automatic partisan, on whom the boss can count to appear on election day and vote straight, that makes the lot of the boss so easy.

Every trail of graft in our cities leads straight to the door of some public-utility corporation. For all the graft, corruption, and shame in our American cities the money has come from their coffers. Some men are awfully cheap and will sell themselves for an invitation to dinner, or some social distinction. As to the other forms of graft that now exist in the cities, it is from the public utilities that they learn it. When the councilmen have sold out the city's rights to the public-service corporations, then it is easy for them to sell other things. The public-utility interests, the street-car companies, the gas companies, and the rest have left a long trail of money-bribed councilmen, of blasted lives of shame and ruin in their wake in every city of our land. The city must have power to deal adequately with the public-

utility corporations. It should be allowed to pass on the laws which affect it by means of the referendum. It should be permitted to frame its own charter.

What the American city must develop before it really becomes a city is a city sense, a sense of common responsibility and a method by which the common will may express itself.

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEW WALLACE

HENRY A. BARNHART

Congressman from Indiana

(Extract from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives February 26, 1910, upon the occasion of the inauguration, by the state of Indiana, of a statue of General Lew Wallace in Statuary Hall.)

Mr. Speaker: It is a glorious privilege and a distinguished honor to stand in this Capitol, a representative of the people of this great nation, and assist in the formal acceptance by our country of the statue donated by my home state of Indiana to perpetuate the conspicuous individuality of one of her most illustrious sons in the world-renowned Hall of Fame.

To those of us, his neighbors, who knew General Lew Wallace, and who have watched with unspeakable pride the growth of his fame to world-wide grandeur, this memorial in perishable marble seems commonplace, for we know that the name of this celebrated soldier, diplomat, and author is written on the hearts of his countrymen, never to be effaced. And while it is said of him

that he was great in war and profound in statecraft, the world would have had but passive pæans of praise for him except for the beacon light he gave to mankind in his story of the Christ. Of all his literary work, in "Ben-Hur" he reached the zenith of his fame, the triumph of his genius.

Upon the windows of a publishing house in one of our great American cities the passer-by may read the words: "Books are the only things that live forever." That is a noble sentiment though but a partial truth. Books do live forever — that is, some books. And so do folks — that is, some folks. There is an earthly immortality. George Eliot writes of

"The choir invisible

Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

Thought is immortal. It can no more be buried than it can be burned or hanged. What better fame, then, what more enduring monument can a man have than he has whose thoughts live after him, whose words are lifted up like banners to call humanity to worthier living? There is also a reflected immortality for the man who makes it his ministry on earth to search out the best thoughts of others and give them to the race.

And so "Ben-Hur" reflects the aggressive concept, the dramatic splendor, and the sacred trend of Lew Wallace's life standard. In this he gave color to his admiration for conquest in the "chariot race"; to his dramatic art in the thrilling triumph of the "galley-

slave"; and to his religious fervor in the "Prayer of the Wandering Jew."

Perhaps no writer of modern times gained so wide a reputation on so few books or began his literary career so late in life as did the author of "Ben-Hur." Moreover, no other writer so suddenly leaped into such fame as to at once class him among the typical novelists of America. He fixed his high rank in the galaxy of world-famed authors at a single show of talent, and his name is written there for all time.

And yet is it said of him that, like all of us, he was not satisfied with his achievements. But such is life — yearning, yearning, yearning! Wealth does not satisfy, fame does not satisfy, literary attainment does not satisfy, travel does not satisfy, and home and family and friends do not satisfy. Nothing suffices for the heart's longing except the consolation furnished by the world's masterpiece of philosophy — the Book of Life, the inspiration of the ennobling narrative of "Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ."

May the memory of Lew Wallace, Indiana's illustrious author, outlive this durable cast as love survives mortality, and may the creative influence that gave the world such authorship and citizenship as his endure forever!

JOHN C. CALHOUN

ASBURY F. LEVER

Congressman from South Carolina

(From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives March 12, 1910, the occasion being the presentation, by the state of South Carolina, of a statue of John C. Calhoun, to be placed in Statuary Hall.)

CALHOUN, Webster, Clay, Benton: this roll call sounds the depth of the nation's intellectual pride. The legislative history of civilization fails to furnish a quartet comparable with this in the variety of its talents, the magnitude of its genius, the wisdom of its leadership, and the clearness of its prophecy. England's masterful triumvirate — Burke, Fox, Pitt — measured by the standard of comparative abilities and attainments, must give place to our more masterful four.

Of this splendid galaxy, this inseparable quartet of political philosophers, none irradiated a more conspicuous and constant brilliancy than Mr. Calhoun. It is true he did not possess the enormous knowledge of Mr. Benton, nor the highly developed perception and penetration of Mr. Clay, nor the rich imagery and almost divine prophecy of Mr. Webster; but in the domain of speculative philosophy and metaphysics he was greater than all combined. He was not so practical as Mr. Benton, nor so dashing a parliamentary leader as Mr. Clay, nor so incomparable an orator as Mr. Webster; but as a logician he is unrivaled among the sons of men.

Mr. Calhoun was not a great orator. He was a great

speaker and an unerring analyst. He addressed the intellect, not the emotion. The marked characteristic of his mind was its power of analysis, a faculty which, when fully developed, constitutes the highest order of human genius. It was this power of concentration, this ability to see beyond the intervening rubbish the one object for investigation, this almost superhuman directness of perception, that was his greatest strength and yet his greatest weakness. Within the limits of his vision he was without a peer; but it is asserted that the safety of his leadership and the soundness of his theories were impaired by the narrowness of that vision.

He saw the ship of state swinging down the enclified channel of the future, saw it with a clearness approaching the supernatural; saw the placid waters upon which it floated; saw the hidden rocks, the dangerous shoals, the roaring cataract; saw them as no other man of his time saw them, and devoted his energies, his wonderful powers, his life itself, to giving her safe voyage. For him the Constitution had marked that channel, for him the Constitution was that ship's compass; beyond that he could not and did not see — the pilotage of none other would he trust. In his own language, "To restrict the powers of this Government within the rigid limits prescribed by the Constitution," this was the chart of his interpretation, the embodiment of his attitude. By this he followed his course, formulated his policies, directed his activities, predicated his prophecies. All other considerations were subservient; to keep "within the rigid limits prescribed by the Constitution" was the supremest thought of his mind, the dearest object of his heart.

A course moved by such ends necessarily brought male-

dictions upon him and necessitated that independence of party trammels which has made those who love a man admire him most. Others might compromise their convictions for the commendation of the hour, others might swerve from the path of duty to avoid its dangers, others might flee from the wrath of public opinion, others might be deaf to the pleadings of the seers, others might quail before the lightning flash of the hastening storm, others might temporize and hesitate, but not this man of rugged courage and iron independence.

“He, like a solid rock by seas inclosed,
To raging winds and roaring waves exposed,
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmoved remains.”

Upon his monument, in historic St. Phillip's Churchyard, are engraven the words, “Truth, Justice, and the Constitution.” Fittingly they comprehend the ideals for which he wrought. In his toilsome pursuit of them he disdained the allurements of ambition, scorned the groveling practises of smaller men, endured without murmur the darts of misunderstanding, the shafts of misrepresentation, and the malignant arrows of fanatical hate. Unawed and unmoved by the fury of conflicting ideals, unterrified by the menace of lowering clouds, unseduced by the beckoning hand of preferment, he strode forward, sometimes the popular idol, sometimes alone, always self-reliant in the strength of his mighty gianthood — the defender of truth, the champion of justice, the protagonist of a strict and literal interpretation of the Constitution.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING

IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," etc.

(Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet of the New England Society, New York city, December 22, 1909.)

THERE are some who say that the "higher education" has gone too far, but I want to tell you that the Yankee is a far-seeing man. He has observed the hordes of human oxen pouring in from Europe, men who can sleep in a pig sty and dine on an onion and a chunk of bread, and he has been unwilling to enter his sons in that sort of competition; and so he has sent them to college. Scientific farming has begun to pay. I know a farmer whose income would excite the envy of high finance. He said to me: "Don't be afraid of education; the land will soak up all we can get and yell for more." My friends, if I knew half the secrets in ten acres of land I believe I could make my fortune off them in five years. We have sent the smart boys to the city, and we have kept the fools on the farm. We have put everything on the farm but brains. Anybody can learn Blackstone and Greenleaf, but the book of law that is writ in the soil is only for keen eyes. We want our young men to know that it is more dignified to search for the secrets of God in the land than to grope for the secrets of Satan in a lawsuit. One hundred thousand young men will be leaving college within a year from now. If the smartest of them would go to work on the land with gangs of these human oxen we could make the old earth lopsided with the fruitfulness of America.

Ladies and gentlemen, the "hayseed" is no more. I propose the health of the coming farmer, who is to be a gentleman, a scholar, a laird, a baron. I propose the health of the many who have taught and shall teach him

"To sow the seed of truth and hope and peace
And take the root of error from the sod,
To be of those who make the sure increase
Forever growing in the lands of God."

THE BATTLE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

EDGAR Y. MULLINS

*President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary
Louisville, Kentucky*

(The concluding part of a baccalaureate address to the graduating class of the University of Texas, 1909.)

WE live in a wonderful age. Great issues are before us. There lie slumbering to-day in secret places the twentieth-century issues, the outcome of which you and I do not dream, and the question for everyone of us is, what part shall we play in it, when there comes a time to decide for the side of truth or falsehood, some great cause, in this great battle for righteousness within, righteousness in society, righteousness everywhere.

In the book of Revelation you have a picture of the battle for righteousness. Jesus Christ is there against all forms of unrighteousness, and the various stages in the fight are depicted. Sin, defeated in one form, returns in another. The thing that you have conquered comes back with a new disguise. The old appetite, the old

habit comes back reënforced, and you must fight it down again. In one place locusts represent unrighteousness, and they are substituted. In another place frogs and loathsome things are represented. At another time flies represent unrighteousness. At another time a wicked woman, and at another time a beast with seven heads and ten horns; and at last there comes a wicked seed, and the sower sows the wicked seed, and this seed flourishes and dominates the world. Finally there comes the downfall of iniquity. The angel descends from heaven with a stone which he drops into the sea, and as he drops the stone into the sea, he shouts, "Babylon has fallen!" The seer then sees the heavens open, and he sees a city, a social order, a realm of righteousness coming down from God, down from heaven to earth; the city whose gates are of pearl, whose walls are of jasper, whose streets are of gold; where they have no need of the light of the sun, for the Lord God is the light thereof; and from which is banished everything that loveth a lie and everything that is unclean, and everything that blasphemeth; and at last man, not the individual, but man as a social order, has been redeemed, and this earth becomes a garden spot where the desert had reigned. May God help us to play our part in the great drama and share in the glory of the great victory at the end.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

(Extract from an address delivered upon numerous occasions in this country and abroad.)

LOVE is the foundation of Christ's creed. The world had known love before; parents had loved children and children, parents; husband had loved wife and wife, husband; and friend had loved friend; but Jesus gave a new definition of love. His love was as boundless as the sea; its limits were so far-flung that even an enemy could not travel beyond it. Other teachers sought to regulate the lives of their followers by rule and formula, but Christ's plan was first to purify the heart and then to leave love to direct the footsteps.

What conclusion is to be drawn from the life, the teachings, and the death of this historic figure? Reared in a carpenter shop; with no knowledge of literature, save Bible literature; with no acquaintance with philosophers living or with the writings of sages dead, this young man gathered disciples about Him, promulgated a higher code of morals than the world had ever known before, and proclaimed Himself the Messiah. He taught and performed miracles for a few brief months and then was crucified; His disciples were scattered and many of them put to death; His claims were disputed, His resurrection denied, and His followers persecuted, and yet from this beginning His religion has spread until millions take His name with reverence upon their lips and thousands have been willing to die rather than surrender the faith which

He put into their hearts. How shall we account for Him? "What think ye of Christ?" It is easier to believe Him divine than to explain in any other way what He said and did and was.

I was thinking a few years ago of the Christmas which was then approaching, and of Him in whose honor the day is celebrated. I recalled the message, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," and then my thoughts ran back to the prophecy uttered centuries before His birth, in which He was described as the Prince of Peace.

All the world is in search of peace; every heart that ever beat has sought for peace, and many have been the methods employed to secure it. I am glad that our Heavenly Father did not make the peace of the human heart depend upon the accumulation of wealth, or upon the securing of social or political distinction, for in either case but few could have enjoyed it, but when He made peace the reward of a "conscience void of offense toward God and man," He put it within the reach of all. The poor can secure it as easily as the rich, the social outcast as freely as the leader of society, and the humblest citizen equally with those who wield political power.

As the Christian grows older he appreciates more and more the completeness with which Christ fills the requirements of the heart and, grateful for the peace which he enjoys and for the strength which he has received, he repeats the words of the great scholar, Sir William Jones:

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth,
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray."

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